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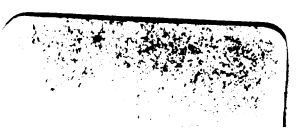

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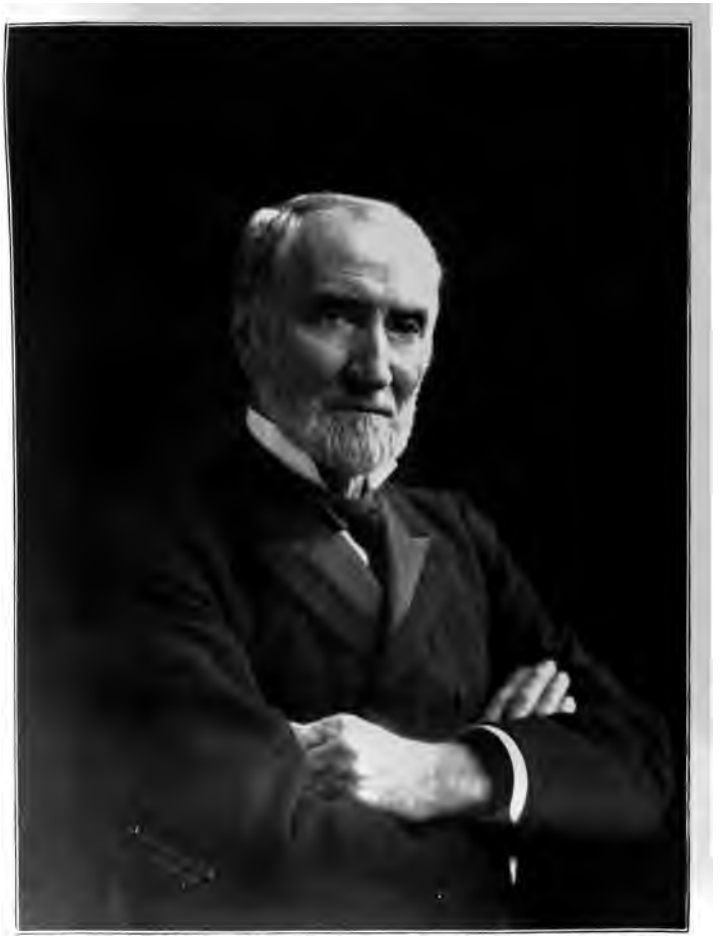

J. G. Cannon

HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON,
SPEAKER OF U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

WITH SPEAKER CANNON THROUGH THE TROPICS

DESCRIPTIVE STORY [illegible]
[illegible] INDIES, VENEZ[illegible]

Containing [illegible]
our Colonial [illegible]
and Other [illegible]

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY [illegible] FOR
STATESMEN, TRAVELLERS [illegible]
CONCLUSIONS [illegible]

BY

J. HAMPTON MOORE

Member of [illegible]

[illegible] BOOK PRESS [illegible] ADELPHIA
NOVEMBER [illegible]

WITH SPEAKER CANNON THROUGH THE TROPICS

A DESCRIPTIVE STORY OF A VOYAGE TO THE WEST INDIES, VENEZUELA AND PANAMA

Containing Views of the Speaker upon our Colonial Possessions, the Panama Canal and Other Great Governmental Problems

---

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY AND GUIDE BOOK FOR STATESMEN, TRAVELERS AND STUDENTS, WITH CONCLUSIONS BY THE AUTHOR

BY

J. HAMPTON MOORE

Member of Congress, Third District, Pennsylvania

THE BOOK PRINT, PHILADELPHIA

NOVEMBER, 1907

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1907

INTRODUCTORY.

THAT fine quality of veneration which the American people bestow upon Uncle Sam as a national type is shared in large part by his sturdy prototype, the Speaker of the House of Representatives. In quaintness of manner, ruggedness of personality and keenness of intellect, it is questionable how far our national idol has the advantage of Mr. Cannon. Indeed, there are so many points of analogy between Uncle Sam in metaphor and Uncle Joe *in propria persona,* that we may readily account for the application to the Speaker of that endearing soubriquet which has become a household word in the United States.

It was not intended by Mr. McKinley, our host, nor by any of his distinguished associates upon the voyage described in this book, that anything should be written about it. Nor have they sanctioned this publication. We were all in search of rest and recreation; but it is inconceivable that the wanderings of so typical and influential an American as Mr. Cannon, through our colonial and insular possessions, and under foreign flags, should not result in comments worth recording. From scant notes (not having first intended so to do) I have undertaken to tell the story of this unusual trip. I have taken some liberties with the confi-

dences and mannerisms of Mr. Cannon, and in some respects may have obtruded too far upon his good-nature and that of my colleagues, but our daily contact on shipboard and on shore and the freedom of talk at table were strong temptations to write in keeping with [illegible]irit of the occasion.

The problem of our colonial [illegible]essions and the possible outcome of our efforts to comple[illegible] the Panama Canal are attracting wide attention; and [illegible]rican thought is being directed to the establishment o[illegible]iendlier relations with Central and South America. W[illegible]re also confronted with that other important problem—th[illegible]isposition of the Philippines. These matters are of vital concern to progressive citizens.

It is not an unreasonable though[illegible] therefore, that data respecting our insular possessions, o[illegible]ained at first hand and under exceptional circumstances as h[illegible] be helpful and of general interest.

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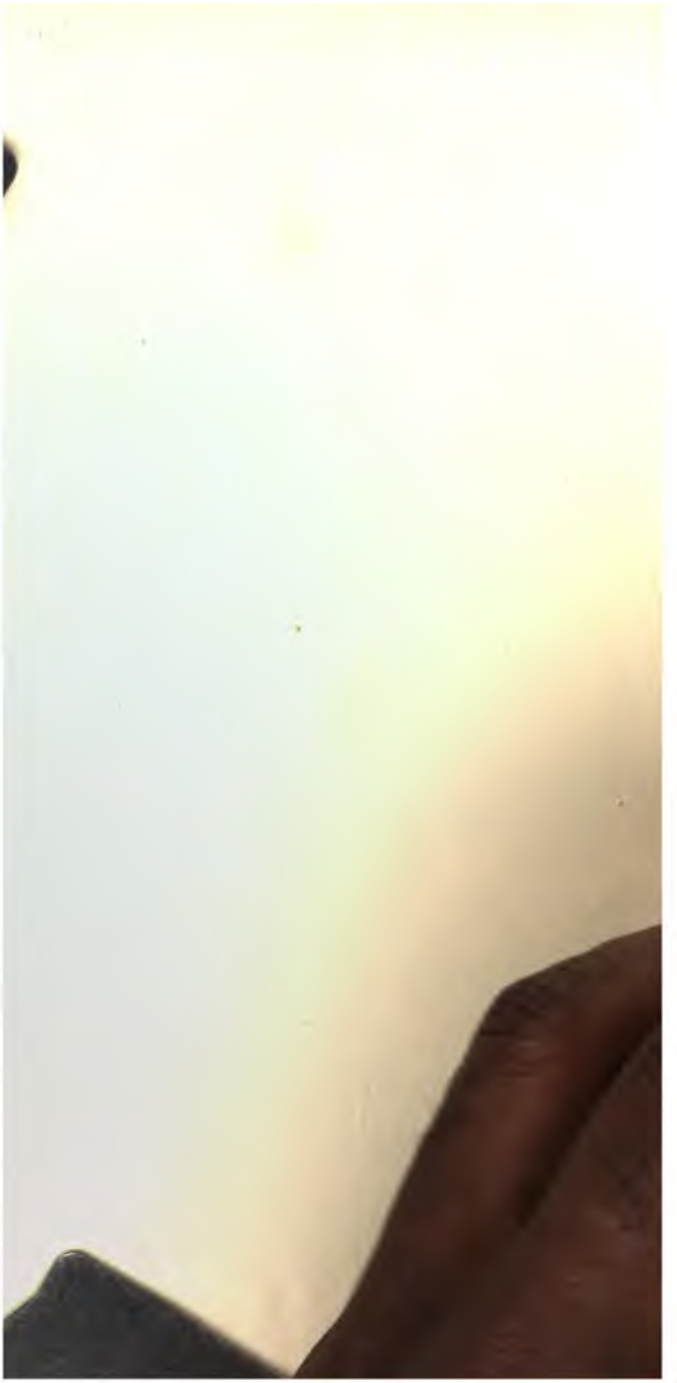

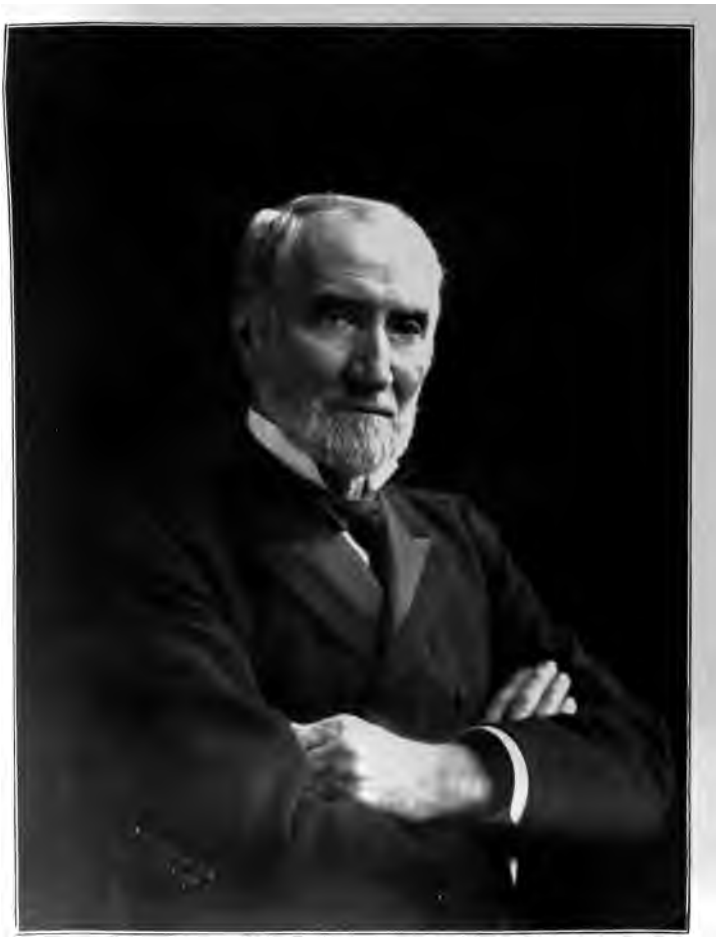

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J. HAMPTON MOORE

Member of Congress, [illegible]

[illegible] PHILADELPHIA
[illegible] 1907

"And do I understand," he said, suavely, "that Coney Island, whose hospitality I am myself enjoying, has the honor of entertaining the entire editorial force of Pennsylvania?"

A youthful enthusiast answered "Yes."

"Then I am thinking," added the Mayor, "what a great relief it must be to the grand old Keystone Commonwealth!"

The power of the press! In its province is the making or breaking of reputations, hon[illegible]usiness; and yet, if the truth be known, there is a deal[illegible]atisfaction to most men in having their names in print. [illegible] may go a step farther, and suggest that the passion [illegible]newspaper notoriety is sometimes so great that men w[illegible]l rather be assailed in public than not be mentioned at al[illegible]

But I had not intended to fathor[illegible]he depths of newspaper ethics. The papers, this mornir[illegible]were doing all I could wish them to do; they were givi[illegible]full reports of the Five O'clock Club-Gridiron Dinner a[illegible]ncidentally, were vindicating again the great p[illegible]o[illegible] press to mould public sentiment. I found Sp[illegible]n and the rest of the party interested in what they w[illegible] saying. For several years the necessity for deepening the channel of the Delaware had been urged upon Congress. That it was not deepened as rapidly as commerce seemed to demand was generally attributed to Chairman Burton, of the Rivers and Harbors Committee. The more Chairman Burton stuck to what he believed to be equitable in the general treatment of rivers and harbors, including the Delaware, the more insistent the newspapers of Philadelphia became. They made the fight; commercial and trades bodies followed. They attacked Burton, and so did the trades bodies. The harder they hit the more determined they made the Chairman and the tighter around him they bound the leaders of

Congress. The bitterness of the fight was manifested in the session just closed. At last, Mr. Burton was sustained by the House. The great majority of the members believed him to be right. But the fight was not lost. In the closing days of the session the newspapers were appealed to; so was Mr. Burton. The Philadelphia Five O'clock Club dinner to the famous Gridiron Club, of Washington, was coming on to put the finishing touches to the last day of Congress. Mr. Burton accepted the invitation to attend; so did the newspaper editors of Philadelphia.

The retiring Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Shaw, opened the speech-making with a farewell to official life; the redoubtable Champ Clark, and his veteran, but admiring, antagonist, General Grosvenor, followed. Then came a long list of distinguished speakers, men conspicuous in the popular eye; the former Speaker of the House of Representatives, General Keifer, of Ohio; Congressman Nicholas Longworth, son-in-law of President Roosevelt; Richmond P. Hobson, whose individual heroism at Santiago had attracted the attention of the world, and who had since been elected a member of Congress; Senator Scott, of West Virginia, the bosom friend of President McKinley, and of the late Senator Hanna; Judge Dimner Beeber, President of the Union League, of Philadelphia; eloquent, forceful, witty—all *en rapport* with the spirit of the meeting. Interspersing the speeches were occasional features of the two distinguished clubs, led by President Blythe, of the Gridiron, and President Blankenburg, of the Five O'clock, and then the pitting against each other in song of the two Vice-Presidents, Henry and McCall.

The famous newspaper writers of the Capital, and visiting editors of great newspapers, vied with the statesmen and the politicians in the good fellowship of the moment. In

this delightful presence, Mr. Burton—the bitterly assailed Chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee—was introduced as guest of the evening. If ever the bitterness of a strong heart might be forever banished and the spirit of good fellowship admitted, here was the opportunity for it. Mr. Burton rose; he had promised to talk of the great subject he had made his life study, and he launched it immediately. His deep knowledge, his unquestioned sincerity, were at once manifest. The whole subject was hurriedly gone over, the importance of the development was clearly stated, and then he plied upon the Delaware. At this the Philadelphians cheered. Then came the long-looked-for promise—the promise that when certain reasonable conditions were complied with, the great river of shipbuilding, of manufacturing and of commerce should be reached. It was the coming together of two imperious bodies. The Philadelphians were made happy, and Mr. Burton sat down satisfied. Good feeling had been restored.

Then Speaker Cannon added a little oil to the hitherto troubled waters, with praise for the Chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee and praise for Philadelphia and her great manufacturing and commercial interests. "Great city, Philadelphia," said the Speaker, "worthy of all that Congress may do for it, and, in the fullness of time, she will come into possession of her own."

The man whose power in the United States is second only to that of the President; the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, which had just disposed of nearly a billion dollars for the needs of the Government; the Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, and other official advocates of an American Merchant Marine, were now familiarizing themselves with a great ocean liner, from the broad stern of which floated the

flag of the German Empire. They had fought for an American Merchant Marine, and had won out in the House, but the measure failed in the Senate. What was the use of worrying about it now? The people of the United States had not fully realized the importance of putting the American service upon the seas. The farmer, in many instances, had not been able to understand that he must necessarily participate in the development of the American Merchant Marine, and yet, we had fought for it because we knew that England and Germany were developing their shipping, and believed we should be abreast of them.

Here was an evidence of Germany's success: "Built especially for the tropics. Twin-screw steamship; tonnage, 12,000; horse-power, 8,000." What special interests in the tropics had the German Empire? What islands of the West Indies owed her allegiance that she should build and subsidize "especially for the tropics."

"Grand cruise to the West Indies," said the advertisement: "From New York, January 31, 1907, and March 5, 1907, to San Juan (Porto Rico), St. Thomas, St. Pierre, Fort de France (Martinique), Bridgetown (Barbados), Port of Spain, La Guayra (Venezuela), Puerto Cabello, Colon (Panama Canal), Kingston (Jamaica), Santiago de Cuba, Havana (Cuba), Nassau, N. P., and returning to New York."

Rather close to the United States all these places, and rather remote from the German Empire, but still, the fact remained that Germany provided the ship and we—proud, boastful citizens of the United States—were sailing along our own coast under her auspices, with a non-English-speaking crew and with every cabin, gangway, deck and door labeled in German letters. First was the boat deck, with the wheel house, the officers' quarters, the gymnasium,

supplied with all the modern athletic training devices, for which the Germans are famous, and the grill room; then the promenade deck, with its social hall, with its writing desks, its library, its private suites, and its smoking rooms and Marconi station—a deck so long that nine times around was reckoned a mile; then the salon deck, with its dining room, its private suites, its baths and social halls, upper and main decks lined with extensive apartments for tourists. With nearly 300 rooms or suites in all, at rates ranging from $150 to $2,000, it is not difficult to estimate for one trip alone how much passes from American into German hands. But who cared? It was good service that was wanted, and the Americans had the money to pay. "The best is none too good for the American traveler," said the observer, and the German was giving him the best. Nor was the German forgetting the Fatherland. The paintings in the various salons and smoking rooms were patriotic. The life story of the great "Blucher," after whom the ship was named, was told in medallions and carvings in the decorations of the dining saloon. The other great field Marshals and Generals—Bismarck, the elder Wilhelm, and the present Emperor—were conspicuous among them. The Germans were giving us better service than we could get at home. They were competitors for passenger traffic, as they were very successful competitors for the merchant-carrying trade of the world. The fact that we were sailing under German auspices occasioned no complaint. The safe and business-like captain, the well-trained officers and crew and the nimble stewards were there for service. They inspired confidence and appreciation. The horrible word, "subsidy," didn't scare them, their government, or their farmers—they were settling the subsidy question, and they were doing it with our money. If we didn't care, why need they?

THE SPEAKER ON DECK.

Speaker Cannon, still wearing the overcoat that had sheltered him from the chilly air of New York, drew his slouch hat down over his forehead until the rim nearly touched the ashes of the well-chewed cigar that was rising to an angle of 45 degrees, and running his eye along the line of deck chairs labeled "McKinley," made his choice, and fell lazily into the ample folds of one of them. He had taken a few turns around the deck, had investigated the mysteries of the gymnasium, even to the camel-back rider, which he pronounced good, had acknowledged the salutations of the Captain and the many passengers who had sought an introduction, and now he imagined himself in the restful purlieus of—well, back to Danville. Not Danville, "Ill," as someone dared to suggest, but Danville, "hale and hearty." As Curtis, Sherman, Tawney, Mann and others closed in about the Speaker, I watched the promenaders, passing to and fro, and listened to their comments.

"Did you see him?"

"Who?"

"Uncle Joe."

"Yes, I was presented to him."

"Likes his cigar, don't he?"

"He don't look so autocratic."

"Has he such power as the papers say?"

"Is he a candidate for President?"

"How old is he?"

"Seventy-one? Do you think it would be safe to elect him President?"

"Don't you deceive yourself, he's the youngest old man you ever saw!"

But national greatness yields as common clay to the call of Morpheus. The Speaker was asleep. The ample

German lunch, with its soporific tendencies, had gotten in its work; the ship subsidy, the tariff, the appropriations bill, the national forest reserve, John Wesley Gaines, those ancient war claims, the speech of '73, the President's Porto Rican message, the old home at Danville, and our international relations were now floating in sweet ethereal harmony. The powerful left hand, which lately gripped the dreaded gavel on the call of "division," no longer chopped its way through space, "countin' 'em up" by sixes, nines and elevens. It was now inactive and still. The great master of legislative direction had put behind him all the cares of office and was asleep. Our host, McKinley, was certainly a wonder! The Speaker asleep! Who had ever caught the Speaker napping? What the greatest corporations had tried to do, what the cleverest manipulators in national politics had vainly attempted, had been accomplished easily and innocently by this modest Congressman from the Champaign District of Illinois.

For one full hour the ship plowed on with no sign of returning life from the Mikado deck chairs. We were beyond sight of land, and the hitherto greenish water, true to the narrative of Lafcadio Hearn, was growing bluer and more blue. The deck stewards came with their bouillon and raw beef sandwiches, but there was no response. The Speaker was free from cavil and from care. Senator Curtis was dreaming of the grassy slopes and gorgeous sunflowers of his beloved Kansas; Sherman was clipping coupons in his bank at Utica; Olcott was purchasing crash suits in the far-away Barbados; Loudenslager was out at sea in a pilot boat cutting luscious Jersey cantaloupes; Mann was raising royal palms in his Chicago flower garden; Tawney was leading the singing of "Old Hundred" in the Methodist Sunday-school at

Winona, and McKinley was uniting the cities and towns of Illinois in one grand network of tracks and trolleys.

It was Tawney who awoke first. An over-attentive gentleman from New Jersey, escorting a lovely young widow from South Carolina, crowded her too closely upon the Minnesota statesman, and the collision had aroused him. It was as if someone had criticised the action of the Appropriations Committee, as though some temeritous individual still persisted in making provision for Geological Survey tests. There was opposition somewhere, and it must be stamped out at once. So it seemed as Tawney spoke:

"What the ——"—he saw the sweet face redden—"are you doing, Mr. Speaker?"

The young lady passed by; the roused Speaker rubbed his eyes; the good old childhood days were lingering as a memory.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath!" he said, and then, with a resounding smack upon the extended hand of Sherman, exclaimed:

"Why stand ye here idle?"

It was the signal for the promenade—a promenade which became a part of the thirty days' routine.

With such a large company, dependent entirely upon the ship refrigerators, I was interested in knowing how we were to be fed. So, also, I found was Mann, whose demonstrations in open Congress in support of a pure food bill had been handed down as worthy the admiration of his beloved Chicago, the greatest food-producing, packing and distributing center of the country.

I studied Mann's philosophy, and found he believed it necessary to life that man should eat; that if, after eating, he had nothing else to do, then he might sleep; that if the

cuisine pleased the eye, it might be found to please the stomach, especially under a foreign flag and a new *chef*.

When, the ...re, the Captain announced at the evening meal that there was coal enough aboard to keep us under steam for thirty days and food enough to sustain us for a like period, I appreciated the few "asides" which indicated that the "Great Objector" intended having proof.

"German pancake? Yes, I think I will try a German pancake, Otto," he would say, "Let Tawney have his sea-barbel; I can get fish at any ..." Then the Chairman of the Appropriations Committ... ould take up the menu, and, in choicest German, exclai...

"Otto, never mind him, bring ... some 'Doppelschrauben-Postdampfer!'" and Otto would ...ile and say:

"Sorry, Mr. Tawney, but dat's ...ist oud."

"Then bring me fish—and h... g it quick! And say, Otto, what is this Schaumspeise ... n Gänseleber?"

"Oh, yah, dat's yust moss of g... e-liver."

"Well, pass that on to Mann!"

"Very well, I'll try it." ...ld reply.

Day by day the other passengers were coming into closer contact with the Congressional party.

"I have been introduced to him," some one would say of the Speaker, "and he is very companionable, but he doesn't say much; can't we get him to speak?" The Speaker had been adroit. He was agreeable to all comers and ready for any introduction, but he was out for rest, too.

"And then what would McKinley think," he said, "I am under orders."

But the resourceful Eversman and a few of the enthusiastic ladies arranged that Mr. McKinley should give a reception to the Speaker. The printing machine was set in motion and each passenger, on the morning of March 8th, the fourth day out, was handed an invitation.

At dinner that evening the whole ship was astir, many of the ladies appearing decolleté and in reception attire, while the gentlemen were in full evening dress. It happened that the day set apart was also the birthday of one of the Congressional party. He, taken by surprise, was led into the great dining room by the Speaker, who insisted upon sharing the honors of the evening.

The dinner over, followed by frequent calls for speeches, which were not made, Mr. McKinley led his guest, the Speaker, accompanied by the Captain of the ship, to the lee-side of the promenade deck. What the Germans do, they do well. The open view of the sea had been shut out completely. From the railing to the deck above, the whole side of the ship had been closed up with canvas coverings and the deck itself, polished like a ball-room floor, was brilliantly illuminated by electric bulbs in the American national colors, with lavish festoons of artificial greens and colored flowers. Then the reception began, the ladies and gentlemen greeting the Speaker with messages of congratulation and he returning a pleasant word to each. Down the line of Congressmen they came, from the oldest and most experienced, to the youngest, until the reception was over. "On with the dance," was then the cry. The American papers, which came to us later in the course of our travels, commented upon the Speaker's ability as a dancer. Had they seen him, at the suggestion of a bevy of ladies who surrounded him, offer his arm to one of the stately matrons of Chicago and lead her forth, they would have admired his grace and suavity as well as his choice. It was the old style dance, a little too far back into the woods of the terpsichorean art for the youngsters of the modern "light fantastic," but it had the good old swing of the Western school days, and it caused the passengers to "sit up and take notice." The dance over, the band proceeded

to the after deck, where the passengers insisted upon hearing the Speake ,—but he was not yet ready. A brash young membe f the delegation, urged on by his fellows, stepped into the middle of "the ring," as it were, and, attracting the attention of his novel after-dinner audience, insisted that the time had come to "get together."

"In such a company upon such a ship, talent must not go to waste. We are to be fellow-voyagers for thirty days. Great nationalities are represe here and we must find out what there is in them." then called upon the Speaker, but the lady from Chi was still engaging his attention.

"Go on with the dance," said h ve've enough of speech-making."

Then Sherman was introduced, nd Mann, and Senator Curtis, and the modest McKin . The entertainment proceeded until most of those wh could be caught in the mesh of the chairman were advanc to "do a turn." It was the Gridiron-Five O'clock C' ver again—the beginning, in fact, of a series of ainments which added greatly to the general enjoyment.

Our Captain was a typical German. He spoke English tolerably well, but with the accent which is so often mimicked upon the stage. In his way the Captain was a wag. He was a strict disciplinarian, but he didn't refuse to be pleasant. Many of the passengers had special letters to him and were expecting special courtesies. He was careful how he dispensed favors, and when put in a corner managed, as a rule, to escape with a whole skin. Take the two ladies who seemed to be especial objects of the Captain's care. One of them was an elderly lady of aristocratic tendencies, who had been a great traveler and whose memory of great men and great incidents was remarkable. She knew every-

body of consequence from the time of George Washington and had been intimately associated with all the distinguished figures in aristocratic circles in the United States. She was one of the committee of ladies assisting in the reception to Speaker Cannon. The other was a remarkably clever and versatile widow, much younger in years, but surely as experienced in the matter of information and travel. The widow, of whom we shall hear more, had startled in early to let it be known that she was upon the ship. She never appeared in the same hat worn the same way, a second time. She dressed differently for every meal. She was chic and daring, even to the point of smoking a cigarette, if tempted by her escort. It was plain that many of the other ladies upon the boat were keeping their eye upon her. She also was upon the committee for the Speaker's reception. The Captain, by his suavity and wit, managed to maintain peace between these antagonistic characters.

The sun was rising in all its tropical magnificence when the big ship drew into the harbor of St. Thomas on the morning of March 10th. We were all anxiously waiting the sight of land, the unexpected beauty of which aroused a chorus of admiring comments. We knew little of St. Thomas, except that it was an old Danish province, controlled by a Parliament that had not many years since dickered with the United States with a view to annexation. The United States, under President McKinley, had thought well of St. Thomas as a coaling station in the West Indies and the islanders had been anxious to sell, but the negotiations had occasioned a scandal in the Parliament of Denmark, resulting in the complete failure of the project. We were told that St. Thomas was a free port and that it had formerly been one of the greatest of all the ports of the West Indies.

As we glanced from the ship's deck that morning over

the beautiful set lement nestling at the neck of the harbor and the foot of he encircling hills, we could readily understand why such . port had once been popular as a haven for the wandering tramps of the sea. It was the dry season and the verdure was not as fresh, we were told, as it would be, but the yellowish tint was so slight, against the red and the green, as to be almost indiscernible. The red-tiled roofs of the natty houses rose up against three hills, suggesting a trinity of settlements ecting at the shore line. Over to the right was the Cast Bluebeard, but all that we could learn of it was that it once been the home of pirates. Around the circle wer ehouses, residences and plantation buildings, with steat wharves and coaling stations on to the left. A whole ie of tropical trees, including the palm, and the banana d the bay tree, gave us the first suggestion of tropical lil ut the coming of small boats, containing the black-skinn livers of whom we had heard, amused us. To most of passengers the divers were the great novelty. Our r had just touched the bottom, about midway in ocked harbor, when the shrill cries of the negroes in the s. ll boats rose above the clanking of the chains.

"Toss de coin, Massa!" "Toss de coin, Massa!" "Outside, Massa!" "Outside, Massa!" (meaning throw the coin away from the big boat).

The scene was unusual, and the passengers, eager to test the prowess of the natives, flipped their halves and quarters and dimes with reckless prodigality. As each coin was thrown a diver jumped or dove, and in most instances grabbed the coin before it touched bottom. Sometimes the diver would reach bottom, a depth of 40 feet, and remain under water what seemed a suffocating period, but would ultimately follow the bubbles to the surface and bounding

upward like a log, exhibit the coin in his teeth. In less than half an hour the occupants of fully fifty boats, dug-outs, bateaux and small canoes, paddled by hand, were engaged in the diving business. They splashed and splurged and rowed and pushed, on each side of the steamer, yelling and shrieking in high soprano tones. The divers pleaded and cried to the point of pushing and fighting each other until the sight of their black bodies, covered with the scantiest tights, became no longer an attraction.

NATIVE DIVERS.

The electrical machinery of the ship was now employed in lowering from the davits the launches and yawls which were to take us ashore. It was a quick run into the stone dock of the quaint town of Charlotte-Amelia, capital of the island, and the landing was amidst a quiet throng of Sunday sightseers. Six days before we had left New York. We were now 1,430 miles away, and black faces preponderated. No peaceful Sunday morning in any suburb of our great American cities could have been more restful than was this day in the city of Charlotte-Amelia. The people were

dressed in their Sunday best, and it was gaudy enough. Duck trousers and white shoes were worn by the negro men, the women were dressed neatly, but adorned in all the colors of the rainbow, with ribbons and sashes and hats that would have done credit to any American Easter-day parade. The women, too, were strong and stately. They were evidently as hard workers as the men. On week days they swept the streets and carried the coal in baskets to the ships. They worked upon the plantations and they did the washing in the way we found to be typical of the West Indies, along the streams where rocks can be used for rubbing, and bushes for hanging the clothes out to dry.

The parishioners of the Roman Catholic churches were attending worship this morning; the Lutheran Church, a stately old structure, was open, and from the Memorial Church were heard the familiar tunes of "Old Hundred" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee." A few hackmen were brought into service by the visitors, and it seemed a shame to put the weight of some of the party against the strength of the remarkably small horses, but we soon found that St. Thomas had police regulations, and that one of them prohibited the carrying of more than a certain number of passengers in any one conveyance. There was but one good driving street and that ran parallel to the harbor. The other streets were hillside climbs. At the Cable Office, whither the Speaker desired to go for information from home, the first real courtesy was extended the Congressional party. Mr. Morrell, the General Manager of the West India and Panama Telegraph Company, Ltd., had word of the Speaker's coming, and immediately sought him out, inviting him and the entire party to his home upon the hillside. Accepting the invitation, the party climbed the ancient stone steps of the several roadways leading to the ridge in the

mountain side, upon which the Morrell house stood. Thence they were conducted into a home, the coziness of which was its salient feature. It was the typical gentleman's house of the West Indies, built upon stone piers, with heavy stone walls and battlements, shaded by luxuriant tropical trees and with flowers in bloom in the garden sufficient to arouse the envy of the horticulturist at home.

We were treated to the stories of the island and to a more refreshing compound, a West Indian punch, brewed with sticks deftly twisted in a bowl by the colored maids of the household. Mr. Morrell told the Speaker he had been advised of his coming and on behalf of the British Company wished to extend to him and the McKinley party every courtesy the company might show at any point of their travels.

After leaving Morrell's we made a tour of the town, and finding some of the stores open, started in to make purchases. It was no place, we were told, to buy Panama hats, and yet some of the passengers, under stress of the weather, which was becoming intensely hot, paid as high as $40 each for so-called Panamas. Tawney, weary of his heavy clothing, purchased a complete outfit and later appeared in pure white, much to the surprise and envy of his colleagues.

The city was not without its peddlers, all black, who offered seashells, tropical plants, cocoanuts and other indigenous products. We found everywhere the bay-leaf, from which on this island is extracted the bay-rum so familiar to the whiskered gentry of the United States. The leaves which go into the manufacture of Angostura Bitters (likewise familiar to a large proportion of our male population) were also brought to our attention, although the process of manufacture is a secret.

A picturesque Dutch fort interested some of us greatly. It had long since been converted into a jail and was

under the guard of black officers. I discovered one of these seated upon the stone steps reading a newspaper, and, approaching him, found that he spoke English freely and was very glad of the opportunity to show me through the building. There were few prisoners and some of them were loose, cleaning up the walls and steps, all of which were in first-class condition. I climbed to the battlements of the prison and found the outlook over the harbor one of extreme scenic beauty. It was explained that the harbor had once been so thoroughly land-locked that the filth and sewage of the town, being dumped into it, remained there and thus induced malarial and yellow fever. The Danish Government, therefore, had recently made an island of one of the peninsular arms of the harbor by cutting a sluiceway through, from the harbor to the sea, permitting the tide to come and go, thus keeping the harbor free from débris. Walking through the main street I chatted with some of the Danish soldiers, really police officers under the direction of the local government, and particularly with many of the negroes, who spoke English. From one woman, who told me she spoke French and Spanish as well as English, I purchased a cheap necklace of coral for fifty cents, on which she said she had been working for two weeks. The pay for labor in this place is not more than twenty-five or thirty cents a day. The negro women coal the ships for a cent a basket. They carry the baskets on their heads from the wharf to the hold of the vessel. The people are hoping for better things and are really regretful that the contemplated alliance was not made with the United States.

Before our return to the ship some one commented upon the fact that we had not seen an American consul. I had taken a carriage and was returning to the wharf through the main street, when Eversman called my attention to an American flag floating from the window of a typical St.

Thomas residence far down the road. Mr. McKinley and Senator Curtis joining us, we decided to make a call. It was our first experience in consular matters and we were not a little surprised to find our Government represented by a black man. He was polite and evidently a man of intelligence. Photographs of Senators Scott and Elkins, of West Virginia, which rested on his desk, served to locate the state from which he hailed. His home was cosily arranged and he, personally, was decked out in white. When we called his attention to the arrival of the American party, there was just a little evidence of concern as to the proper course for him to pursue. It had evidently been a question of doubt in his mind whether he should call upon the Speaker or await the Speaker's call. Apparently he had decided upon the latter course, as he had arranged a brew of local punch, in anticipation of visitors. We sampled his punch and found it good. The Consul subsequently visited the ship and presented himself to the Speaker.

As our stay in St. Thomas lasted but six hours, we were unable to accept courtesies on the part of the members of the island Parliament, which we were advised at the wharf, awaited the Speaker's party.

"Charming place," was the general comment as we pulled away from the island, "but not for a permanent residence."

We compared notes that afternoon and found the "post-card," descriptive of views of the island, had been the popular purchase. The quaint post-office, approached through ancient stone arches and time-worn steps, had been a much-frequented place during our visit, and as the Danish clerk spoke English, it was all the more agreeable. The "post card" thereafter was the first thing sought, because it told the story so clearly and quickly.

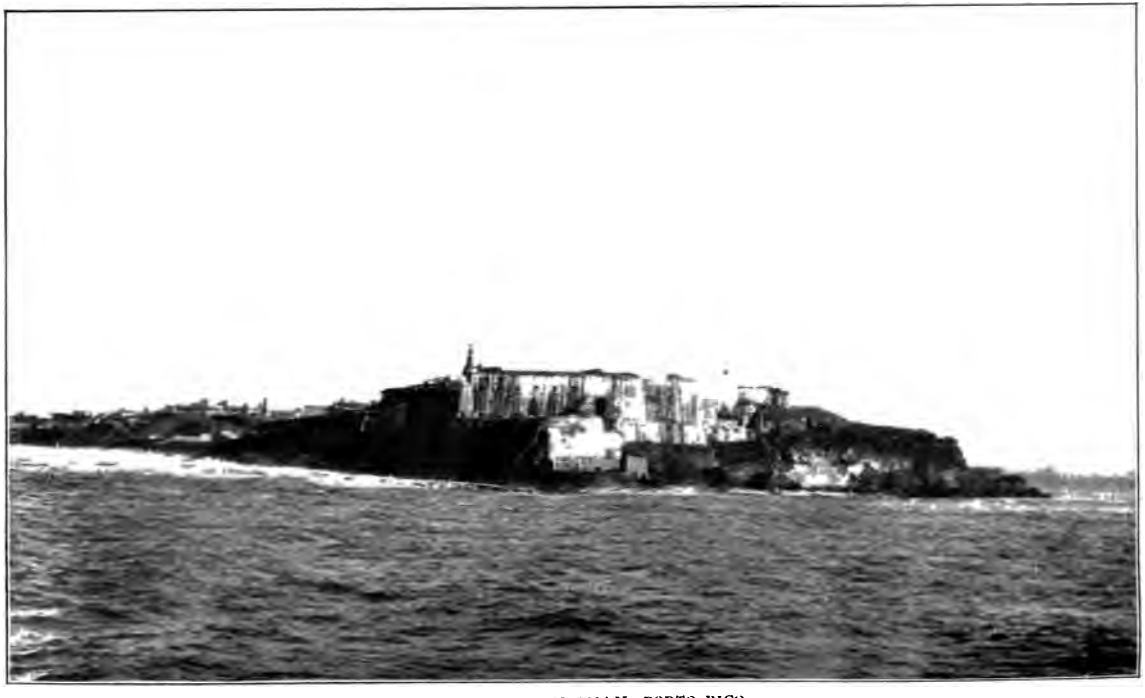
"I don't write letters any more," said the lazy passenger. "post cards do the work."

CHAPTER II.

PORTO RICO.

The Porto Rican Commissioner—Passing Sail Rock—Theories of Sunken Lands—Larrinaga's Appeal for Citizenship—Are the Natives Ready?—A Glorious Approach—San Juan's History and Vicissitudes—The American Invasion—A Spoiled War Picture—Sacrifice of American Youth—"Swirl of the Shades" on the Plaza—Old Friends Come Forward—Speaker Saluted from the Morro—Progress Behind the Fortifications—Small Shops and Their Customers—The Famous Military Road—A Populous Thoroughfare—The Tale of the Twigs—American Capital Doing Things—Towns Where the President Spoke—Porto Rico a White Man's Country—Public Schools vs. Peon Stations—The Speaker on Citizenship—Birds, Snakes and the Mongoose—Session of the Legislature—A Fitting Welcome in Spanish—The Speaker's Reply—Olcott and the "High Life"—The Governor's Gorgeous Palace—Exchanged for "Home, Sweet Home"—Increase of Exports—Secretary Taft on Altruism—The Cake and the Penny, Too.

That Tulio Larrinaga, Resident Commissioner of Porto Rico, had no vote in the Congress of the United States, grated a little on his native pride, but did not prevent his being a very companionable neighbor. My seat in the House was next his, so that our conversation often drifted to the affairs of the island. He had been educated as a civil engineer at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, and was rather proud of it, so that I listened with a degree of [illegible] friendly admonition that Porto Ricans [illegible] were now "subjects" of the United [illegible] had been the friend in Porto Rico, [illegible] scholarly Penn-



THE MORRO, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

sylvanian, Martin G. Brumbaugh, the first Commissioner of Public Instruction on the American plan in Porto Rico.

As we cut through the deep water that separated islands and rocks on the 72 mile course from St. Thomas to San Juan, commenting on the lack of verdure and absence of habitation, I began to think up Porto Rico and wonder what we would find on our arrival there. A short distance outside of St. Thomas we had noticed what seemed to be the huge white sails of a full-rigged ship. Then again it resembled an armored cruiser, painted white. As we drew near we observed thousands of seagulls flying about it like so many buzzards above some great carcass of the sea. Was it a mighty berg cut loose from its Arctic moorings and gone adrift in these tropical waters? We examined the chart and found the huge cliff now towering above us designated "Sail Rock." The resemblance justified the title. What freak of nature reared this silent monument of stone out of the waters? Was it the topmost peak of a barren mountain range long ago submerged? Or was it of volcanic origin, as many of the bare cliffs and rocks on the way from St. Thomas had undoubtedly been?

"Oh," said the wise passenger, "that's easy. The whole Caribbean sea is merely the overflow of the Atlantic over the lowlands that once connected the North and South American continents. All the rocks and islands of the West Indies are the tops of the mountains. We are sailing over the valleys."

"And Porto Rico, too?" I ventured to inquire.

"Yes, and Cuba and the Bahamas and the whole business. They are naturally a part of the United States and ought to be under our control."

We were now in water deep enough physically—and politically—for me to withdraw, and I did. "Sail Rock" had dis-

appeared and the wise passenger had moved along the deck. My thoughts returned to Larrinaga. I recalled the night I had induced him to visit Philadelphia to attend a festive reunion of the Five O'clock Club. He entered heartily into the spirit of the dinner, but when the time for speaking came his love of Porto Rico got the best of his discretion. For twenty minutes he begged the members for citizenship. Dr. Brumbaugh sat near him and watched the effect, with evident concern.

"Politically we are but vassals," exclaimed the Commissioner, "will you give us citizenship?"

"Not to-night, Señor," came the unexpected reply. "Don't settle it to-night."

In a moment my friend remembered he was speaking to good fellows and became less serious. He branched off to the history of Porto Rico—what it was; what it hoped to be; when Columbus landed there in 1[illegible] the Indians played a game of ball. The ancient natives were also ball-players; in this they resembled their brethren of the United States. Their modern game is something a cross between cricket and baseball.

"Do they ever try high balls?" broke in the irrepressible Five O'clocker, James Pollock.

"Yes," said Larrinaga, pleased at the interruption, "we do more than that," and he spoke of the sunny side of the Porto Rican character.

Larrinaga's appeal for citizenship, however, set me thinking. President Roosevelt had recently visited Porto Rico and had marveled at the progress made by Porto Ricans under American supervision. I had listened to the reading of his message to Congress recommending full and complete citizenship for the people of the island. Were they prepared for it? The whole population of the island is only

two-thirds that of the single American city of Philadelphia. Prior to the American occupation, which began only in 1898, there had been slavery, peonage and milder forms of Spanish subjugation. Had the masses of the people progressed enough in nine years—had they acquired sufficient intelligence and public spirit—to stand equal with the voters of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, or New Orleans, in determining who should govern our country and who be elected President of the United States? It had been only a few years ago, and since the American occupation, that a hurricane swept the island. We had shown a paternal interest in the natives then. As secretary of a Philadelphia committee, I helped to raise funds and provisions for two ship-loads of supplies sent to the relief of "the wards of the nation," as the Porto Ricans were then regarded. Other cities responded nobly to the national call for relief, and moreover we had established a free government on the island at the expense of the nation, and only at the last session of Congress, my friend Larrinaga had secured an appropriation of $700,000 for deepening the channel of San Juan Harbor alone.

I could not bring to mind any disposition on the part of the United States Government or people to be inconsiderate of Porto Rico. The natives were deriving the benefits of American methods, and American school teachers were instructing the young; but the majority of the people still spoke Spanish, most of them were living in palm-leaf shacks and were unaccustomed to the responsibilities of citizenship and of property rights. To be sure, there were rich and cultured people in Porto Rico; some, like my friend Larrinaga, as sincere and patriotic as the founders of the United States, but there were also schemers who found the play of "liberty" an easier game than honest toil. The screeching demagogue

had no desire to drop the penny the United States had put into the island, ut he did so much desire, along with the cake he already ossessed, to be the dispenser of the penny!

But now we were about to see for ourselves. Our approach to Porto Rico was a glorious afternoon's voyage. Guide books were out a-plenty and the history of the island was eagerly scanned. It was the first opportunity for many of us to observe the trend of American colonial policy. Of course, we heard of Columbu were to hear of this wonderful navigator "many a and oft" before we returned to New York—how he oached the island from San Domingo, took possession e name of the reigning sovereign of Spain and named San Juan Bautista, in honor of St. John the Baptist; and ow the famous searcher after eternal youth, Ponce de Le , had been sent by the Governor of San Domingo to hun r gold in Porto Rico in 1508. The English freebooter I e sacked San Juan in 1595. He pillaged and robbed to heart's content, but his departure hastened the completion f Morro Castle, the remarkable fortification which t niards had commenced a few years before.

In 1597 the English, under Admiral George Gifford, Earl of Cumberland, again captured San Juan and took possession of the island temporarily. A Dutch fleet attempted to take it in 1625, but Morro Castle was then in good working order, and, after a siege of twenty-eight days, the enemy was forced to depart. In 1626 a French fleet tried to take possession, but was repulsed. Lord Abercrombie made an attempt to sack the Castle in 1707, but the Spaniards held their ground, without molestation, from that time on until May 12, 1898, when Rear Admiral William T. Sampson, of the United States Navy, began a three-hour bombardment of the fortifications guarding San Juan harbor. The American admiral

sought to ascertain if the Spanish fleet was hiding in the harbor, and, not desiring to do unnecessary damage in the city, stopped the bombardment when satisfied that Cervera's ships were not there.

The American army landed in the Bay of Juanica, July 21, 1898, under command of Major General Nelson A. Miles, and on July 27, the Americans occupied Ponce. I remembered with some satisfaction that a Philadelphia command—the First City Troop—had taken part in the conquest of the island and that Major General John R. Brooke, a Pennsylvanian, now living in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, had been appointed military governor, October 18, 1898.

There came to me also a humorous story recounted by a returned war correspondent who had expected to see fighting in Porto Rico. His disappointment was keen, but surely no more than that of his heroes. We have heard of the English soldier whose definition of glory is being killed in battle and "having your name misspelled in The Gazette." In these modern days of the kodak and the moving picture machine, how much more poignant must be the loss of glory when all "the fixins' " are tuned up to High C. "The Shattering of a War Picture," perhaps, would best epitomize the correspondent's tale. He placed the scene at Aibonito. The Spaniards had entrenched themselves in a jungle-like stronghold. The Americans were preparing to storm them out of it. The scenic environment was superb. Towering crags and peaks looked down on the prospective field of battle. In the foregrounds, palms and flowers and feathery ferns presented nature's smile to the grim visage of war. Opportunities for heroic charges and stirring climaxes do not often fall to the lot of the soldier. The victory was to be swift and glorious—and picturesque. Nor were the correspondents overlooked—and here is the cruel crux of the story—for notice was given to be ready with pad and pencil.

And now for the niche in the Hall of Fame! The commanding officer on a prancing bay was caracoling at the head of the troops.

"Are you ready here? Are you ready there? Now—"

It remained for the commander to draw his sword and the heroic picture was complete.

We have seen the breathless courier wave the King's reprieve beneath the noses of the villains who are about to hang the hero in the melodrama. He always comes at the fatal moment when slow music presages a cataclysm, and so it was at Aibonito. The commander's hand was on the hilt of his sword, but the word "charge" was never uttered. The faithful courier in real life was at his work. He carried the peace protocol and with it the declaration that the Spaniards had decided to make no resistance.

I narrate this incident with no disrespect to the splendid American citizens who gloried in the sacrifices they were willing to make for their country, for a distinguished judge of the Common Pleas Courts of Philadelphia who enlisted and served in Porto Rico with the City Troop, through diseases contracted there, has been robbed of the use of his limbs these full nine years; the correspondent, who told me the story and who gave me the seal of an alcalde of Ponce, has never recovered from a malignant Porto Rican fever, while Floyd Campbell, a newspaper artist of the same expedition, whose cartoon of "Speaker Cannon Smoking at a Clover Club Dinner" is one of the enduring cartoons of this generation, is dead. All honor to the brave young Americans, from whatsoever State they came, who helped to raise the Stars and Stripes in this fair island of the West Indies and by a conquest glorious because it was bloodless, carried the message of civilization and advancement to a downtrodden people!

Our captain feared we might be unable to enter San Juan harbor before dark, but, by carefully feeling his way over the shoal places where the "Louisiana" stuck with the President on board, he succeeded. To say we were favorably impressed with the beauty of the harbor, the imposing architecture of the ancient city and the extent of shipping, is to put it mildly. We were agreeably surprised. The basin was filled with ships, mostly American vessels, some belonging to steamship lines that were comparatively new. The whole water-front, in fact, presented an air of prosperity and life that was unexpected—especially as it was Sunday.

We were met at the pier by Auditor Ward, a New Yorker, and one or two minor officials, and a little later, Governor Beekman Winthrop, a Bostonian, and Mr. Grahame, of New York, Secretary of the Interior, came along. They took us over the city, first of all going to the Plaza Principal, an open space about half the size of Independence Square, where it seemed the entire population of San Juan had assembled.

The Municipal Band was playing "The Star Spangled Banner" and in the tropical breezes overhead, standing out with wonderful brilliance in the first blush of twilight, was the American flag. It thrilled us all, but though there was a lump in my own throat, I could not help smiling at the effect upon Tawney.

His cigar took on a jauntier attitude. His hat seemed of its own accord to slide a little to one side. His elbows stuck out and his shoulders wagged as he walked. Without uttering a word, the Minnesotan was saying as plainly as a man could:

"I'm Tawney from America. Who are you?"

The picture in that Plaza reminded me of Dante's "Swirl of the Shades," except that it was in a happier vein. Hundreds upon hundreds of young men and women, old men

and women, and children, kept walking round and round in one ceaseless wh irl of humanity. Bright colors are affected by the Porto an women, and when there is a crowd of them together on the move, the ensemble is startling.

The Plaza was a resting place, a trysting place, a place to exercise, a place to get air, a place to read, a place to smoke, a place to chat, a place to flirt. When a man's sweetheart got tired of the human whirlpool, he would rent a chair for her at the rate of five cents an ar and let her look on until she was sufficiently rested ke part again.

"If you want to see anybody San Juan on a Sunday afternoon, Mr. Speaker," said rnor Winthrop, laughing, "all you have to do is to ta chair on the Plaza and wait until he comes along."

Our escorts led us through th narrow but well-paved streets with their contracted side ks, giving us an opportunity to see how Porto Ricans v in the city limits lived. Many of the shops were open, sc t purchases—the inestimable post card being the firs onsideration—might be made. Spanish was spoken here, but the signs outside the shops were chiefly Ame an—the American beer sign being conspicuous as usual—and American money was in general use. We found, in the course of our peregrinations, Americans from all parts of the country—or rather, they found us, and gladly made themselves known to the Speaker and party. Indiana men, for instance, had taken up orange culture on the island and were expecting to make a big thing of it. New York money was going into the trolleys and we rode on one to the Country Club outside of the fortified walls of San Juan, accompanied among others by a young attorney from New York who was adjusting questions of title and right of way.

The first detachment to visit the Post Office brought back

COLON PLAZA AND CASTLE CHRISTOBAL, SAN JUAN.

the news that the Postmaster was a Landis from Indiana, brother of the two Congressmen, Charles B. and Frederick, and of Kenesaw M. Landis, the Federal Judge in Chicago, who was later to impose a $29,000,000 fine upon the Standard Oil Company.

"Charley's coming down soon, too," said the Postmaster, after he caught up to the party.

"Sorry we can't wait, but give him our love," said Sherman.

"And here's Rodey!" exclaimed the Speaker, as the United States Federal Judge of Porto Rico pushed forward to pay his respects. "You're for citizenship, I suppose?"

As delegate to Congress from New Mexico, no one had fought harder or more persistently for Statehood than B. S. Rodey. Defeated for re-election by the redoubtable "Bull" Andrews, formerly of Pennsylvania, Rodey had been made a Judge by President Roosevelt. And all our information tended to show he was "making good."

"You wouldn't have asked me that while I was in Washington," responded the judge.

After an informal reception at the Country Club, where among others we met Mr. Faulkner, of the University of Pennsylvania, who succeeded Dr. Brumbaugh at the head of the Department of Public Instruction, we returned by trolley to the wharf.

Early Monday morning, while some of us were sampling American goods, which we found in profusion in San Juan stores, Speaker Cannon, accompanied by McKinley, Sherman and Tawney, formally returned the Governor's call. They were met at the Castle, where the Governor lived in the splendor of an Eastern Prince, and were escorted to the Morro, where a regiment of native Porto Ricans, equipped and maintained by appropriation of Congress, was

drawn up to receive them. Seventeen guns from the ramparts of the historic fortification were fired in honor of the Speaker. Following the salute, the regiment was put through a drill. The Speaker expressed his appreciation of the compliment and then the whole Congressional party assembled for an automobile ride over the famous military road which bisects the island from San Juan on the north to Ponce on the south, a distance of about eighty miles.

GOVERNOR'S PALACE, SAN JUAN.

It was a ride to be remembered, for going out I had as companions Mann and Judge Rodey, whose data, history and anecdotes were illuminating; and, returning, Governor Winthrop and Mr. Cannon, I was able to again observe the Speaker's grasp on colonial affairs and to size up the policies of the colonial officer. Our chaffeurs were Spanish, but the machines were of American make, and as they flew like the wind, over the road which had engaged the attention of the Spanish constructors for half a century, they revealed a marvel of the roadbuilder's art in a country teem-

ing with the picturesque in mountain and valley. The train of a steam railroad was making its way into San Juan as we dashed out of the city, giving us to understand that sugar and tobacco plantations were sending their product to market and doing it in the modern way. It was a contrast, for we could see, as we passed by the Columbus statue, the old fortifications and the huge barriers of wall and water that protected the city from attack by land—that San Juan had dealt deliberately with the interior of the country, holding it as a feeder in times of peace and barring it rudely in times of stress. Grim San Cristobal frowned upon us nigh to where the Government had established a wireless telegraph station on the edge of the city—but it also looked down upon hundreds of happy, though half-dressed, youngsters, who now in complete security against invasion or oppression, played their innocent games of ball. Once out on the military road we were enabled to observe the rural life of the island. On every hand shops and small stores abounded. Every shack or shed big enough to shelter a couple of people standing, a bunch of bananas, a few cocoanuts and a few bottles of soft drinks, answered for a store. Some of them went further and set out flapjacks and candy cakes. Here and there a cobbler, or tinker, held sway, but the merchandise shopkeeper was far and away in the ascendency. Along the whole journey, extending upwards of fifty miles, he was omnipresent—and his customers—hatless, shoeless, sullen—trudged along, walking, astride the native donkey, punching the ox-teams, or sprawling above the loads of tobacco, coffee or sugar that were lumbering to town. On no country road within my knowledge, except perhaps on holiday occasions, have I seen so steady and continuous a flow of humanity as we witnessed along this beautiful military road of Porto Rico. It was a revelation in suburban

activity—a veritable human beehive. Bareheaded, barefooted and with children of some of the peon families, barebodied, they came and they went in almost endless procession. Pedestrians carried bananas and bags of coffee on their heads, the diminutive horses drew vehicles of odd construction, the faithful donkeys bore their loaded baskets and sometimes, over all, the driver and sections of the family. The ox-teams—yoked with bars of wood like railroad ties, to prevent them doing injury to pedestrians or to each other—jogged along with heavy wagon loads of sugar-cane, tobacco or coffee, or bundles of fagots, for the small branches of trees in Porto Rico are highly prized, and charcoal is a valued commodity.

On one of the hillsides I noticed a number of men cutting fagots with their machettes—all the males seemed to carry machettes—and rolling them into bundles. The sticks were so small as to seem worthless for fire wood, and I commented upon it.

"You don't understand their value here," was the reply. "And thereby hangs a tale."

"Then out with the tale," I said.

"But you must keep it from the Secretary of the Interior. He has not gotten over it yet!"

We were crossing a great bridge, which served also as a retaining wall at the bend of the road, and were coming out in an avenue of stately trees, the branches of which could easily have embowered us overhead. The hot sun struck us full in the face as my informant exclaimed:

"That's it; there's the tale! Before the President reached the island last November, the trees along this road were its crowning glory. In many places they covered the road for long stretches, completely shutting out the sun. The President's coming was heralded long enough in advance for the

local officials to do a little house-cleaning. It had been arranged that the President should be taken over the road in an automobile.

"Anxious to have the road at its best, the department sent a force under a native foreman to trim the trees and remove the rubbish. The foreman was a rogue or he misunderstood his instructions, we have never been able to determine which, but he cut away the splendid arching boughs, 'so that,' he afterwards explained, 'the President could see the sky.'

"From miles around the people came to get the fagots, until finally the department got wind of the havoc that was being wrought and stopped it."

"They didn't tell the President," I ventured.

"You bet they didn't—and he said the road was in fine condition."

Mountains and valleys and rivers and everywhere the richest kind of tropical vegetation passed in review, inducing some of the globe trotters of the party to remark a strong resemblance to Switzerland.

"What's that?" asked the Speaker, pointing to a low roadside building with a section number.

"One of the old peon stations," replied the Governor. "This road was built with peon labor, and you will notice as we go along that most of the stations are still standing."

On all sides were evidences of large investment of capital. New confidence, born of American suzerainty, had induced the transportation of much machinery and lumber for building purposes.

One of the largest concerns on the island is the American Tobacco Company, and the difference between its plantations and the smaller ones, owned and operated by individuals, was as the difference between the government inspected reservation and the tumble-down farm. Both in employment offered

to the workers, and in business results obtained, the superiority of the larger establishments was manifest. The workers in the fie[illegible] showed it and so did the crops.

Tobacco, sugar-cane and coffee were the principal products we saw while passing along the military road. The care in cultivation was noticeable. I saw one field of more than 100 acres in tobacco, every inch of which was covered with fine, white gauze, to protect the plants from wind and insects. These vast fields are [illegible]ted with all the care of a horticultural garden and at v[illegible]eat expense. They represent the large American op[illegible]r. The native farmer lives in a wretched hut of pali[illegible]e bark, built on stakes, and subsists on the products o[illegible] meager clearing about him.

We were informed there had b[illegible] considerable confusion in the coffee market after the S[illegible]ish-American war. In her own time, Spain had taken [illegible]e entire output of the island, but when Porto Rico p[illegible] into the hands of the Americans, the Spaniard[illegible] used drink Porto Rico coffee, although the fashionabl[illegible] adrid considered it the best coffee in the world. It has a [illegible]ngent taste and Americans generally have not yet learned to prefer it to Mocha and Java. The coffee question, we were told, was one of the real problems confronting the producers of Porto Rico and would doubtless be brought to the attention of Congress.

[illegible] covered fifty miles of the road when, heat and [illegible] oppressive, it was decided to turn back. Some [illegible] getting a bit hungry and a few of us, Mann [illegible] upon the provender in the lunch basket [illegible] New York car. We had passed through [illegible] of Caguas and Cayey and had run [illegible] these towns were substan[illegible]—most of them low

and square, with cheap porches. In both Caguas and Cayey President Roosevelt had spoken to the people. The audiences were large, for the natives live in the open and are easily brought together. Our automobiles had scarcely arrived before they were surrounded by a motley crowd of squalid-looking men, women and children. Some of their expressions in Spanish did not sound altogether friendly, but they may have been. A detachment of native troops was stationed nearby one of the towns and their natty appearance impressed us. They looked to be much superior to the unkempt natives. I inquired about the serviceability of the native soldier and the Governor said they were brave, honest and faithful. They were all right, he said, when they had a leader in whom they had confidence—if they trusted their leader they would follow him anywhere. Their recognition by the United States Government had been a splendid thing in winning them over to the side of law and order. Their weakness was in overestimating their authority amongst the other natives, but the latter generally looked up to them. They were assisting materially in promoting "the American idea" amongst the islanders.

The preponderance of white people noticed in San Juan and in the towns and settlements along the military road, in this, a supposedly "black man's country," invited comment. We had pointed out to us the mixed breeds, Spaniard and Indian, Indian and negro, white and black, and white and half-breed, but we were coolly informed that white was the prevailing color to-day, regardless of all "the hand-me-downs." Statistics, some of which were brought along and some of which I assembled on returning to the United States, sustain this view. Out of a population of 953,243 (it now exceeds a million), as shown by the census of 1899, for instance, 489,426 were white and 363,817 colored, the

latter classification including the few Chinese on the island and persons of mixed white and negro blood. These figures by comparison with other islands of the West Indies become extremely interesting. In the census of 1891, the percentage of white residents in Jamaica was only 2.3 per cent. In the Leeward Islands, the same year, it was 4 per cent.; in the Barbados, 8.6 per cent.; in the Bahamas, 25.3 per

NATIVE FUNERAL, SAN JUAN.

cent. In Porto Rico, seven years later, the percentage of white people on the island was 61.8. Cuba at the same time had a percentage of 66.0 white.

The census taken in the United States in 1899 shows that [illegible] much of a "negro country" as many of [illegible] States. Over against Porto Rico's white population of [illegible] per cent., South Carolina shows only 40.1 per cent. [illegible] possessed of 22.3 per cent. white; Louisiana, 49.9;

Georgia, 53.3; Alabama, 55.1; Florida, 57.5, and aristocratic Virginia only 61.6 per cent., or 2-10 of one per cent. less than Porto Rico's proportion of whites.

There is, however, a very large percentage of illiteracy, which is being attacked in the most scientific way by the corps of teachers and instructors the Government at Washington has provided.

It was shown in the census of 1887 that out of a total population of 806,708, 695,328 were unable to read; 14,513 could read, but not write, and only 96,867 could read and write. The proportion of illiteracy among the males and females was about the same.

A census of the island now would show no such overwhelming preponderance of ignorance. Everywhere we went we saw school-houses, crowded with pupils. I remember a "Benjamin Harrison School" and a "Benjamin Franklin School." There were many others named for American statesmen. They looked homelike and over all of them floated the American flag.

"As good as anything we have," said Sherman, commenting on one of the larger schools.

"Almost," qualified Tawney.

In talking with the Speaker about the form of government in Porto Rico, I found him well pleased with it. He had evidently given the West Indies question much thought, for he quoted Froude and Kingsley and seemed to feel that England had enabled us to profit by her experience. He regarded the Foraker Act of 1900—the organic law of the island—as exceedingly helpful to the people. This act created a Governor, Secretary, Attorney-General, Treasurer, Commissioner of the Interior, Commissioner of Education, Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, United States District Judge, United States District Attor-

ney and United States Marshal, all to be appointed by the President of the United States. It provided that the law-making body uld be divided into an Executive Council and a House of Delegates. The Council consists of the officers enumerated above (except those of the courts), and five other members, also appointed by the President, making eleven all told. There are thirty-five members in the House of Delegates, five of whom are elected by the people in each of the seven political d s of the island.

Mr. Cannon was glad to obs how things were going along," and he had reason to be, e had been in this whole business from the beginning. as he who had moved the $50,000,000 appropriation to McKinley administration to rebuke the blowing up of t *Maine,* and it was his powerful aid that had been soug in all the constructive work since the triumph of the nerican forces. In his view the colonial question, with i new and complex problems of expenditure, of respons ity and of citizenship, was not to be treated ha

But the Speaker was ch pleasure out of our trip and lunch time had arrived. A special automobile, loaded down with as fine a lunch as New York could have afforded, met us by the side of a mountain stream overlooking a valley of great beauty about forty miles out from San Juan. We stopped—and so did some of the natives. A clever boy, who spoke no English, but who, by signs and proffers of good things, was induced to contribute a diminutive pack-saddle donkey for cross-country runs by the Chairman of the Pension Committee and his Western rival, the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, carried away most of the leavings. The Governor meanwhile was observed industriously gathering the bits of paper and empty boxes in which the luncheon had been

wrapped. He raked them to a remote spot, and, striking a match, set fire to them, watching carefully until the flames were out.

"What in the world is he doing?" said Loudenslager.

The Governor overheard, and on his return explained:

"Merely an object lesson to the natives. We are trying to teach them to keep this road free of refuse."

"Before we start back," said McKinley, tossing the bone of a chicken wing far back into the bushes, "I want someone to tell me something. I haven't seen more than five or six birds to-day. I should imagine that on an island that is so Eden-like in all other respects, with flowers like these and the richest kind of soil and vegetation, to say nothing of a congenial climate, birds would abound."

"The mongoose has chased the birds away," said Judge Rodey. "Before that little snake killer was imported, there were birds a-plenty; also snakes a-plenty.

"The mongoose did the work. It is said there is not a snake in all Porto Rico, and if there is, I have never seen one."

For once, Mann, who had been objecting now and then along the journey to some of Rodey's illustrations, agreed with him.

"But what about the white rats of Porto Rico?" he said.

"You've got me there!" answered the Judge.

"Well, listen," put in the Objector. "The kind of rats I refer to are very uncommon, and, after generations of pursuit by their invincible enemy, the mongoose, they have developed strange characteristics. You may not believe it, because you're from New Mexico, but you have rats here in Porto Rico that live in trees like squirrels. They are unquestionably descendants of aboriginal rodents, but they are larger and they are white."

This story spurred Tawney on to a eulogy of the Western prairie-dog, and, in self-defense, we climbed back into the automobiles.

When we got into San Juan again the Legislature was assembled. It was the last day of the session. They had been expecting us, and Secretary Regis H. Post, a New Yorker, presiding officer of the Executive Council, received us most courteously. Several members of the Executive Council were colored men. One of them seemed very much interested in Mann, and told him he had read every one of his speeches in the *Congressional Record*.

At this Sherman gasped, and grasping the colored member warmly by the hand, exclaimed:

"Allow me to express my pleasure upon meeting the busiest man in Porto Rico."

A committee of the Executive Council escorted the Speaker and party into the House of Delegates. The president of that body, a native Porto Rican of Spanish descent, consulted with his clerks and interpreters in whispers. He was a frail little man, but had a thoughtful, poetic countenance. Presently, when we were lined up behind the Speaker, he motioned to the interpreter, and began. We [illegible] sections, but as the boys in the gallery would say, [illegible] fiery Southern patriotism, all right." The fact that [illegible] stop at the end of every sentence and wait for the [illegible] put his words into English, did not cool his [illegible] United States was the eagle; Porto Rico was [illegible] of the eagle had not been used in [illegible] to consume the lamb? Would the [illegible] that it might be transformed [illegible]

[illegible] through which [illegible] United States as a

deliverer. He complimented the President and the Speaker and rounded out his speech with an impassioned appeal for citizenship.

Speaker Cannon, who stood hat in hand during the greeting, was gracious, but cautious, in his reply. He said he had passed over half the island that day and that this was his second visit to Porto Rico. He had talked to those in authority and had ascertained from them that wonderful progress had been made under American rule.

"Where you made $1 under the Spanish," he said, "you are making $3 under the Americans. You have taken hold of the spirit of education and the rising generation will be much better equipped for the battle of life than the present one is.

"You are now electing delegates to do your bidding in this House, and, to that extent, you are the makers of your own laws and the carvers of your own destinies.

"Yes, it all lies with you. Hitherto your advancement has been marvelous and I hope that it will continue. We in the United States are proud of you. You are keeping your people employed; you are imbued with the get-ahead spirit; you are building up your island and proving to the world that you will soon be in a position to maintain a stable government.

"I am sure you will demonstrate that Porto Rico is not only self-reliant, but that it is capable of holding the confidence of the people of the United States.

"Prove to us that you know how to avoid the pitfalls into which San Domingo and Cuba stumbled. They, too, were self-reliant, but they lacked stability of purpose. After they had in their hands the dearest prize that man can hope for—independence—they were obliged to call on the United States for help.

"Avoid those pitfalls. Be firm in your patriotism, but steady and sure in your government. When you have shown us that you can do this, when you have given the West Indies this object lesson, then it will be time to discuss the question of citizenship."

Although it was not exactly the kind of a speech they had hoped for, and not so full of immediate promises as those President Roosevelt had made, the delegates appeared to be pleased with it and applauded the speaker enthusiastically.

Mr. Cannon then introduced the other members of our party, one at a time. Some of his points, I am afraid, were lost by the interpreter.

In introducing the tall and stately Olcott, the Speaker remarked, playfully, that he was "destined for a long life." As the pun was finally twisted into Spanish, it was made to appear that Olcott had "lived a high life." When the news was unfolded to Olcott he didn't appreciate it half so much as we did.

That evening, the party was divided into squads and entertained at the homes of the various officials—some at the Governor's palace, some by Secretary Frost, the incoming Governor, and others by Auditor Ward. After dinner we all assembled at a reception in the palace, which was attended by a number of the prominent citizens.

The Governor of Porto Rico and his wife lived regally. The splendor of the old Spanish palace, now called the Executive Mansion—a rare old castellated structure—was dazzling. As I walked from one great corridor to another and from one reception room to another with their tessellated floors, their beautiful wainscoting and wonderful frescoes, I exclaimed to myself:

"Is this the home of an American governor? Is this what colonialism means?"

But I was told that pomp went far in Porto Rico as in other colonies, and that a governor whose manner of living was less imposing would have less prestige.

And Mr. Winthrop was about to resign it all; the salary of $8,000 a year, the palace, rent free, and all the authority that went with them, to take, at the hands of the President, the post of second assistant Secretary of the Treasury in Washington at a salary of $4,500 a year. I could not understand it, and asked the reason.

"I came here from the Philippines," was the explanation, "and I am tired of the tropical climate. Try it for as many years as I have and you will understand."

I glanced at the Governor's report that night and was amazed at the figures of progress it presented. For the five years ending June 30, 1898, the average annual exports to the United States amounted to only $2,271,099. In 1901, this total had grown to $5,581,288. The following year it was $8,378,766; in 1903, $11,051,195; in 1904, $11,722,826; in 1905, $15,633,145, and in 1906, $19,142,461.

In a speech at St. Louis in May, following Speaker Cannon's visit to Porto Rico, our distinguished Secretary of War, Mr. Taft, referred to events upon the island as evidencing a "National Altruism." Out of our national emergency fund the hurricane sufferers had received relief supplies to the extent of $200,000. All the customs' receipts had been covered into the island treasury for the maintenance of the island government. The total revenue from this and other sources in 1906 had been $4,250,000, as against an expenditure of $4,054,000. Of the civic employees paid out of this fund, 343 were Americans and 2,548 were natives. The United States government, moreover, relieved the island government of the cost of army and navy, of lighthouse service, coast surveys, harbor improvements,

marine hospital service, post-office deficit, weather bureau and agricultural stations. True, the island government did maintain a police force of 700, but this was slight in comparison with the expense of 1,000 rural guards, 1,000 municipal and urban police and 4,000 soldiers, supported under the Spanish regime. In addition, the Secretary stated that the enrolment of pupils in the public schools had increased 600 per cent. under the American system, for whereas when the Spaniards let go there was an en...ment of 21,000, with no buildings dedicated to public instruction, there were now 97 public school buildings and an enrollment of 130,000, costing $854,000 a year, as against $...00 spent by the Spanish. The public roads, too, the Secretary said, had been extended from the 172 miles—including the great military road—left by the Spanish, to 463 miles improved and macadamized. And then, in summing up, the Secretary referred to that very important factor in the "altruism" of the United States toward Porto Rico, the concession of free trade which causes an annual "loss to the revenues of the United States" of $15,000,000.

So it is fair to assume the Porto Rican has "the cake" and some of "the penny," too—but he is being educated up to it, and it is to be expected he will seek and demand all he can obtain. The men whom President Roosevelt has appointed to manage the affairs of the island are largely college men whose theories of government have not been obtained in the practical school of politics. The "practical politician" is not offensively in evidence on the island, except perhaps it be amongst the "heroes" who pose as "liberators" before the rural population. These are not "offensive" either, to an alarming extent, for the evident desire of the leaders is to have the people understand the policy of the United States, and their ability to speak in the national

tongue, keep the agitators respectful, while the spread of education, coupled with an improved financial condition, better roads and the like, are having the effect of making the people see that American citizenship is a thing to be desired.

"In the fullness of time," as the Speaker would say, and when they have proven themselves worthy, it doubtless will come.

CHAPTER III.

MARTINIQUE.

A Midnight Insurrection—Congressional Party in Danger—The Schedule Restored—Martinique and Saint Pierre—Fort de France and Josephine—Diving That Shocks—Excitable French Negroes—Hill-climbing to the Governor's House—A French-American Tete-a-tete—Tropical Fruits and Souvenirs—The Monkey and the Black Boy—Knox McCain and Nick Carter—Hearn's Word Picture of St. Pierre—A Scene of Desolation—The Deadly Fer-de-Lance—Mann's Search for Relics—A Skull for a Drinking Cup—American Money Refused—Mt. Pelée's Stomach-ache—God in the Disaster—Heilprin's Conclusions—Martinique in the Revolution and Rebellion.

It was late at night when we returned from the reception at the Governor's palace in San Juan. In such a climate conventional full dress naturally attracted attention, and we had no sooner boarded the ship than signs of revolt among the other passengers developed. Some of the latter, good-naturedly I took it, intimated that "special" attentions were being paid the Speaker, and a rumor was spread that the itinerary was to be changed to enable the Congressional Party to spend more time at Panama than had been originally scheduled, and that to this end the trip to Venezuela was to be abandoned.

Up to this time Venezuela had been scarcely mentioned, but the rumor that it was to be dropped from the itinerary had a remarkable effect. Suddenly it became the goal at which all had aimed. If we were not to go to Venezuela then the steamship company was playing unfair. It must be that the Congressmen were at the back of it. This was

ST. PIERRE BEFORE DESTRUCTION.

what I gathered from the excitable ones, but when they singled me out from the Congressional party and asked me to sign a petition to the captain to adhere to the schedule, the situation became amusing. Of course, I declined to sign the petition; then the insurgents "knew for sure" they were on the right track. Headed by the Waterbury watch man they opened up for a battle royal. I insisted that we were out for trouble, too. If they wanted an insurrection it might as well come. Venezuela was the home of insurrectionists, so we were simply going to our own. What to us was Saint Pierre and its awful desolation, or Kingston and its earthquake? We were out for blood! Mutiny, shipwreck, burning, looting—anything that would celebrate the trip and astound the people of the United States. Was I not one of the Bold Buccaneers of Barnegat?

What was the use of embarking upon such a trip as this if nothing desperate happened? Unless we got our names into the newspapers, our friends would never know we were out. Was I in earnest? Why, of course, I was. Had I not heard the voice of the people? But why settle it all now? Let us fight it out in the morning.

Ah, but the insurgents were not to be appeased by this kind of talk. Would I undertake to say the Congressional party was not behind the movement to change the schedule? It was White, of Connecticut, and my Union League friend, Helme, of Philadelphia, both smiling a little, who now pressed for an answer. They, too, were beginning to see the humor of the situation. No, I certainly would not. Mr. McKinley was the "boss" of our party and Speaker Cannon was asleep—but here comes Loudenslager, maybe he can tell!

Of course, the astonished Loudenslager could not tell. He hadn't heard the subject discussed, but he was for what

everybody was ıor and if they wanted to put the captain in irons, it was all the same to him. Mann and Busbey took the same cu e. In their judgment, a trip like this would be no kind of a trip unless somebody did something, and they were for having something done. And so it continued until long after one o'clock. The insurgents retired and the few members of the Congressional party who had been let into the secret, for the Speaker did not know, "rested on their oars."

The next mor ning stories of t ole, change of schedule, favoritism, disappointment, wer fe from stem to stern. The Brooklyn lawyer, who had s nstantly reminded himself of Webster, unbended enou to say he had really "suspected from the beginning" that somebody would defer to Mr. Cannon before the voyage was over and he wished he had come on a trip where possi , Ahem!—true nobility —might be recognized. The man ho "looked like Roosevelt" gave an extra hitch to the waving string of his eye-glasses and succeeded in maki g them fairly flutter in the breeze, and as for the Cincinn i millionaire, he simply couldn't understand why anyone's money was any better than his when he had as much as anyone else. But the streak disappeared as rapidly as it came and that night at the ship's entertainment, when it was made known that Venezuela was still on the schedule and that Mr. McKinley had arranged to keep it there, despite the rumors of yellow fever at La Guaira, there were no insurgents around to respond to the roll-call. The Speaker was again the lion of the ship's entertainment and was amused, as we were, when told of the Scylla and Charybdis through which we had passed.

Martinique, the French island of the West Indies toward which we were sailing, is about 400 miles from San Juan.

Our interest in it was more of curiosity than political concern. On the morning after peace had been restored on the ship, we slowed up in the open roadstead of what was once the gay and populous city of Saint Pierre. It was early and somewhat misty, but glasses and cameras were speedily brought into action. Down the mountain-sides we discerned the beds of great washouts draining various sides of the towering Mt. Pelée to the sea. So far away through sloping hills, forests and valleys did they extend that, but for the certainty of their coming from mountain heights, they might, by perverted perspective, be mistaken for muddy rivers. They were the courses of the molten streams that restless and superheated Nature had exuded from the mouth of the crater in August 1902, enacting the most destructive volcanic eruption in history. Smoke or mist (we afterwards learned it was smoke) hovered about Pelée, so that we were unable to see the summit. We passed the base of the mountain and drew near Saint Pierre, but at first no vestige of a building was to be seen. The site of a once hustling and strongly built city had been swept bare, and over the ruins a tropical growth of bushes had grown. A boat's crew was sent to build a temporary pier for the yawls, set up a tent for shelter and otherwise arrange for a landing when we should return in the afternoon. We then steamed away to Fort de France, which was to be our first stopping place. As we departed, the clearing of the atmosphere enabled us to see outlines of masonry, mostly cellars, and we caught glimpses of the walls of the Cathedral, the only ones that withstood for any considerable height above the ground, the tornadic blast from the mountain.

Fort de France, the capital of Martinique, is eleven miles sailing distance from Saint Pierre. It settles back prettily

from a land-locked harbor across from Trois Ilets, where Josephine, the wife of Napoleon, was born. We found that Josephine was the chief historical figure of the place. A handsome marble statue of her is the principal monument of Fort de France. Josephine was the daughter of a rich planter. She was born June 23, 1763, and in 1779 married the Viscount de Beauharnais, who died 1794. She became the wife of Napoleon, March 6, 1796, and

FORT DE FRANCE, MARTINIQUE.

was crowned Empress of the French in 1804. Napoleon divorced her in 1809 and she died at Malmaison, near Paris, five years later. The Martinique statue is a fine work of art imported from France. It stands in the Savane—a large public square with no other ornamentation except a circle of royal palms which rise to an immense height and present a striking picture silhouetted against a background of forest-

STATUE OF JOSEPHINE, FIRST DE FRANCE.

We had no sooner entered the harbor than divers flocked about our ship—the most daring and garrulous lot we had yet seen. They were also less considerate of appearance than those at the other islands. Black as coal, they did not take the trouble to wear tights, but appeared in all the glory of nature. While they were about, the ladies of the ship were obliged to retire from the rail and seek "the seclusion that the cabin grants." The French government has had a great deal to contend with in Martinique, and this may not be the time to add to the burden, but nevertheless it could not do a better service to tourists and to decency than to put some wholesome restraints (and clothes) on these divers.

Some beautiful views unfolded at Fort de France, including the old fort left by the English during one of their occupancies of the island, but one that struck our particular fancy was a brand-new American flag at the stern of a row-boat containing a gentleman attired in white who was pushing his way through the black bodies in the water. After much effort he succeeded in getting aboard and presenting himself to the Speaker. We found him to be the American Consul. He hailed from Michigan; had been in the island but six months, and labored under the disadvantage of speaking no French. With true Western breeziness, however, he had arranged for our reception by the Governor. A representative of the English cable company also presented himself to Speaker Cannon, and placed himself at the disposal of the Congressional party. This was another of the courtesies for which we had occasion to remember our friend, Morrell of St. Thomas.

Through a long line of chattering negroes with high soprano voices, and of various tones of color from light mulatto to shades of bronze and black, we were landed. It

was the funniest situation we had yet confronted. Gesticulating violently and talking in a high key, in a language we could not understand, the natives let us know they had

MARKET PLACE, FORT DE FRANCE.

backs to hire and souvenirs to sell. The latter consisted of cheap stuff—relics of the volcanic eruption, twisted nails, melted glasss, bits of iron, broken crockery, etc., all showing

evidence of having been subjected to great heat. They also offered birds, bananas and other tropical fruit, but lost many sales because they would not take American money. For one rusty piece I offered a dime, which was refused. The vender wanted French money only.

When the Speaker, with McKinley, Sherman, Tawney and others, reached the little iron enclosure around the statue of Josephine, the kodakers "got busy." Their manœuvers to get Mr. Cannon in a good light greatly interested the natives. Men and women grouped about and followed us wherever we went. The greater part of the population were tall and straight, and the women were not unattractive. Accustomed to carrying burdens on their heads they had a graceful carriage, and their rich bronze complexions were set off with a wealth of color ornamentation, particularly in their headgear—a sort of turban made from gaudily colored bandannas. They spoke a patois founded upon the French language, but when keyed up for laughter or dispute they emitted a staccato screech that was "something awful." We heard a good deal of this, for the people are very excitable and easily aroused. Their adobe houses were mostly of Spanish design with gardens inside the enclosure, but on the driveways to the upper suburbs were French chateaus, admirably suited to the mountain scenery and with very attractive gardens.

The negroes who work—sometimes—work chiefly on sugar plantations, get from thirty to forty cents a day, which is about all they earn, live on fruits and care little for hats, shoes or even clothing.

The roads of Fort de France are fairly good. Here, as elsewhere in the islands, the women do the rough work, such as coaling vessels and sweeping the roads. Drawn by mules we followed one of the best roads up a beautifully

shaded hill to the Governor's house. The chief attraction of this house was its location, which presented a splendid view of mountain and sea. Built to catch each breath of air it was suited to his purpose, but appeared plain compared with the extravagantly appointed palace of the American Governor of Porto Rico.

Our ride to the Governor's house ran along a stream, which broke into cascades as it tumbled down hill. Glancing through the vines and flowers that bordered it we could see here and there the negro women washing clothes in the usual West Indian way and hanging them on the bushes to dry. When high enough to overlook the city and harbor, Loudenslager told me there was something in the view suggestive of Hawaii, although the gardens of the latter excelled anything in the West Indies. From the hill-tops we observed a French warship in the harbor, the French following the example of the British in sending to these island possessions an occasional cruiser or battleship to remind the natives that back of the handful of whites who govern them is a great and well-armed power, swift to protect and, if need be, to revenge.

The Acting Governor of Martinique, Edmond Gaudart, was extremely affable, but spoke little English, and our party was handicapped for knowledge of French. Of course, all of us had studied French—but, it was like the girl who would play the piano but couldn't because she had left her music at home. The Speaker and the Governor, however, managed to talk to each other. The Speaker made some observations pertaining to the maintenance of a stable government and the Governor seemed to understand. The old black servants brought on some French wine and some excellent cakes, and altogether the party enjoyed itself thoroughly. The Governor smoked and so did Mr. Cannon.

The charming wife and daughter of the Governor took some of the party for a stroll through the garden and presented all with floral trophies. Most of us then assembled in a beautiful piazza on a promontory in the garden, overlooking the harbor and the islands beyond. We were discussing the fortifications, the race problem and the science of

GOVERNOR'S FAMILY (MARTINIQUE) AND THE SPEAKER.

government in an improvised Esperanto, when Loudenslager, like the honest old farmer who lays down the French menu card and "takes roast beef," brought us to a common level with an inquiry about Columbus.

"Oh, yes," said the Governor very deliberately, "Columbus discovered Martinique in 1502. The colonization by the

French began in 1635. It was held by the British, who built the fort yonder, at two periods of the Napoleonic Wars."

Mann, who had wandered off on an arborial expedition, now appeared with sundry specimens. He had found his first tamarind tree and had secured some of the beans which closely resembled his favorite Chicago product—the half-smoked sausage. He also brought the sapodilla, a tropical fruit with a fibrous pulp and a skin like a russet. We found that it was a staple food of the natives in most of the islands. It grows in abundance on trees about the size of the American orchard apple and ranks as a food-fruit almost equal to the orange and the banana.

Returning to the city we wandered through the streets of Fort de France afoot. We found it far too irksome to utilize the negro drivers for sight-seeing purposes. They could not or would not understand English, French (as spoken by our party) or the sign language. The Consul tried it on for awhile and landed us all at the Cathedral. While this was not the objective point, some of us found it the best place to leave our money—for elsewhere it seemed to have no value. The huddled condition of the narrow streets made it easy to collect crowds and, as both sexes seemed as curious with regard to us as we were as to them, it merely required our presence in any given quarter to attract a crowd. Had Speaker Cannon chosen midday for a jaunt through Mott Street, it could not have been more ludicrous than his wanderings through some of the streets of Fort de France. But it was "nuts and raisins" to him and no one enjoyed the chatter, the nervous excitement of the denizens and their running back and forth more than he.

But little shopping was done in Fort de France, the few souvenirs purchased consisting of crucifixes, images of

saints, photographs and relics of Saint Pierre—and the inevitable post cards—printed as we learned, in France. Olcott fell in love with a pair of paroquets, but couldn't get them on the ship. He was less fortunate than the dashing Widow, for she succeeded in landing a live monkey —a subsequent cause of trouble for the captain, for, having admitted the monkey, he summarily rejected an orphaned

NATIVE SUGAR VENDORS, FORT DE FRANCE.

negro boy for whom a philanthropic Michigan lady desired to provide passage and a home.

"There it goes again," was the substance of the grievance. "*She* can have her monkey, but this dear little homeless boy must remain here a wanderer."

"But the immigration laws forbid it," was the captain's safe rejoinder. "Monkeys are not barred."

From Fort de France we returned in the afternoon to St. Pierre. I had picked up a volume entitled "A Mystery of Pompeii," by my old friend, George Knox McCain, hoping, on the way, to make comparisons between Pelée and the great Vesuvian tragedy, but finding it a novel whose main lesson was against the vice of gambling, I was about to throw it aside when the Speaker called for reading matter.

"Give it to him," said Tawney, "he's not going ashore."

"But it wouldn't interest him," said I.

"Oh, yes it would," was the quick retort. "Even Senator Hoar found solace in Nick Carter."

Twenty years ago, the eccentric Lafcadio Hearn, in his "Two Years in the French West Indies," wrote thus cheerily of Saint Pierre:

"The quaintest, queerest, and the prettiest withal, among West Indian cities; all stone built and stone flagged, with very narrow streets, wooden or canvas awnings, and peaked roofs of red tile, pierced by gable dormers. Most of the buildings are painted in a clear yellow tone, which contrasts delightfully with the burning blue ribbon of tropical sky above; and no street is absolutely level; nearly all of them climb hills, descend into hollows, curve, twist, describe sudden angles. There is everywhere a loud murmur of running water, pouring through the deep gutters contrived between the paved thoroughfare and the absurd little sidewalks, varying in width from one to three feet. The architecture is that of the seventeenth century, and reminds one of the antiquated quarter of New Orleans. All the tints, the forms, the vistas, would seem to have been especially elected or designed for aquarelle studies. The windows are frameless openings without glass; some have iron bars; all have wooden shutters with movable slats, through which light and air can enter."

What he then so brilliantly described was now no more. The architecture was but a recollection—there were no peaked roofs, no awnings, only a few sullen walls. Habitations—there were none; débris overgrown with weeds obliterated the streets and "absurd little sidewalks." Where breathed and moved the liveliest, gayest 30,000 of Martinique's 200,000 souls—all was desolation. No, there was something left; for over by the hillside a dozen negroes were clearing away the drift, and by excavating to a depth of five

MOUNTAIN VIEW OF ST. PIERRE.

feet were bringing into view the flagstone pavement of Victor Hugo Street, the principal thoroughfare of the buried city. It was a mighty small oasis in the desert.

A thick growth of tropical bushes, succored by the frequent rains and the fertilizing qualities of the ash deposit, had risen over the ruins, extending in some places to a height of eight or ten feet and making one's way through it unpleasant, especially to one who had read of the deadly fer-de-lance—the snake which lurks in the forest and the

bush of Marti ue. But Mann, who joined me in a tramp across the ruii was as sceptical on snakes as though they had been Con ssional measures, and insisted by his explorations in demonstrating that they really did not exist. He wanted to follow the unbeaten paths which carried us into cellars and backyards, rivers and the remnants of causeways. Since I had climbed over the ruins of Johnstown immediately after the flood in 1889, the experience was not wholly new. It put the beads of perspiration all over us, turned our white caps, trousers a shoes to the color of dust and ashes and attached to a legion of burrs and nettles that stuck closer than an pecunious friend. We climbed over cellar walls and throug scarcely visible remains of streets covered with a heterogeneous litter from fine ashes to cobblestones and boulders. Apparently a river of rock had followed the asphyxiating blast and swept away the walls down to their foundations. No wood was left, but everywhere were bits of iron—hinges of gateways, tires of wagon-wheels, knives, forks, spoons, door-knobs, hinges, axe-heads, the handles burned out, bits of roofing and structural iron, glass bottles partly melted, broken china, images of saints, and other uninflammable substances. Here and there were holes in the ground, evidently the sites of jewelry stores or building containing valuables, which had been excavated for the treasure. In the rear of what seemed to be a warehouse we came across a dungeon with walls three feet thick. It was far underground. Within the vault were two great bowls of stone. We could not make out their use, although we stayed inside for some time to escape a tropical storm, and examined them closely. Owing to its great strength the vault was unimpaired, but the ash-dust had blown in and covered the stone ledges of the bowls to a depth of six inches. Another structure which attracted us was a

prison vault on the mountain side, from which, the story goes, a prisoner was taken alive. Though the claimant for this peculiar honor has been on exhibition in the United States, his tale is discredited in Martinique.

Our relics included some ornaments, a whole plate, keys, door-knobs of odd design and a couple of skulls—the latter, on our return to camp, aroused the curiosity of the passengers. We didn't want them. Who would take them?

"Oh, so novel!" said the Widow. "May I have one for a drinking cup?"

The Widow got one and proudly packed it with her other relics. My medical friend, Dr. Stokes, of Moorestown, New Jersey, got the other, but not, he explained, for libatory purposes.

Hundreds of black relic venders assembled round the landing place before our departure. They were a sorry-looking lot, and, strange to say, included the young fellow who had refused my dime at Fort de France earlier in the day. His day's work had not been very profitable, for he had the same relic which, to help him out, I had offered to take. He had made the long journey over to have another try at the Americans before they sailed away. Merely to test him, I again offered him American money for his worthless stuff, but he looked it over, bit it, and handed it back with a negative nod. They wanted the "franc" and the "sou," nothing else would do. It was so with all the other chattering natives. American money had no value to them and they made few sales.

And so this awful waste was all that remained of the churches, the banks, the stores, the homes, the highways and bridges of Saint Pierre! Not one human being of the whole 30,000 escaped the dread blast from yonder smoking mountain.

"I was here before the eruption," said an officer of the launch in which we were being carried back to the ship. "It was a beautiful town—so lively, so full of entertainment—and the roadstead here was full of ships. They did much business in Saint Pierre. The streets were filled with people."

But in the brief space of three, certainly not more than five, minutes, the end had come to all—people, business, wharves, cargoes, even the ships at anchor. Nothing within

EXCAVATED STREET, ST. PIERRE.

the zone of that frightful eruption escaped. The gases, the ashes, the boulders, the earth itself, rolled down in one great black cloud. They levelled to the surface every standing thing and penetrated every valley, street and crevice. There was no escape. It was destruction and death, swift and relentless. And yet for days and weeks the treacherous old mountain had been muttering and spluttering. Warning had been given in quakes of earth and emissions of fire and smoke. The people had been scared and had gone to their churches, but they had been reassured.

"There is no danger," the local writers said. "Pelée is simply growling at herself. She has partaken of something that doesn't agree with her."

A few left the city; they didn't like the eruptions; but most of the people remained. Then darkness came upon them and—the end. Saint Pierre went out, snuffed as a candle, but Pelée's convulsions did not cease. The rumbling continued and the gases reached for other victims. Vessels, eight miles at sea, reported falling cinders and other evidences of the terrific force of the eruptions.

In the wake of death and desolation at Johnstown, I heard men bereft of wives, children and property, bewildered to madness, say:

"There is no God; else He would not have permitted this to happen."

Their power to reason had given way in the darkness of the hour. God did not construct the South Fork dam which held in leash the waters of the Conemaugh. That dam had been reared by human hands, and it had simply not been strong enough to hold back the water that filled up behind it. When the dam broke, the water fell upon Johnstown—the result was inevitable. Unlike Johnstown, the destruction of life in Saint Pierre was not partial, but complete. No living human being was left to tell the tale. But again, as we stood on deck overlooking the site where thrice 10,000 lives had been snuffed out "in the twinkling of an eye," I overheard a suggestion as to God's hand in the work. This time it was the good old lady who had read that Saint Pierre was "a wicked city," and that its obliteration had been "a visitation of the Almighty." To set myself straight, I turned for a statement of conclusions to the report of Professor Angelo Heilprin, of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, who made a thorough investigation of the disaster. It was

the old story. he superheated earth beneath the mountain had found a let—that was all. In his scientific way the Professor at ted the tornadic blast that fell upon Saint Pierre and subsequent eruptions that invaded Morne Rouge, Ajoupa, Bovillon, Morne Capot, Morne Balai and the heights of Bourdon to "superheated exploded steam, charged in part with particles of incandescent or glowing matter." To the showering of the latter upon the combustible substances of Morne Rouge, the Professor said, "was due the partial destruction by conflagration of that . Whatever accessory gases, besides sulphurous (or su iretted-hydrogen), may have assisted in the work of asp ation or otherwise killing, has not been ascertained, nor known that there were any such. The simple condition of superheating and steaming can probably sufficiently explai all the cases of asphyxiation and scorching, or of death, ere it was not brought about through contact with burn or incandescent particles, electric strokes, crumbling w ls and the violence of a fully sweeping tornado. The inha ng of an atmosphere of the intense heat of many hundreds degrees, in places with a temperature possibly much exce ding one thousand degrees, means practically almost instantaneous death."

Were the Coroner's jury to hear the evidence, the verdict would doubtless be that Saint Pierre "had died from natural causes." The cataclysm was a tragedy of the centuries; the loss of life was appalling, but death and destruction had been instantaneous and thorough. Pain, anguish, property rights, litigation, people and causes had been eliminated together. There was no earthly aftermath.

"It was a bully way to go!" said the passenger who was trying to forget his trouble.

The Speaker was chatting with Senator Curtis when Mann arrived with his arm-load of musty relics.

"You look like a boiled lobster!" he said. "Don't you know you're only fifteen degrees above the equator?"

"It may be a little hot," replied the objector, "but you don't have a chance to disprove this snake story every day."

"There are 400 square miles of Martinique you didn't see," said the Speaker. "You didn't go far enough back in the bush—in the jungles on those mountains or half-way across the island—there's where you ought to look."

We found that during our absence from the ship the Speaker, with the Senator, Sherman and others, had been viewing Martinique through the field-glasses of history. As a matter of fact the island did figure somewhat in both the Revolution and the Rebellion. Froude has a brilliant chapter discrediting the victory of Rodney over de Grasse with Martinique in the setting, and the Speaker made reference to it. When the Revolution terminated by the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Count de Grasse, the French Admiral who had co-operated with Washington, sailed for Martinique, intending to refit and join the Spaniards in a final effort to drive Great Britain from the West Indies. Rodney, formerly in command in the West Indies, had been recalled at the demand of Burke, and one after the other the islands had been recaptured by the Spanish or the French. The news of de Grasse's movements created alarm, and Rodney was ordered back to his station. He sailed at once with all the ships he could gather, and, fortunately for England, escaped an order from the government to strike his flag and return. Froude says: "Had that fatal command reached him, Gibraltar would have fallen, and Hastings' Indian empire would have melted into air. But, before the order arrived, Rodney had fought the greatest naval battle in English annals and had won." De Grasse was a prisoner and the French fleet had been scattered into wreck and ruin.

"So on that memorable day," continued Froude, "was the English Empire saved. Peace followed, but it was peace with honor. The American colonies were lost, but England kept her West Indies; her flag still floated over Gibraltar, the hostile strength of Europe all combined had failed to twist Britannia's ocean sceptre from her; she sat down maimed and bleeding, but the wreath had not been torn from her brow; she was still sovereign of the seas."

It was at Saint Pierre during the war of the rebellion that the *Alabama,* the famous rebel blockade runner, was blockaded, watched by the *Iroquois.* It seemed impossible for her to escape, but under the guidance of a native pilot who knew the deep places and the unmarked reefs, she took the chances and succeeded in making her way to sea. There were no searchlights in those days, or the movement would have failed. The *Alabama* was saved only to fall a victim to the *Kearsarge* in an open sea fight off the coast of France.

STREET SCENE, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS.

CHAPTER IV.

BARBADOS.

A Congested "Little England"—Emancipation and Its Consequences —Women Coaling Ships—Labor of Men and Women Compared —Relations of Whites and Blacks—Problem of the Consulates— Coral Rock Roads—England's "Big Stick"—The Work of the Polyps—Visit to the Governor—The Cannon Ball and Its Uses— Tawney's Souvenir of Columbus—The Widow on Horseback— Exportations to Panama—Curious Debate in the Assembly— Canal Labor Criticised—The Jeweler and the Tariff—American Capital Wanted—A Market Place Episode—Novelties and the Color Craze—A Diver Who Dared—Songs That Tortured.

Off to the east of the Caribbean group, as it were the outpost of the Greater and Lesser Antilles, lies the interesting little Island of Barbados. The name is venerable with antiquity, and in a vague sort of way I had felt that Barbados was an important place.

Once upon a time it was "the headquarters" of the Lesser Antilles, and its Governor-General was ruler of the neighboring islands of Grenada, St. Vincent, Tobago, Trinidad and St. Lucia. In those days it was a great military and naval post, and John Bull strutted there in all the panoply of war. But now the pomp of militarism is gone. The Governor is governor of Barbados only. The dense forests that formerly covered the island from shore to shore have disappeared, and the lonely sentry appears to be shrinking within itself, tired of its watch and apprehensive of the march of progress going on to the westward. With a congested population of freed black men, resigned to a slothful and unambitious existence,

with the rich ... nters, of days now only a memory, gone to other fields ... he island has settled down to the raising of sugar-cane ... d grinding out of rum and molasses in such quantities as labor is willing to produce. England regards the island as a "Crown Colony," and appoints a Governor, who has associated with him an Executive and a Legislative Council, in addition to a House of Assembly, which represents the masses of the people. But the right of suffrage is not of great concern to "the plain people" of Barbados, for it involves both t... ight and responsibility and—what's the use? So, while ... natives are free, the Governor rules and England is ... reme, but there is no hilarious exaltation about the ... premacy. I imagine England is about as proud of her possessions in the West Indies as we are of United States supremacy in the Philippines. But England is tenac ... ous, and having spent a couple of centuries in the glorious work of liberating and civilizing the natives of her West Indian possessions, she hates to throw them up. For a century or more Barbados has enjoyed the reputation, if it may be said that such a reputation is enjoyable, of being the most densely populated country in the world. Some of the earlier authorities make an exception of Malta, but I believe that now even Malta is no longer in the running.

With our expansive territories and American notions of bigness, it seems unfair to rate Barbados as a full-fledged country. It is only an oval-shaped plot, twenty-two miles long and fourteen miles broad, with an area of one hundred and ... six square miles, thirty-seven more than Phila- ... and fifty-four less than Chicago. Within ... there are nearly 200,000 people, the capital, ... comprising about 25,000.

... is not entirely clear as to the discovery of

Barbados, but it was probably found by the Portuguese early in the sixteenth century. When the English first visited it, in 1605, it was a dense, uninhabited woodland. The first English colony, consisting of forty whites and seven negroes, was established there in 1625. A fruitless effort to seize the island was made by the Dutch, in 1665, and the negroes tried several times to get the government into their hands. The last attempt of this kind was made in 1825, and failed, so that the British have maintained their power in Barbados from the beginning.

The Church of England is the established form of worship, but the Wesleyan Church is very strong, and to the credit of the negro it must be said he is quite religious. The natives speak English, and for this, after our Martinique experience, but 140 miles away, we were thankful.

Slavery prevailed in Barbados until 1834, when a royal proclamation abolished serfdom in all forms. It was this humanitarian movement that established a basis for the lamentations of the English writers, Trollope and Froude. To them the consequences of abolition spelled industrial and commercial decadence for the West Indies. Froude wrote despairingly upon this subject as late as 1887. Our own investigations indicated that conditions, so far as the investment of capital and the promotion of commerce were concerned, had not greatly improved since that time. The famous West Indian planter, whose fortune was built upon his ability to get work out of his slaves, was now only a tradition, and many of the plantations had disappeared for want of capital and energy to operate them.

When we had passed the dangerous coral reefs and safely entered Bridgetown harbor, numerous small craft appeared. The British flag was chiefly in evidence, but one yacht, that of Mr. Agassiz, displayed the flag of the New

York Yacht ub. Before landing, our attention was attracted to ups of husky negro women coaling ships. They were ng and going in long lines from shore to ship and ship to shore, running up and down huge gang-planks and carrying bushel baskets of coal upon their heads. They had been chanting some weird stevedorian song, but stopped at our approach and waved their hands (they did not carry handkerchiefs), seeming greatly pleased that we had come. They then returned to the coal bins. As the women who carried coal in Po Rico and St. Thomas were credited with receiving a c basket for coal carried to the holds of ships, I was s rised to learn that the women of Barbados frequently n e no more than sixteen cents a day, but this was quoted as fair, since men laborers in the field received from twenty thirty cents a day.

But these women—who seemed e equal in strength and industry of any of their male c panions—interested me, and at the first opportunity on sh I looked them over at close range. Some were black nd some were yellow. Some wore cheap jewelry, and ot rs came near to nature unadorned, their clothing consisting of a light, ragged calico dress, reaching to the knees, or a little below, and not high enough at the neck to be uncomfortable.

But they were all splendid specimens of physical womanhood, parading up the gang-plank, with their weighty baskets on their heads, as gracefully as ladies of the social set might cross a ballroom floor.

From the nature of their occupation they had acquired straight backs. Their necks were strong and erect, and their chests, arms and legs betokened great muscular strength. Their feet were tough and sprawling, and when I directed Mann's attention to them, that fierce Chicago pride, that ever characterized him, was sorely touched. The

only suggestion of weakness about them arose from their shrill, effeminate voices. They sounded childish, but even so, I pitied the mortal blacks, who, having the courage to wed these women of the wharf, should trifle with their affections.

Since no kind of labor was harder or dirtier than carrying coal, I inquired what the men did. My informant said that some of them worked in the field for two or three days a week, and then "rested." Some of them drove hacks, some stood in the markets and sold fruit, dried fish and other food products; others helped to raise sugar and tobacco, and others worked in molasses and rum-producing plants, while the more intelligent filtered through to be policemen or soldiers. This, of course, applied to common labor, there being some mechanics and building trades' workmen among the negroes who were dependable and capable of earning better compensation.

"Any labor unions down here?" I asked one of the better grade of workmen.

"Never heard of any, boss; guess it wouldn't pay," was the laconic reply.

It was evident Speaker Cannon's presence in the West Indies was now a matter of inter-island information, for the American Consul, Mr. Clare, of Boston, with his assistant, Mr. Kervey, from Congressman Butler's Delaware County, Pennsylvania, District, were awaiting us at the wharf. They had carriages ready for the McKinley party, but gave us an opportunity, first of all, to view the monument to Admiral Nelson in Trafalgar Square. Here was a pretty piece of statuary directly at the wharf, surrounded by a happy and heated mixture of negroes, teams, lighterage and market stuff. A "Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square" sounded familiar to our trans-Atlantic

passengers, and explained to them, in part, the reason for giving to Barbados the soubriquet of "Little England."

"It is more like the mother-country than any other colony," said an enthusiastic islander.

But for the preponderance of black faces met everywhere in our journeyings we could have appreciated this comparison.

Our first stop was at the Bridgetown Club. Here were introduced to the Speaker a number of the leading citizens. While that famous English specialty, "a little Scotch and soda," was ingratiating itself into the good will of the Americans, I noticed, in photographs of local dinners, the faces of whites and blacks at table together. It was going the Booker Washington incident one better, and I made some inquiries.

"There are refined and learned negroes in Barbados," said the gentleman addressed, "and many of them, being office-holders and of gentlemanly deportment, are admitted to social functions. It is not usual, however, where women are concerned."

Down through the congested part of the city, the narrow streets teeming with a gay throng of black men and women, we drove to the American consulate. We had taken a fancy to Mr. Clare, for he clearly understood his business, but the consulate did not impress us at all. It was a bare, undignified place, conveying no adequate idea of the importance attaching to it and leaving upon the mind of the visitor an unfair notion of the spirit and influence of the United States. I confess the palace of the Governor of Porto Rico seemed a little overdone, but this poor consulate—and I mention it because of others we observed equally unworthy the United States—stood as an object lesson of the desirability of placing American representatives in foreign

lands on an equal footing with those of other nations. This is a problem with which the State Department is wrestling, and, as it affects the honor and dignity of the country, it cannot be too speedily adjusted.

Once out upon the highways we began to appreciate Barbados. The roads were good—but they were so white

SUBURBS OF BRIDGETOWN.

they glistened in the sun. Cut out of the coral rock, they needed little treatment, and, it being the dry season, they sent up an everlasting dust that fell upon our hats and clothes. In many places the long stretches of white were relieved by bordering hedges of vines and flowering plants. We passed through avenues of royal palms and noted some beautiful homes and public buildings. Bridgetown has

educational institutions which have given the city an enviable fame, a number of architecturally-attractive churches, a splendid free library building, and numerous large stores. Hastings Rocks is a popular watering-place, and behind it is the Marine Hotel, where many Americans spend the winter months. The public buildings of Bridgetown are imposing, but the military reservations of the government no longer know the tread of the soldier. After spending millions upon fortifications and barracks, the latter still in excellent preservation, Great Britain has withdrawn her troops from Barbados, leaving only the nucleus of an army in the white-helmeted black policemen who preserve the peace of the island. But the Home Government maintains a close touch upon the situation, for a warship of his Majesty's navy, like a "big stick" that "speaks softly," drops into the harbor at unexpected intervals, and remains long enough to have it known by all concerned that the strong arm of England is behind the Governor and his associates, and that any attempted revolution will be promptly quelled. A better policy than maintaining standing armies, perhaps, and certainly a cheaper one.

We found none of the Saint Pierre washouts about Barbados. The whole island is a coral rock—a nubbin of the sea.

One thing for which the natives are extremely thankful is that their island is not subject to earthquakes. There is nothing volcanic about it. Once in remote eons, a bunch of polyps got together along the ocean bed and formed a colony. They kept on grouping and dying together until out of the depths they had reared a mountain—and this with their own bodies. Then they turned it over to mankind. That is the way Barbados happened. It is nothing but a mass

WORKING IN SUGAR-CANE, BARBADOS.

of wriggling sea animals petrified. But the busy little fellows builded well, and out of their conglomerate man has been able to rear great structures, for coral rock is quarried for building purposes, and it makes the land productive, since the minute particles of rock which constitute tillable soil are remarkable for their fertility. Not only did the polyps provide the splendid highways of the island, but in Bridgetown many of the sidewalks and steps leading to private residences are hewn from virgin rock. On the outskirts of the city visitors are shown a huge lion rampant, typical of British authority, carved out of a coral boulder.

At the end of our drive, during which we saw the cutting of sugar-cane on several nearby plantations, we were brought to the Governor's house—a fine old mansion on the outskirts of the city, surrounded by a park with sloping drives and luxuriant shade trees. The Governor, Sir Gilbert Carter, R.N., K.C.M.G., an admirable type of the English gentleman, received the Speaker and party in a delightful open-air workshop in the garden. The climate of the island was so soft we found the formality, *al fresco*. exceedingly more pleasant than it would have been in the main building. Sir Gilbert and the Speaker were speedily wrapped in conversation, not the least pleasing feature of which was the Governor's acknowledgment to America for the wife who directed his household. Then they drifted into the affairs of the islands.

It was here that Mann, the botanist, drifted out. The rich foliage of the garden was too much for him.

"The gardener beckoneth!" he said.

In a few moments the "Great Objector" was in a state bordering on hysteria. He had surveyed the coral quarry in the rear of the grounds, had spelled out bougainvillean for the stately vine whose gorgeous purple bloom encircled

milady's latt bower, and had finally cornered the gardener unc cannon-ball tree. It was here the Speaker, sallying fort ith the Governor, found him. Mann and the gardener were now chums. The former cut a cannon-ball from its rugged bough and hurled it with great violence to the ground. The russet rind was broken, and the halves lay quivering at his feet.

"See," said Mann, "it is white inside, but it will change color. It looks frothy, like whipped cream, but it is coarse and hard. There, as the air stri it, see how villainously green it becomes? It is poison !"

"There is a legend," said Sh an, as he watched the death of this curious growth o he tropics, "that when the Dutch were attacking the island, these cannon-balls were actually used for ammunition. I can't vouch for the truth of the tale, but if the fruit re piled in pyramids it would at least look formidable to he enemy."

"Just as good as Edam cheeses all the while," put in McKinley.

We were conversing under an a or, when Tawney pulled from his pocket a souvenir spoon, which he had purchased at a little shop in the city. It had on the bowl a picture of Columbus landing at Barbados. When the Governor saw it, he inquired, with a smile, where Tawney got it, and he laughed when Tawney told him.

"It's queer," he said, "but Columbus never landed in Barbados. I think that spoon was made in New York."

At this the Speaker smiled. Was there an island at which Columbus had not landed?

Tawney, of course, was very much offended. He vowed to meet again the author of his embarrassment. Was he some veritable "Reuben" to be "taken in and done for" by a miserable curio seller of the West Indies?

Later in the day he found his man.

"To be sure, the spoon had been made in New York. Did the American gentleman expect so fine a product in Barbados? The design on the bowl was the work of a native, but the spoon itself was of American make, and the American got the tariff. Surely, the Governor could not say Columbus did not land. Perhaps not on the first expedition, but on the second. Ah! Sir Gilbert had doubtless forgotten the second expedition, but it was, nevertheless, a fact. Governors were so forgetful, and if it weren't for the souvenir men the history of the island would soon be lost."

Tawney kept the spoon.

We left the Governor to keep a dinner engagement with the American Consul and his friends at the Marine Hotel. The *Bluecher's* other passengers already crowded the place, but over its ample porches the salt, soft, southern air blew so evenly as to keep us all in rattling good humor. The Speaker's arrival occasioned the usual stir, but after he had settled down, with several American friends who were sojourning on the island, a general movement toward the main entrance attracted us all. Surely something had happened! Or, had some other notability arrived? Busbey, Eversman, and Dr. Hough left their chairs. Sherman nearly upset the bottle of ink that was doing service for the post-card brigade, and McKinley, who had been dozing, almost fell from his chair.

"What is it?" he demanded, as the breathless Eversman returned to his seat.

"The Widow!" was the reply; "she's got a new hat."

There she was, gaily bedecked and bedizened, the prancing bay she rode flecked with foam. Would she dismount at once? Not much. The horse must do some evolutions. My, how daintily fell the riding whip!

"Back on · haunches, back, back, I say!"

And the ·ment gracefully executed, she threw the reins to an · lant, and jumped from the saddle.

The Americans at dinner included Mr. Karner, a special agent of the Government at Washington, who had been sent out to engage labor for the Panama Canal. His work in Barbados had resulted in the shipment of 15,000 negroes, but the Barbados' authorities had begun to discourage the business, because of the demand for labor from the interior of the island. It was the glori prospect of "a dollar a day," the agent explained, that at ted most of the negroes. In other quarters, however, we rned that many of the natives who applied to join the anama emigrants were shiftless, "no account" fellows who hoped to break the articles of shipment and find th way into the United States. From the Legislative pr edings reported in the Barbados *Advocate*, which came t is at table, we gathered some odd information regarding he labor exportations. The Attorney-General, in the I use of Assembly, had moved the second reading of a esolution appropriating £1,441 to increase the police force. Mr. Clarke opposed the motion.

"The evidence on all sides," he said, "pointed to a decrease in crime and disorder, and not to an increase. Glendairy was half empty (hear, hear!); the record lowest number per day was reached only a few months ago, according to the report on that institution issued a short time back. With that state of things, with the gaol half-empty, with the city and country districts depleted of most of their undesirable characters by emigration to Panama, with the magistrates' courts with only half of the work to do which they had ten years ago, in some cases less than half; with these elements, and with no sign on the horizon

of any tendency to disorder, the House was invited to increase the police force. If that was an invitation on which reasonable men could act, he should be very much surprised. He could quite understand if anything like a storm cloud was brewing. In this country, as the experience of 1876 went to show, disorder never burst like a thunder clap. He was not referring to a casual potato riot, like that which took place at Boscobel a short time ago. That might occur at any time, and could be put down by a handful of men. He referred to organized disorder, like the incident of 1876. That incident showed there were special causes at work to account for the riots which took place, but even then they could see the storm brewing a month or two ahead. If anything of that sort happened again, he should be quite willing to vote for an increase. As to the argument that it would then be too late, there was nothing in it. There might be some force in such an argument when it came to soldiers who had to be trained to fight against regular forces, but it was absurd to talk about keeping police in training in anticipation of keeping an unarmed and undisciplined mob in check. He would point out, besides, that they were spending a considerable sum of money on the volunteer force, both foot and mounted infantry, and this was an additional force which might be called upon in case of any emergency. A great many nervous people thought there would be an outburst of disorder on the removal of the troops. The troops had been removed over twelve months ago, and he asked, 'was not the state of things in the country much better than ever it was before?' "

The Attorney-General returned to the discussion with the declaration that no outbreak was feared, and the increase was wanted merely to give the city and vicinity

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adequate poı protection. He was supported by Mr. Skeete, a me: of the House, who said that, as an instance of the neces for greater police protection, he "would mention that ıo several Christmas eves past he had been unable to sleep, owing to the commotion kept up by people outside. He had applied to the police station at Speightstown, but was told they had no available men. The only policemen he usually saw were the writ officers." (Laughter.)

But the crushing blow came (Panama came with it) when Mr. Reece took up the cu against the resolution. In reply to Mr. Skeete, the spe "was inclined to think that the Honorable member w l derive no advantage from this small increase, as the few men and horses would be exhausted before they got to peightstown. He was afraid St. Lucy was not thought f in this arrangement, but only fashionable residential enters, like Belleville, Strathclyde, etc. That being so, e feared the honorable member would have to take a slee g draught of some kind on Christmas eve. (Laughter.) seemed to him that it would be a waste of money to sp d something like £800 a year for the upkeep of a few additional police at a time when police would find little or nothing to do, except to prevent a few girls or women having a talk at a standpipe, *because all the men had gone to Panama.*"

With this, the resolution was defeated, the inference being that law and order was better preserved in Barbados without the 15,000 negroes exported to Panama than it had been before their departure.

When the cigars came, someone mentioned Tawney's souvenir spoon.

"That's nothing," he said, "Columbus is no longer an issue. A leading man at this house has pointed out to me

a table at which George Washington sat when he visited Barbados."

"He's got us," said Sherman, "we'd better quit."

"But there's the table!" said the Chairman of Appropriations.

Later in the day, while wandering alone through the shopping district of Bridgetown, I dropped into the jewelry store of an alert, intelligent mulatto. The watch presented to me by the Five O'clock Club had stopped, and I wanted to see if it could be repaired before the ship sailed. With some misgivings I handed it over, but the jeweler had it apart in a jiffy, and one squint through his lens satisfied him that he could not fix it while I waited. He was so dexterous and obliging I felt it a duty to make a purchase. Some silver ornaments pleased me and I took them. In the showcase was an assortment of American dollar watches. The price was $1.10.

"Why not take one of those to tide you over?" he said.

"Because, in our country," I answered, "the manufacturers warn us not to pay more than $1 for those watches. What is the extra ten cents for?"

"To pay the tariff," came the prompt reply. "We need the revenue in Barbados."

"So you believe in the tariff, do you, and you make our manufacturers pay?"

"We have to, sir; this is not a rich island!"

"They are doing pretty well in Porto Rico," I ventured.

"There's a reason for that," he fairly snapped. "You Americans are sending your capital there. You are making things go. We are standing still. I wish we could get you to put your capital here."

I visited other stores, but found little merchandise of local manufacture. Since efforts have been made in Bar-

bados, as in oti British colonies, to grow cotton, I looked for local cotto nanufacturers, but found none. The dry goods on the s counters came principally from England, Germany and the United States. American shoes were noticed, but the average native doesn't worry about shoes. They are a luxury, not a necessity. My solitary wanderings brought me into the market district—and life in these islands is nowhere so interesting as in the market place, where the dried fish and the dried onions hang in ropes, and the yams and small vegetables st upon trays—and the ground. The usual crowd of oni peeling, pipe-smoking, chanting men and women was a nbled. At one intersection they were thicker than usua and I paused to learn the reason. The crowd was being amused. High above the sea of black faces was the towering form of our biggest passenger, Culgan, of New York, w om Sherman, because of his sunny nature, had immortali ed as "Little Willie." His arms were full of bundles and the perspiration was rolling down his cheeks in streams. Behind was Mrs. Culgan, also loaded down, and urgi g "Willie" to keep the pathway clear. It was the bluff ejaculations of the husband and the sly "asides" of the wife that were doing the business. The negroes were having the time of their lives.

"Hey, there!" yelled Little Willie, "keep away, can't you?"

But they only closed in tighter.

"Charge 'em, Willie," I suggested, and that was what he did.

Puffing and snorting and using as strong language as the presence of his wife would permit, he elbowed his way through the cackling throng. Thus the three of us managed to get out again into the open.

Bargain hunters from the ship were everywhere in

evidence. Not to be outdone by the Widow, the ladies sought trinkets and bright colors. Some of them added to their supply of summer wearing apparel, for the hot weather was becoming more pronounced, but few managed to find anything they could not buy in the large department stores at home. About the only novelties were coral ornaments and marine curios. Canes of sharks' bones and whips of the silk-cotton tree were among the specialties. In a department store that would rank with those of our eastern cities, at least in the variety of stock, I found the Speaker, with Loudenslager and others. The Speaker had doffed the familiar black slouch, and had taken on a small white hat, the like of which we had never seen before, but it suited the Speaker, and that settled it.

Sherman, with ill-disguised pride, exhibited a dozen neckties of the most egregious colors, and Tawney, who was gradually acquiring the color habit, unwrapped a package that contained a lot of the loudest suspenders ever made.

The prize purchase of the day, however, was made by the handsome Olcott, who strutted out of the store in a new crash suit, for which he had paid $2.16. He was waving the receipt to prove his statement.

"Why, I never felt so comfortable in my life!" he said.

As usual, there was a crowd of divers about the ship, anxious to exhibit their skill in catching coin before it reached the bottom. Loudenslager waved them off, for they were no longer interesting.

"Look here!" he exclaimed to one sleek, black native. "We've seen so many of you that we're tired, but if you will dive under this ship, I'll give you a dollar."

It seemed an impossible undertaking, for the *Bluecher* was drawing thirty feet of water and was sixty-two feet across. The diver hesitated, but the dollar was a big prize,

and he said he would try. Bracing himself in his small boat and taking a long breath, he shot under water. We ran to the other side of the deck and waited. It was nearly two minutes before he appeared, but when he did, he shot out of the water as though fired from a gun.

"You earned it," said the New Jersey representative, and the diver was applauded as he caught the dollar.

The ship was now making ready for departure. I sat in the barber's chair, endeavoring to be genial to the German operator, when a burst of discord from the water's side broke up our conversation.

"Donnervetter!" said the barber, as he rushed to a port hole. I left the chair and went to another. It was easy to locate the trouble. A native band had come in a yawl to serenade us. It was doing its best to play the "Suwanee River," probably as a compliment to the American tourists. Then they tackled "Hiawatha" and "Home Sweet Home."

"How is your imagination?" I inquired of the music-loving German.

"Donnervetter!" was all he could say.

Their concert finished, the musicians besought the passengers to tell them of "Joe Walcott." They said he was born in Barbados, and they had followed his career as a prize fighter with loving interest. They thought it was due to "Joe" they should "treat his American friends right."

At sea, that evening, I fell into a discussion with Col. Busbey and Mr. White, of Waterbury, on the subject of the tariff on watches. White, who is a large manufacturer, was insisting that it was a good thing for the American working man that American watches were sold abroad cheaper than at home. He explained that only those were sold that constituted a surplus over the demand for watches in America, and that if they were not so disposed of, factories

would have to run short-handed, thus throwing a proportion of the employees out of work. I listened to White's argument, and then observed how adroit and careful the Speaker's secretary could be in such an emergency.

"You know," said the Colonel, "the Speaker never had a watch which gave him so much satisfaction as the American-made watch he bought at the Chicago Fair for seventy-five cents. He always insisted that the watch kept good time and that it demonstrated the fallacy of the argumen that the tariff upon the imported watches increased the price to the American consumer. During the last campaign, the Speaker, Mr. Sherman and myself were at the Congressional headquarters in New York City, when the Speaker found he had forgotten his watch and was unable to use it as an object lesson. The Speaker demanded another seventy-five cent watch. So, up and down Broadway we tramped, visiting all the small jewelry stores, in search of a watch of the Chicago variety. Dollar watches and ninety-five-cent watches were offered, but the Speaker would have none of them; he insisted upon a seventy-five-cent watch or nothing; at last we grew tired, and Sherman pointed the way to a place where we believed a watch could be had for seventy-five cents. The Speaker got the watch and paid the seventy-five cents, but he didn't know that Sherman handed the jeweler the difference between the seventy-five cents and the actual cost price. Nor does he know it yet."

White looked up into Busbey's face, then into mine, and drawing us both toward his stateroom, said: "That entitles you to an improved Waterbury," and we each got one.

CHAPTER V.

TRINIDAD.

Looking for the Southern Cross—The Pitch "Lake" at La Brea—A Lonesome American Enterprise—The Orinoco and the Gulf of Paria—When the English Took Trinidad—The Tariff Plays Its Part—American-made Trolley Cars—The Negro and the West Indian—Coolies Who Grow Wealthy—Mohammedan Marriages and Customs—A Queer Barber Shop—"We are Prosperous in Trinidad"—The Governor's Rich Environment—Botanical Gardens and Public Parks—The Speaker and the British Maid—Poor Bargains in the Poor Quarter—Reception at the Union Club—McKinley and the President—A Reminder of Hamilton—On Board the Dreadnaught—"When Will You Build Two?" Said the Captain—Dinner at the Queen's Park Hotel—A Novel Menu Card—The Twining of the Flags—A Sad Message From Home.

Bound for Trinidad! It was two hundred and five miles from Bridgetown to the next stop. The delightful night run gave us a chance to investigate the story of the "Southern Cross." Dr. Woodbury, of Philadelphia, produced a book which told us all about this marvelous mystery of the Southern heavens. We imagined we saw the "cross," but our imagination was sorely stretched, for immediately as five stars in the accredited position across the northern coast of Venezuela were pointed out, some other observer would discover another five, and so it was difficult to determine the real thing. In the opinion of Gummere, of Trenton, who was to participate in one of the romances of the trip, the "Southern Cross" was not so much for astronomy as for gastronomy, since prolonged vigils with the stars of the Southern seas had been especially conducive to late suppers,

PITCH LAKE, LA BREA PT., TRINIDAD.

and as Hancock, his chum on a subsequent occasion, remarked, "inducive to matrimony," because all the stars were as nothing to the one particular star from South Carolina, within whose lustrous sheen the lofty Jerseyman was basking.

"Are you reading much?" asked a tourist of Speaker Cannon.

"I am reading the heavens," said Mr. Cannon. "Reading books is not a necessity."

"Listen to a note of warning!" said Dr. Hough, as the party assembled on the after deck. "You fellows have tackled 'rum sizzles,' 'Scotch and sodas' and 'gin rickeys,' believing they will alleviate your thirst and offset the effects of this climate; you're taking a great risk; my advice to you all is to drink nothing."

"I have some advice, too," said Dr. Keely.

"What's that?" said Eversman.

"It will be hot to-morrow and dangerous to go out in the sun."

"As for me," said Hancock, "I won't."

In the morning we were again in sight of land. The map showed us to be but slightly ten degrees above the Equator. The sun looked threateningly warm. Crash suits, including the $2.16 brand, began to appear. We knew we were in for a hot day, but somehow the foliage of Trinidad was greener and more tropical than anything we had seen. We anchored first off La Brea Point, the site of the famous "Pitch Lake." From the sea it resembled a delightful picnic ground. The foliage was dense and inviting; a few buildings like boathouses along a creek came into view, beyond a long pier erected upon high piles.

The "experienced traveler" who had once stopped at La Brea said it was too hot and not worth the while. The

"observant w ...n" had never seen La Brea, but she knew what asphalt ...s and wanted to see where it came from. The "learnec ...veler" told us La Brea, and, in fact, the entire island of Trinidad, was only a delta of the Orinoco River; that it was not volcanic and that the so-called pitch lake had no relation to the eruptions of Mt. Pelée. The "kicker" told us of the profit of the asphalt "monopolists," and added that the government and the contractors "stood together," though the system at Trinidad was better than in Venezuela, where the contractors or concessionnaires had been driven out by the governmer

The Speaker, the Senator and ...eral others concluded to lounge on the breezy decks of the *...ecner,* while the rest of us inspected the lake.

We noted first the cleverness of ...e representatives of the Asphalt Company in erecting their ...vn homes, Filipino-like, above the piles of the long pier; t... were queer homes, but much cooler than those on shore. ...he superintendent, Mr. Bartlett, of Baltimore, admitted th... long months of intense heat and extreme loneliness were ... the best aids to health and happiness. As our Southern ...tatesman would say, it "was sure" a lonely place, but there was something familiar about it after all. On the boxes of correspondence we saw, as we passed the windows of the office, names that reminded us of home—names that had frequently figured in the newspapers of New York and Philadelphia in connection with asphalt matters. Among them was that of John M. Mack, a Philadelphian, and president of the company.

A few frame houses along the shore, occupied by negroes who were receiving better pay than they could obtain in other parts of the island, made up the residential portion of La Brea Point. A road direct from the pier to the pitch lake was the only thoroughfare in the place, and this, consisting

of pitch, "as she is," glistened in the sun and yielded to the pressure of our heels. Along the road, extending from the lake to the sea, a distance of a quarter of a mile, and rising all the way, extended an elevated cable, carrying on pulleys heavy buckets and barrels of asphalt from the lake to the ships. The ascent was a hot and tiresome one, and they had but one carriage at La Brea.

But the "lake"! Lake may be a fair name for it, but pity the man who should dare in such a place to "paddle his own canoe."

"Show you the soft spots, Mister! Show you the soft spots!" The bright little colored fellows who constituted a part of the population of the place were ready to serve as guides, but indeed they were unnecessary.

"What do you mean by soft spots?" we asked.

"Where they take out the pitch, Massa!"

For a vast distance the shining black surface of the lake was hard enough to walk upon, and supported a moveable narrow gauge railroad on which cars were transferred from the "soft spots" over the main body of the lake to the boiling house. The digging out of the pitch was an operation similar to the cutting of ice on a mill pond in winter. Groups of men with axes and scoops loaded the cars, where the pitch was working up from "the earth beneath," and thence it was taken to a boiling house where, after the simple process of reduction to a liquid state, it ran from a sluiceway, and was chopped into barrels by a giant negro who stood with his hand upon the stopper. As it hardens in the barrels the asphalt is shipped to various countries, but principally to the United States, where it is used for the improved pavements of the great municipalities. American capital operates the plant and controls the vessels used for transporting the product. The lake is worked on a concession from the Gov-

ernment of T lad, which receives a royalty of $1.60 a ton on the mater aken out. It has been profitable to Trinidad, but the l which some people have regarded as inexhaustible, is said to be decreasing in capacity. The superintendent said that levels were regularly taken which showed a fall of seven feet in the surface of the lake since 1893.

"How do you amuse yourselves in this place?" asked Mann.

"Well, there's a tennis court around the reservoir, and that's about all," came the answ "No, we grow pineapples, and that's a diversion."

Apart from the asphalt industr nd the cultivation on a small scale of pineapples and bana , there was little else to be seen at La Brea, but the negroes seemed to be happy and their children were going to a good chool and receiving instruction in English and French.

The pilgrims were a warm and irsty lot when they returned to the ship. The gallant Uncle George" and a clever Englishman, who had loca l in New York, were quick to strike a table in the cozy afé. The lake and the heat were the subjects of discussion.

"Not much in the way of souvenirs at that place," said Uncle George.

"Well I got one," said the Englishman, "I'm glad you spoke of it, too. I'd most forgotten."

And diving deep into the pocket of his linen coat, he pulled forth a lump of pitch which had commenced to soften. Strings and bits of lint attaching to it, I ventured to remark that it was "a fine souvenir, a splendid thing, in fact, to put on the mantlepiece over an open-grate fire."

"I guess not," was the serious response. "It would melt."

In order to reach La Brea as early in the day as possible before going to Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad, 23

miles away, we had left the Caribbean Sea, and passing the Bocas de Dragos (Dragons' Mouths) had entered the Gulf of Paria. The gulf extends from the north coast of Venezuela above the Orinoco River, which empties into it through the "Serpent's Mouth" on the south, and is bounded on the east by the island of Trinidad. The course over the gulf from La Brea to Port of Spain was almost north. Senator Curtis, who had been reading up on the island, told us it was almost square; that it was very productive and contained about 1,750 square miles. The distance to Venezuela was only about ten miles. Columbus is given credit for having discovered the island in 1498. The Indian name for it was "the land of the humming-bird," but because of three mountain peaks, known as the Three Sisters, Columbus named it La Trinidad, after the Trinity. England came into possession of the island in 1797, taking it from the Spanish by way of reprisal after the latter had occupied it upwards of a hundred years. The story of the taking by the British was rehearsed to us, and it had all the flavor of the stories of the privateers with which we were becoming so familiar. France and England having been at war prior to the English occupation, it was charged that the French Government of Martinique encouraged privateering and that some of the privateers found refuge with the Spaniards in Trinidad. The English then swooped down upon Trinidad in 1797 with a fleet of eight men of war, two frigates, eight sloops of war and two transports, carrying 6,700 men and 900 guns, but before they had a chance to land the Spanish Governor ordered the destruction by fire of the Spanish fleet and then took to the hills. While the Senator was giving us this historical information we were steaming rapidly up the gulf to the capital, which the English had generously permitted to retain the old Spanish name—the Port of Spain.

We approac l the city in a tropical afternoon storm. It rained fiercely most without notice, and ceased as quickly as it had begu Because of the shallow water of the gulf we were obliged to anchor three-quarters of a mile from the city. At least a mile and a half beyond us was the great gray hull of a tremendous warship, which we afterwards learned was the English *Dreadnaught,* the largest battleship afloat. A little nearer shore was another low gray vessel that looked very much like a fighter, which we ascertained to be the second-class cruiser *Indc ible.*

"This looks like business," sai oudenslager, who is a member of the Naval Affairs Con ttee. "These Englishmen know the game."

"You seem to know yours," said Tawney, of the Appropriations Committee, slyly, referring to the twenty millions just appropriated to the Navy Dep rtment for two battleships of the *Dreadnaught* size.

The customary force of blacks swarmed around our vessel; the divers being reinforced by boatmen who seemed to be better organized than elsewhe , and who were in the business of rowing passengers ashore.

"What depth of water have they in this harbor?" we inquired of Mr. Handley, the American consul, a New York man, who waited upon us on ship.

"Not very much," he replied, "for the big vessels are obliged to stand off, as you see; the *Dreadnaught* is more than two miles out, but she has the desired effect; the people are now agitating the question of a deeper harbor."

We landed in launches. The harbor of Port of Spain was busy with the coming and going of vessels, there being a generous sprinkling of pleasure and fishing craft, the latter affecting the spreet and "mutton chop" sail. A conspicuous building with formidable gates and walls, near which we

disembarked, admonished us that Trinidad had an up-to-date Customs House and that its officials were keeping careful check upon imports and exports. We passed in single file through the gates provided for the coming and going of the passengers of foreign countries. I asked Mr. Kirton, a young English gentleman who acted as assistant to the American consul, about the form of government, and he advised me that Trinidad was a Crown Colony; that all the affairs of its 250,000 population were controlled by the Governor appointed by the King of England, and that there is absolutely no political franchise. The advisability of extending the right of suffrage had been considered, but Trinidad had prospered as a Crown Colony, and the disposition was to have it so continue.

Our coming had been heralded in Trinidad, for in addition to the American consul a number of Americans met us at the landing, including the son of Judge W. D. Guilbert, State Auditor of Ohio, who was one of our party. We were escorted through the long line of blacks to the Union Club of Trinidad, where a welcome was extended by its Vice-President, the Honorable Edgar Agostini, Attorney-General of the Island. From the balcony of the club, upon which Speaker Cannon, Mr. McKinley, Dr. White and others of our party assembled, we were enabled to overlook the business section of the city and to observe the varying characteristics of its people. The business men seemed to be on the move; trolley cars of American manufacture, which at once attracted the attention of McKinley, were running on the main thoroughfare. In the park below a number of wretched old men and women, with legs and arms as thin as baseball bats, were cutting grass with scissors and knives, making small bundles, which they offered for sale to the colored hackmen, who were noticed in great profusion on the highways.

"Let us see the town," said Mann, of Chicago, after the Speaker had finished his chat with a group of officers from the *Dreadnaught*.

"Don't want too much 'rum sizzle' on a day like this. Let us go see something."

"Don't get too far away," put in McKinley. "The Governor is expecting us, and there's a trolley ride on an American built road."

"But look at the stores," said Loudenslager. "We must look them over."

For an hour or so the party scattered; Mann and I, as usual, taking to the street, where we might see life as it really was.

"The color line," said an intelligent white man whom we approached, "is not strictly drawn here; the black man, whose intelligence and ability justify it, is admitted to the clubs and to the professions; he goes upon the cricket teams; he is found at public dinners; it is only socially, and then not always, the line is drawn. The black man is not abused here, and therefore the question does not often arise."

"But why do you have these battleships come into the harbor?"

"It is comfortable to see them once in awhile. We have had trouble in this island; there was an uprising of the East Indians because of the alleged interference of the government with one of their religious celebrations, and there was a water riot in 1903, when government buildings were burned, but we have good order now, and even the military has been released from service in the island. We depend upon our local police, and these are mostly black."

We were now in the shopping district, where large department stores, that reminded us of the great cities of home, abounded. The clerks were quick-witted and bright and

appeared to be working on a commission basis. The prices, as Mann and I found, were no better, notwithstanding the boasted cheapness of English-made goods, than could be had in New York, Chicago or Philadelphia; in fact, much of the stuff that would pass for souvenirs appeared to come from American cities; it had paid the tariff and was therefore bringing a good price, particularly so far as tourists were concerned. We were looking at some bracelets said to have been made by East Indian workmen, when there swept by two of the most gaudily attired women I have ever seen off the stage. Their loosely fitting garments, sweeping away in graceful folds, were highly embroidered in vari-colors. Their shapely arms and necks protruded through the drapery, revealing bracelets, rings, earrings and headwear which at first blush would appear to be cheap and tawdry; but the women were dignified and self-possessed, and we were assured that every piece of jewelry we had seen, including rings through the nose, the cheeks and the lips, in addition to gold and silver bands around the ankles, were of the purest quality that the keenest Indian experts could obtain.

"The older woman, who appears to be the mother," I said, "must have at least a thousand dollars' worth of jewelry attached to her person."

"Many of them," said a creole clerk who had been showing Mann some linen handkerchiefs, "carry more than that. It is the custom of the people; the husband puts all his earnings into jewelry and attaches his jewelry to his wife or his daughter. Those women you have just seen are on a shopping tour; they belong to a family of East Indians. They have prospered on a cocoa plantation, and are now the owners of much productive land purchased from the Crown."

"But isn't it risky in a country like this for women to be abroad with so much wealth exposed as a temptation to thieves?"

"They don't travel much at night time," was the answer, "and if they do, they are usually well accompanied."

Mann and I pursued our inquiries further and learned that the East Indians are highly valued by the government of Trinidad. There are probably 100,000 of them on the island at this time, most of them working on plantations where sugar, cocoa and coffee are raised.

The average American may be interested in knowing that these frail people, the subjects of Great Britain in India, were induced by the government to take up their homes in Trinidad, because of their superior qualities as workmen in the bush and the cane. The negroes of Trinidad, who have not the same inclination to work nor to accumulate wealth, are inclined to look down upon the East Indian. They apply to him the term "coolie," which is proper enough, since it stands for porter, but which becomes objectionable when used as some of the blacks are disposed to use it, as a term of derision. The terms under which the East Indian is brought to Trinidad and to some of the other British West Indies guarantee him a passage over, a house and medical care for five years, and a shilling a day; he is also guaranteed a free passage home at the expiration of the five years, since most of them prefer to die in India, but if, for any reason, he fails to work out his five years' term—and he is a great lover of feast-days and an adept in law suits—then he is tried before a magistrate and is imprisoned, but the period of imprisonment does not lessen the period of indenture. There are numerous coolie settlements in Trinidad where the Mohammedan form of worship is followed, the people adhering as closely to their religion as they would in their home country.

Since we had nowhere been impressed with the morality of the natives of the West Indies, for the marriage rite is

frequently forgotten, we were interested in the question as it affected the coolies. We found they married young, in fact their parents marry them before they know about it. It is not an uncommon thing, under their peculiar marriage rite, for coolie girls of seven to be joined to boys of from ten to fifteen years of age; they are not permitted, even under the Mohammedan system, however, to keep house until the girl is about twelve and the boy fifteen. The law of Trinidad does

EAST INDIAN TEMPLE, TRINIDAD.

not recognize them as married until the girl is sixteen and the boy eighteen; hence the lawful registration of actual marriages is a chaotic proposition. We were told that wife-murder was the most prevailing crime amongst the East Indians, and that it was due to the intensely jealous disposition of the people, much of it, no doubt, arising from the parental agreements which the young lady and young gentleman, because of subsequent attachments, have no desire to fulfill. The favorite method of punishing infidelity is to

completely dissever the head of the wife from the body. This gruesome performance is generally enacted by the husband with his inveterate long knife, similar to the Cuban machette, which he draws across the throat of the suspected spouse as she sleeps.

Before returning to the club, where we were to assemble for a visit to the Governor, Mann and I, after passing through one of the native markets and counting up the barrels of American flour and dried fish we observed there, were attracted by a most unusual street scene. At a crowded corner, on three little boxes similar to those used by bootblacks in America, sat three negroes, their feet in the gutter and their chins high up in the air. Squatting on the curb, with crude razors in their hands, were three coolies, each with his hand in the black man's hair, while he scraped away with the razor at the stubby beard. There was no lather, no brush, only a deft movement of the fingers, pushing the sharp blade upward, downward and across—no looking-glass, no tonic, no nothing. It was about as near nature as any savage of the primeval period might want it to be.

"Look," I said to Mann, "look! Did you ever see such a barber-shop?"

"That's nothing," was the laconic reply, "in some of these islands they break bottles and shave with the sharp edges of glass."

It "being up to me," I escorted my objector friend to a nearby street fakir and purchased him a cake of native sorghum, mixed with peanuts—which, by the way, he very much enjoyed.

"We are very prosperous in Trinidad."

From what little we had seen of the business activity of Port of Spain, we were inclined to agree with His Excel-

COCOA TREE, TRINIDAD.

lency, Sir Henry Moore Jackson, K.C.M.G., when, standing in the center of the magnificent reception room of Government House, he welcomed Speaker Cannon and our Congressional party in the afternoon. We had driven up in open carriages from the busy capital of the island; had passed under the long lines of royal palm trees; had commented upon the prolific bearing of the cocoa plant, nestling in the moisture under the great forest trees, and had marveled generally at the tropical beauty of our surroundings. Government House, a large and spacious structure, architecturally beautiful, rested in a great bank of ornamental trees, palms, ferns and shrubs at the foot of a range of hills, a half-hour's drive from Port of Spain. A great savannah, enlivened in the daytime by polo players and crack cricketers, and illumined at night by myriads of fireflies, stretched out from the grounds of the Governor's home like the great mall which reaches toward the Potomac from the White House. The savannah, we were told, was the great park of the populace. The King's birthday is celebrated there with pageantry, and other holidays, in which the island is not lacking, enable the people to enjoy its welcome lawn and attractive rural environment. We had driven up to the *port cochere,* through a long lane of overhanging trees, the names of which were known only to the botanist, and were welcomed, after the footman had disposed of us, by as fine a specimen of the English soldier in uniform as we had ever seen.

"The Governor's military aid, a Colonel in the regular army," we were told, and from first blush we were inclined to believe it. The Colonel was most gracious, but most awfully formal, and the Speaker, who can be formal when his western constituency is not observing, swung his hat and bowed most gracefully. Following the Speaker, we were led through the tower room to a large ball-room, where Sir Henry and Lady Jackson were in waiting.

"You have beautiful house and most attractive surroundings," s the Speaker. "You seem to have a firm hand upon th lm and to be very prosperous."

"We are very rich in Trinidad," said the Governor.

While the two distinguished men were talking, Lady Jackson and a charming niece of the latter engaged the members of the party in descriptive talks. Reference was made to the ball-room floor which, it was explained, had been the scene of many interesting occasions, especially upon the King's birthday, when the pop came at the Governor's call. The smooth, glistening sur induced the Speaker to tell Lady Jackson of the dancing ys in the Middle West, when the two-step was the popula ning.

"I fear, Lady Jackson," he said, " ie modern school would scarcely appreciate the two-step as e did it in those days."

The Governor insisted upon ou aving a glass of wine, which led to further discussion of t Governor's personality, for we had learned that his experie e had not been confined to the Island of Trinidad, but, as i the case of most of the other Crown Colony governor carried him to different parts of the world where the au thority of the British Sovereign was to be exercised. It may not be accurate, nor polite, to tell it, but we were told that Governor Jackson, in addition to occupying the Government House with its beautiful botanical garden was the recipient of a salary of $24,000 per annum and that his authority in the island was supreme. The cocoa industry had been rapidly developing under his regime and the planters were in truth becoming rich as he had indicated. A New York manufacturer of chocolate, who had large interests in the island, subsequently confirmed this statement with much gusto when he told of the increasing value of the cocoa bean and of the pains that were being taken to cultivate that product in sufficient

quantity to meet the increased demand for cocoa and chocolate the country over. While the official tete-a-tete was on, Busbey, Mann and myself wandered into the gardens surrounding the house. We lifted a nutmeg from the nutmeg tree, a cocoa bean from the cocoa tree and a few red-pepper berries from the red-pepper bush.

"Oh, what a country for a botanist!" said Mann, "and to think we have come to Trinidad, a little island in a far-

SAMAN TREE AND PARK, PORT OF SPAIN.

off sea, to learn how gardens should be made and how they should be sustained. Here they have it, while we in Washington can't even secure sufficient appropriation to make a respectable botanical garden for the great Government of the United States. Look at the banyan yonder; the royal palms and samán tree, famous among botanists; and the beautiful eucalyptus!"

"You had better tell it to Tawney!" said Busbey, and we walked back to say adieu to the Governor.

Lady Jackson dignified and courtly, was saying good-bye to the visitors; [th]e Speaker having ended his talk with the Governor took [he]r proffered hand and passed to the young niece.

"Ah," said the Speaker, "I have seen so many beautiful young women upon this trip, I have been admonished I should take some of them home as my granddaughters."

It was graciously said, but quick as a flash the young Britisher replied:

"I'm afraid you're a jollier."

It was now Tawney's chance, the [fi]rst real chance he had had since sailing under foreign flags.

"Thank you, my dear young lady; [I] thank you most heartily for that Americanism."

We drove back over beautiful white coral roads like those of Barbados, but fresher and cleaner [i]n general appearance, through avenues of tropical trees and [by] residences of artistic construction. Then into "the poor quarter," for it was our desire to see more than one side of the town. Everywhere small shops prevailed, shops that looked no more like houses than the cheap shanties built by children on the sand dunes at the seashore; but in these frail structures, incapable of barring the rain, though certainly admitting streaks of sunlight, sat cobblers and peddlers, all black, selling their sticks of sugar-cane, their cocoanuts, their yams and their small vegetables. We passed a funeral on the way and like those in other islands it consisted of one hearse, bearing the coffin, with men, women and children trailing along behind in various kinds of attire.

We noticed a crowd—though as elsewhere it is easy to attract a crowd in these islands—on one of the side streets and alighted to see what was going on. It was an auction sale; a hundred black faces were jammed in a small building

not large enough to decently accommodate ten. A perspiring auctioneeer, in true Yankee fashion, was reeling off the usual formula, beginning with "How much am I bid?" and he was pulling the bidders on in the same adroit, old-fashioned way.

It struck me that prices were exceedingly high; I had never seen such old truck sold to such advantage; a wash-tub with a broken band went for forty cents; an old lounge with disemboweled upholstery was sold for several dollars; a broken rocking-chair with the seat hammered out started at a quarter and went up to sixty-five cents. I wondered whether it would not pay the junk dealers of New York to send a cargo of waste material to Trinidad; and then again, with the information that the laboring men of Trinidad, just such men as I saw in that group, did not average in earnings more than forty cents a day, I wondered where the money came from to buy these expensive "luxuries."

Returning to the Union Club we learned the members had arranged a dinner in honor of Speaker Cannon and desired us to be their guests that evening. We also found awaiting us various courtesies extended by business men and others who seemed to appreciate the arrival of the Speaker in their island. It was not unwelcome either that we should hear from the Salvation Army, whose Adjutant in Port of Spain advised us of the work that was being done by that universal band amongst the sailors of all nations who come to Trinidad. Through this medium, we were informed, the men sent to Colon to work for the United States Government in 1906 were recruited. The army had established a sailors' home, provided it with baths and other conveniences of an elevating character and was doing the same kind of work for humanity which we had observed it to be doing in the United States.

The dinner at the Union Club, though hastily gotten up, was a delightful affair. There was more of the spirit of good fellowship which prevails in the United States at similar functions than we had found elsewhere. Attorney-General Agostini made a delightful little speech in welcoming the Speaker, dwelling particularly upon the development of the Island of Trinidad and of its desire to be on good terms with the United States.

"We are a small people," he said, addressing the Speaker, "but even the dwarf may look up to the giant."

Then he pursued the simile with a graceful reference to the powerful visitor who came, not for plunder nor for conquest, but with tenderness and consideration and more especially with that good fellowship which marked the present visitation. The Speaker's reply was as broad and generous as the welcome. He complimented the people of Trinidad upon their progress, told of the development of the Caucasian race and what it was doing down near the Equator.

"You toasted the King and the President to-night," he said. "The President in the United States stands there for what the King of England stands for in Trinidad and throughout the empire of Great Britain. The people after all are the first consideration; it is so with you as it is with us. We both say 'The King is dead, long live the King.' The people are sovereign whether under the British Empire or the government of the United States, for if your King Edward, strong and popular as he is, were to die, the Empire would go on just as the government of the United States would go on if there should be a change of Presidents."

Then the Speaker struck the prob'em of the colonies:

"The form of government is essential to the happiness and progress of the people," he said. "It is natural that every

race should seek to mould and control its form of government, but that race is best fitted for the task which has first demonstrated a competency in the government of self."

Throughout the speeches there was a vein of cordiality that greatly pleased the American visitors. The American Consul, Mr. Handley, with his Assistant, Mr. Kirton; the Assistant Colonial Secretary, Mr. Gordon; the Collector of the Port and the prominent business men of Port of Spain were all there. Mr. Sherman, Mr. Tawney and Mr. Mann were amongst the speakers on our side. They complimented the people of the island upon their progress and found their addresses warmly reciprocated by the Trinidadans. One of the latter laid claim for the West Indies to Alexander Hamilton, the friend of Washington, and the great statesman and financier of the Revolution.

Hamilton was born in the island of Nevis, British West Indies, in 1757; he was educated in St. Croix and began life as a clerk in a counting-house. He was looking higher, however, for in writing a schoolboy friend at the age of twelve, he said:

"I contemn the groveling condition of a clerk to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station; I mean to prepare the way to futurity."

We were reminded by the Trinidad orator that Hamilton was a remarkable boy and that before he left the West Indies he had mastered mathematics, chemistry, ethics, biography and a wonderful general fund of knowledge, being in addition an excellent French scholar. We were consoled somewhat, however, by the admission that ultimately Hamilton, while still a boy, had gone to New York, where he arrived in 1772, for a "better education." The Hamilton speech bound us all together and was followed by stories of Vene-

zuela life by Robert Henderson, the American Consular Agent at Ciudad Bolivar, the historic city on the banks of the Orinoco. Henderson was largely interested in shipping between Trinidad and Venezuela and divided his time between the two countries.

An old-fashioned Five O'clock Club symposium concluded this delightful function, in the course of which it was mutually discovered that the people of the United States and the people of Trinidad were about as good as any other people who ever came together in social contact.

That night, when the last launch left the Customs House dock for the *Bluecher*, it carried with it the farewell songs of the diners of Trinidad, waving their adieus from the wharf. It had been arranged at the dinner at the Union Club that Speaker Cannon and the Congressional party including Dr. White and Dr. Tiffany, should be welcomed on the *Dreadnaught* early in the morning. Promptly at the time appointed, a clever young lieutenant of the royal navy drew up alongside the *Bluecher*, prepared to carry the Congressional party over to the *Dreadnaught* in one of its launches. There was scarcely a soul on board that did not envy that trip. Some minutes elapsed before McKinley brought the Speaker's party together, and even then there was scurrying about the cabins, because the English lieutenant was acting under orders and the time appointed with him "was the time appointed."

What were we waiting for!

Ah, Tawney had not been found—yes, Tawney had been found, but Otto had not procured the right kind of fish for breakfast!

"Well, I guess we'll have to go," said the Speaker.

So into the launch we got. The ride over the great stretch of gulf was quickly and pleasantly made. The *Dreadnaught*

had not looked so terrible at a distance, but she was becoming more formidable each moment as we approached her. When the little launch drew up alongside, we realized we were running up against a nautical Rock of Gibraltar. Captain Bacon, Commander Evans and Lieutenants Moreton, Barttlelot and Legge welcomed the Speaker and party on board

CANNON ON THE "DREADNAUGHT."

this the greatest warship afloat. They were so sorry, but the ship was not in best dress; they had been taking on coal and the decks were dirty, but they would be glad to show the party over and give such information as courtesy demanded. What a monster ship it was! 17,900 tons; 530 feet of length over all; on board at present 693 officers and men, not

quite the full complement; cost £2,000,000 or about $10,000,000 in American money.

The Speaker led one party, and Loudenslager, with a keen critical eye for naval construction, led another.

"What is that great steel network along the side of the vessel?"

"A scheme to prevent boarding; they are not telling about it," said the novice in our party.

But the nautical man corrected him:

"It's a new device to safeguard the ship against mines."

Well, up we went into the conning-tower and down we went into the engine-room. Hot work on a day like this. Some of us thought we knew about machinery and the intricacies of naval construction—but some of us just imagined it!

"You have a great ship," said Speaker Cannon to the Captain, when at last we assembled in the ward-room for a bit of refreshment. "A great ship and you are to be complimented upon the excellent way in which you direct it. With all your electricity; your warehouses; your refrigerating plants; your telephones from room to room and deck to deck; your flower-gardens and your prison-cells, you have a city under your control. The ten million dollars spent upon this vessel would build a mighty good-sized Western town; but Mr. McKinley, the host of this party, tells me that Mr. Sherman is to make the speech."

And Mr. Sherman did. He told about the relations that should exist between the two great countries and that preparedness for war was the sure guarantee of peace. He hoped the necessity to fire a single gun from this great ship would never arise, but if it should arise, he hoped it would be in the interest of humanity and civilization. It was a pleasing, satisfying personal speech which drew a few "Hear, Hear's!" from the British officers.

"I don't mind telling you," said Loudenslager to the captain of the *Dreadnaught,* as we drew toward the gang-plank leading to our launch, "that we will have two vessels similar in size to the *Dreadnaught.*"

"Ah," said the Captain, slyly, "when?"

We asked Loudenslager what the Captain meant by this little dig and were told that the British had a way of building ships without telling everybody about it, whereas Congress usually deliberated over the plans in the United States until war was actually upon the country.

On our return to the *Bluecher* we ascertained to our very great surprise that Tawney had completed his breakfast and was waiting for the launch to take the party to the *Dreadnaught.* When advised that the visit was over and that we had obtained most of the secrets of the British Navy which we were not permitted to divulge, Tawney's Americanism became so intense as to be unprintable.

"Don't forget the trolley-ride at four o'clock," said McKinley, after a good dinner on the *Bluecher.*

"Trolley-ride b'darned," blurted Tawney, "I want to buy some souvenirs."

Just then a Hindoo merchant landed on the ship and spread his goods over a large portion of the deck; silks, satins, embroideries, tablecovers, shawls and all kinds of fancy work in gaudiest colors. The temptation to go ashore early, however, was too strong and most of the party, after looking over the samples, left the ship for the hot streets of the city. A cablegram for Loudenslager caused a temporary flutter, for it brought information from home that an only son had been taken seriously ill.

The American citizens began to assemble at the Union Club before four o'clock, accompanied by a wealthy Canadian, Mr. Gordon, who had invested heavily in the trolley-road recently built by Americans. Said he:

"We want to how you a little of the beauty of Trinidad by day and the olley, which is a new thing with us, presents the best metho f showing off the city and its environment."

Headed by u American manager of the Company, Mr. Harding, and accompanied by several young electricians whose training had been acquired in Boston and New York, we examined one of the finest power houses it had been our pleasure to see and then started on a tour of the city. I was amused for a moment by a street scene which defined the attitude of the n neg rd the harder working and more thrifty im an. A negro boy had been annoying a coo ter was not inclined to respond and at firs tormentor. The boy persisted and was ; then all the negroes raised the cry, "Coo e!" The East Indian turned and leered s owed no disposition to fight.

Our ride carried u olie villages, where the religious rites of th are scrupulously observed; on by the le hich Dr. Keely and the medical men of the party took gr interest; through the fine residential district, and landed us ultimately at the beautiful mountain home of Mr. Gordon, the Canadian capitalist. Few houses of wealthy Americans exceed in architectural finish the house of Mr. Gordon. It was new and somewhat overdone in elaborateness, but it was finished in the hardest woods, including mahogany and lignum vitæ, planed and carved, as we were informed, by an American contractor who had first tried his luck in Venezuela and had then made a success in working up hardwoods of Trinidad. We learned that while the native hardwoods had become an important factor of commerce, American building lumber was largely in demand, not only in Trinidad, but in all the islands of the

West Indies. Mr. Arthur H. Wight, one of our escort, told us that close business associations were maintained with New York and other American cities in the matter of lumber imports and exports.

From the entertainment at Mr. Gordon's, where many of the party lingered longingly over a spacious blue marble and tiled bathing-pool, the Speaker's party was taken to the Queen's Park Hotel for dinner. Again the leading citizens of the island turned out in goodly numbers. The dinner was under the auspices of the American citizens of Trinidad. The American flag floated proudly side by side with the flag of England, and all the flora of the island seemed to have been borrowed to flank the sides of the room and to adorn the occasion. Among the guests, too, was Gordon Cummings, a retired officer of the British Army, one of whose brothers had been an intimate of King Edward and another of whom had become an American citizen, being then prominent in Washington society. The menu for the dinner would have done credit to the clever compositions of the bright lights of the Gridiron Club of Washington. The Americans upon the island evidently desired it to be known that they honored and respected the Stars and Stripes, and that they welcomed the Congressman of the great Republic. The menu card was printed in the national colors, which, with proper respect for the British emblem, predominated in all the decorations. The courses were devised to suit the American appetite, but there were certain native features intended to be novelties that were cheerfully accepted as such. "Ye Diner in playne Englyss terms, serven after ye style of ye Trinidad Foulke," came the first announcement, and then for the first course—after we had fully sampled the celebrated casheuu-nuts and had avoided the native red-pepper, came little oysters "from ye Pointe Pierre, eten by ye many in ye olde Toun of Port of

Spain." He as a problem, for we were in a hot climate and it was a stion how native oysters would go. They were very si much after the fashion of wild oysters at home, and smaller than bluepoints, but with an exceedingly fine flavor; they were served up in dozens or as many as the plate, covered with cracked ice, would hold. Then came "soupe clere, made from ye turtle of ye Isle of Robinson Crusoe and ye thicke of ye tayl of ye Zebu oxe;" so we were informed Robinson Crusoe had actually settled upon the neighboring island of Tob hich is under the jurisdiction of Trinidad, and which w furnished the turtle along with the tail of the ox fro ich we were to have our soup. The Robinson Crusoe sto was doubted, but there were those at the table who st that Daniel Defoe had actually located his hero upon ago and not upon the island to the west of the South A rican coast, as has been asserted by other authorities. T fish course came with this explanation, "Ye tie fress grouper from ye depths of ye Boca Grande e wine of ye Frenche," meaning that out of th of the "dragons" giving entrance to Port of Spain the fis had come to be consumed with French wine dressing. "Water birds" were described as "Ye compote of ye wyld ducks from ye Caroni River," and, as epicurean Mann pronounced them good, we passed on to a new entree over which each visitor smacked his lips—"Punch of ye sour sop"—and as sour sop, white and flaky as iced whipped cream, came with all the aroma of flowers, we learned that sop was a native fruit from which the juices were extracted, though the fruit itself in its raw state is popular with the natives. "Solid fayre" brought on "Ye olde baronne of ye oxe serven with ye tomato salad from ye gardin of ye famous Hostilre Queen Park," and it was said the ox from which the course had been served was killed that

day, a fact which did not altogether appeal to those who believed in dieting upon meat cured longer and better than it can be done in a tropical clime in ten hours.

In addition to these interesting courses, we were served with pheasants from the forests of "Ye olde countree" and "desserte" in the form of asparagus tips, dressed in "Ye Oyster Bay style."

It was a novel and rare dinner, and when the Chairman, Mr. Harding, opened up the speechmaking, there were those at the table who were ready to admit that, after all, though nearly two thousand miles from home, there was little in the good fellowship of New York, Philadelphia or Washington that could not be found in the distant island of Trinidad. The King toasted and then the President, Speaker Cannon arose. He responded to the compliments of the Chairman and dwelt upon the foreign policy of the American nation. We had been through the Danish, the French and the English West Indies; we were observing and taking notes; we were ascertaining where governments were weak and backward and where they were strong and aggressive. There seemed to be much of the American spirit in Trinidad; it was moving onward and forward; its government was progressing upon an even keel.

Then came Sherman, and oh, how the ladies who gathered at the entrance of the banquet hall applauded his finished sentences, as he took the two beautiful flags that floated in the electric breeze and twined them together in everlasting unity for the elevation of the human family. We passed out into the fragrant night, our pathway lighted by the stars that cast their golden beams through arborial hangings. It had been a long day of entertainment and sightseeing; the Speaker had been in active service for sixteen straight hours.

We gathered on the deck, but for a sad good-night. A

second dispatch to Loudenslager, received a few hours before, had called him home. The word had been kept from us, and now, only as the long day's festivities drew to a close, we were informed that the son of the Congressman had been taken from him and that the father had quickly boarded a steamer for a solemn week's journey to the bier of his boy.

CITY OF CARACAS FROM MOUNTAIN ROAD.

CHAPTER VI.

VENEZUELA.

St. Patrick's Day South—Magnitude of Venezuela—Cleveland and the Monroe Doctrine—Impressive Mountain Scenery—A Wonderful Railroad—The Hand-car and the Bull—Efforts at Commercial Expansion—Do We Understand Each Other?—President McKinley and the Manufacturers—A Sample Warehouse Experiment—Progress of Two Countries Contrasted—Mr. Cannon on South America—Solicitude for Castro—Venezuela Newspapers—High-sounding Titles.

St. Patrick's Day fell upon Sunday. It found us sailing along the northern coast of South America, covering the distance of 350 miles from the Port of Spain to the Venezuelan port of La Guaira. It was a restful day upon the sea, but not without incident, for St. Patrick had his friends aboard, including the German steward, who generously decorated the dining-room in a gorgeous setting of green. The Rev. Dr. Tiffany conducted divine services in the afternoon, and everybody attended, including Tawney and Sherman, who led the singing. Their familiarity with "Old Hundred," "Bringing in the Sheaves," "Pull for the Shore," and other old-timers—for there were no hymnals—excited universal admiration.

"Like going to church in Danville!" the Speaker said. "I'm proud of you!"

At dinner we celebrated the birthday of Mrs. Huntoon, of Providence, but Mann was not satisfied until proper recognition was accorded St. Patrick. Following the meal, therefore, he called the passengers to the after-deck, and

introduced the Rev. Dr. Davies, of Belfast, Ireland, to tell us about the Patron Saint. Dr. Davies had been making a tour of the United States, studying our penal institutions, and on his return expected to run for Parliament. He was a clever speaker, and talked about St. Patrick entertainingly. Referring to the seven cities that claimed Homer dead, "through which the living Homer begged for bread," the doctor said there were as many claimants for St. Patrick, including Germany and England. Finally, however, he traced St. Patrick to Wales, and claimed that country as the place of his nativity. The day would be up with the announcement by the Captain, that, to comply with the quarantine regulations at Panama, as applied to vessels sailing from Venezuelan ports, Jamaica would be visited before Panama, so that five days and nights might elapse to enable symptoms of yellow fever, if any existed on board, to develop. This would add two extra days to the schedule and cost the company about $6,000, but the Captain assured us it was nothing compared to the comfort and enjoyment of the passengers. "Ghoulish glee," as applied by an eminent Democrat to certain purveyors of ungenerous comment, is the term, I think, that might appropriately describe the sentiments of our friends, the quondam insurgents, when they heard the news. The suggestion that yellow fever might exist concerned them not.

The next morning we were anchored abreast of La Guaira. The Speaker was the first man up. At 5 o'clock, when the sun was rising over the mountains of Venezuela, I found him leaning on the rail of the promenade deck, gazing in admiration at the scene before him.

"Very pretty," he said.

I readily acquiesced. La Guaira was like a toy thrown up against a hill. Its low, white houses, with their red-tile

roofs, gleamed in the morning sunlight, and the harbor sparkled like a lake of diamonds. It was my first glimpse of South America, and I was awed.

But what notion of the magnitude and resources of our great Southern neighbor have we, of the Northern Continent? What of its history, its genius, its untold possibilities?

"This," I thought, "is Venezuela—a tiny speck of it. What is Venezuela to the average citizen of the United States? Only a second-rate Republic, where they "fleece investors" and "have a revolution or two a month."

Did you ever stop to think that Venezuela is nearly as large as the whole of Alaska; that it is more than twice as large as the monster State of Texas? If you were to combine the areas of Texas, Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and South Carolina, you would have a territory barely as large as the Republic of Venezuela.

And Venezuela is only one small part of South America. Brazil alone is larger than the entire United States, exclusive of Alaska.

In these South American countries they have their heroes and their poets, their soldiers and their statesmen, their artists and musicians, just as we have, and yet we know nothing about them. Germany, England, France, are names to conjure with! They mean something to us. They stand for institutions and peoples, for achievements, past and present, for future progress and development.

Brazil! Venezuela! How empty they are! How flat they fall upon the ear! Abstract terms to assist us in arranging our knowledge of geography. Nor does geography tarry long with them. I was looking at one standard work, a geography used in many of our public schools,

which dismiss the wonderful country of Venezuela in ninety-seven w ls—Venezuela, whose civilization is older than our own!

The wealth that lies buried in its soil is simply inestimable. The minerals taken from it have merely been scraped from the top. As for fertility, anything can be raised in Venezuela that can be raised in the United States. Coffee, cocoa and tobacco are now the principal agricultural products, but the natives are too busy with their wars, and rumors of wars, to be good far They need the spirit and the energy of the people of colder climate. But what of the history of this great country?

After the discovery by Colun s, Ojeda visited the country, and found the Onotes, a tribe of Indians now extinct, dwelling above the waters of Lake Maracaibo in houses that were built on piles. Their settlement reminded Ojeda so strongly of Venice that he named the country Estados Midos de Venezuela. The commercial house of Welsers effected the early settleme of the country in the sixteenth century. They operated under a charter from Charles V.

The republic is traversed by the Colombian Andes and Maritime Andes, or Venezuelan Coast Range Mountains, below which are the plains, bordering the Orinoco and its tributaries, and the grass lands, known as llanos. The southern and eastern portions are unsettled and have been a prolific cause of controversy.

Below the Orinoco River, and that district comprises the larger portion of Venezuela, the country is virtually a wilderness. Tribes of Indians wander there, and lions stalk about in mountain fastnesses. Castro's mighty hold upon the inhabitants above is little feared below the Orinoco.

Grover Cleveland immortalized himself in Venezuela

when, on December 2, 1895, he announced to Congress he had informed England that any movement to extend the boundary line of British Guiana against the Southern Republic would be regarded as contrary to the Monroe Doctrine and hostile to the United States. It was a defiance foreboding war, but subsequently yielded to the happy influence of arbitration. A statue in the capital now attests the gratitude of the Venezuelan Republic to the American President.

La Guaira is the principal seaport of Venezuela. In fact, it is the principal Atlantic port along the coast of South America, above Brazil. We were now in its harbor and prepared to go ashore.

Already the weather was fiercely hot. We put on our thinnest clothes, but were told to take our coats, grips and umbrellas, for the Congressional party was not to return to the ship for two days, and must be prepared for anything that might happen.

The American consul at La Guaira, Mr. Moffat, acquainted us with the surroundings. The large concrete breakwater which protects the harbor, we learned, was built by English capital, and was being paid for from a royalty on cargoes. The consul said that the United States bought more goods of Venezuela than all the European countries combined, and sent less in return. We take Venezuelan hides, coffee and cocoa, but flour is the principal commodity the Venezuelans take from us, and even now the Allis-Chalmers Company, an American concern, is equipping a modern flour mill at La Guaira, which, when in operation, will reduce these imports.

On shore, the first person to greet us was the customs officer, the Comte Valery, a Frenchman, by the way, also military officer of the Venezuelan government. The

Venezuelans are strong on the tariff, which is "fearfully and wonderfully high," but the country needs the revenue, and the tariff provides most of it.

The crowd that quickly gathered as our train was being made up was swarthy-faced and sullen. Distrust would as nearly characterize their looks and movements as any other word. Their appearance was surely not that of happy men and women. When the mechanics worked, we were told, they commanded better wages than the West Indians, but, then, the cost of living in Venezuela was higher—surprisingly high, in fact, as we afterwards found. Most of the men were carelessly clothed; their attire was not picturesque, for they affected neither sombrero nor colors. A half-sombrero, cheaply made, was worn, and ordinary straw hats were common. The feet were generally encased in the apagata, a sandal protecting only the sole of the foot. Nearly everybody carried the machette; they worked with it and fought with it. I saw it used for peeling oranges, and then again for cutting timber.

We looked at the towering mountains that start behind La Guaira (they are said to reach an altitude of 4,500 feet), and then at the train that was to carry us over them to Caracas. What a pigmy train it was! The railroad was built by English capital—a tremendous engineering enterprise. Yes, and as we looked again at the mountains, the perils and the people, it seemed a mighty courageous one. The gauge was narrow and the cars were small, but the engines had been built for mountain climbing, and they proved Herculean. The distance to Caracas as the crow flies is nine miles; in its twistings and turnings and climbings, the little road is obliged to traverse twenty-three. To complete the circuit at this distance, the skill of the British engineers was taxed. With what security from naval attack had the

MOUNTAIN ROAD TO CARACAS.

founders of Caracas builded! The capital of a country twice the size of Texas only nine miles from the sea, and yet, protected by barriers that hitherto had been well-nigh insurmountable! Bombard, ye foreign debt-collecting nations, the ports of La Guaira and Puerto Cabello, if ye will, but think well before ye send your armed hosts across the rugged peaks and depths that fortify Caracas!

But, we take the train. The track is six feet above the level of the sea at La Guaira. Then it ascends gradually until, at the summit, an altitude of 3,105 feet is attained. Then the train coasts down the other side of the range until it reaches the terminal, at Caracas, which is 2,984 feet above the sea-level. Five hundred mountain peaks reared themselves as obstacles against this gigantic engineering feat.

For wild ruggedness I never saw the like of the Venezuelan mountains. They were irregular, impressive, majestic. Sherman looked them over, and then remarked:

"With an invitation like this from nature, what wonder is it that people are insurrectionists? I marvel that it is possible to quell a revolution in such a country?"

"You have hit the nail squarely on the head," said one of our escort. "There is no place in the world so well fitted, topographically, for revolution. Wilderness, such as you see there, prevails on every hand. An insurgent chief can organize a company of fifty or a hundred men, raid the farms and settlements, and then disappear. In those mountains there are many varieties of wild fruits and vegetables, so that the insurgent has protection and a commissary wherever he goes. Clothing and fuel he scarcely needs. He lives in the open, takes care of himself, and fights like a wild beast."

I wondered at the investment of foreign capital in such an enterprise as this marvelous little railroad, and learned

that various administrations of the country had treated differently the question of foreign commerce. Some Presidents, for instance, had encouraged trade intercourse more than others. Then there had come times when it looked as though the government was firmly established, and investors felt safe to come in. The spirit of investment, however, was not now strong.

"You ask about the railroad?" said a well-informed resident. "It belongs to Englishmen, but remember, it is located in Venezuela. If they had to build it over again, they probably wouldn't do it. The Government requires half the tonnage rate, so the rate is necessarily high. Freight from La Guaira to Caracas pays $8 a ton. The tariffs imposed by Venezuela are enough to stifle most industries. Shoes, for instance, pay a tariff of $2.40 a pound. That is prohibitive. On the other hand, agriculture is suffering. There are no large operations. The farmer is getting along from hand to mouth. Coffee, the great staple, is bringing poor prices, and the planter fears to go ahead. Tariffs, therefore, are the principal revenue producers. And yet the country is rich. Nature has given us resources, the end of which no man can tell. We can't develop them without foreign labor and foreign capital, and neither will come without protection."

The heat in the little car was becoming oppressive, and as Mr. Moffat, the consul, was coming my way, I asked:

"Does it ever get cold up here in the mountains?"

"Oh, yes, very cold."

"How cold?"

"Well," came the answer, very deliberately, "sometimes as low as 70 degrees."

The farther we went on the La Guaira and Caracas Railway, the more inspiring became the scenery. We

FEDERAL PALACE, CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

were dragged by the side of precipices 1,500 feet deep. It made one shudder to look from the window. One moment we would see a crag extending perpendicularly hundreds of yards above; the next, it would seem we were in a balloon, with all the world a dizzy way below.

An old mule road, that once provided the only communication between Caracas and La Guaira, pursued us all the way, now so near we could hear the crack of the muleteer's whip, and again so far the entire pack appeared but a speck on the mountain side. What if the spirit of enmity should induce the native to drop a boulder from yonder overtowering crag, or tie a rail across the track beside the precipice?

In a little while, with many curves and twists, we completely lost our sense of direction. The curves were so pronounced that horseshoes grew to circles, and circles grew to eights. We doubled and crossed, until the quiet voice of the amiable McKinley was heard, above the puffing of the engine:

"To go, to come, to say good-bye;
To meet yourself, to lose yourself,
That is the question.
To travel on a single track,
To turn around and see your back—
B'hanged if I can sometimes tell
Which way we're going—to Heaven or ——."

Mr. McKinley did not complete the sentence, for we were approaching what looked like an abyss of eternity.

"Don't you have landslides?" he asked an officer of the road.

"We had formerly, but don't now—in fact, we never had an accident worth mentioning."

"What do you mean by formerly?"

"Before we straightened the road."

"Straightened the road?" exclaimed the surprised McKinley.

"Yes, sir; you should have seen it when we started. It was crooked for sure then!"

"Great Scott!'" said McKinley, adjusting his hand to his forehead.

But a new sensation was coming. We were drawing up to Zig Zag, a station half-way to Catia Bridge, the summit, when a hand-car, driven by an E h gentleman, who was accompanied by a little girl, can flitting in and out of the mountain passes. Evidently, y were coasting—and enjoying it. First they were off on right, then off the left, then we would lose sight of them. It never occurred to us they were coming our way, but, by and bye, they came round from some new direction and anded in front of us.

The gentleman stepped off and introduced himself as Mr. Almond, the manager of the railroad. And a jolly good fellow he was! It was a daughter who came with him.

"I'm making a railroad woman of her," he said.

"That hand-car ride looks a little risky," said Sherman.

"It's all right," was the witty reply, "if you don't strike anything. But we did have a close shave yesterday."

We pressed the manager for his story, and, minus the rich English accent, here it is:

"We employ natives for track work, and yesterday I sent one of them down alone on the hand-car. He was going about forty miles an hour when a bull got on the track. By some chance the bull, and not the car, was thrown. He went clear over the chasm. It was fortunate for the man, don't you know, for to leave the track under such circumstances is devilish uncomfortable. When the man returned, he reported to me. The joke of it all was in his report.

He feared the death of the bull would lead to an action for damages. I asked him for the truth. He confessed the rate of speed at which he was going, and said the bull came upon him suddenly. 'The bull,' he said, 'stood on the track and showed fight.' 'And what did you do?' I said. 'I put out my foot,' said he, 'and tried to push him off.' 'And what then?' said I. 'He wouldn't budge,' said he, 'so the car came along and hit him.' "

We learned from Mr. Almond that the coal briquets we noticed at some of the stopping places were imported from Cardiff. It was the easiest way to get fuel for the railroad, although there was doubtless an abundance of it in Venezuela if once opened up. In common with others, he glorified the natural advantages of Venezuela, but deplored the unwillingness of investors to enter the field.

Rudolph Dolge, the former American consular agent at Caracas, who had been engaged in development enterprises, added materially to our fund of information. Stability of government, he insisted, was Venezuela's greatest need—a government that would insure protection to foreign capitalists who would come in and join Venezuela in opening up her natural resources. I am aware that the views of consular agents, or former representatives of the United States who combine business with their official relations to countries in which they locate, may not always be free from personal bias or interest, and that we sometimes suffer at the hands of our undiplomatic and too-aggressive business representatives, but I was impressed by Mr. Dolges' statement. He spoke German and Spanish fluently, and had located permanently in Caracas, being associated with the Orinoco Corporation. His appearance on the train recalled to my mind one of the real practical movements to establish better commercial relations between

the United States and South America—a movement undertaken by the National Association of Manufacturers under the direction of a distinguished Philadelphian, who was then its president, long before the organization of the Department of Commerce and Labor, which now, with the aid of the Department of State, is charged with the work of promotion and development.

We had never understood the commercial question in South America as other nations understood it. From the time of President Monroe, our dealings with South America had been largely individual, and the Government had stepped in only to sustain the national dignity and enforce some claim growing out of the action of individuals residing or trading there. With Venezuela, in particular, we had disputed about claims arising from the acts of citizens of the United States in Venezuelan territory. It was claims, claims, claims, through successive national administrations.

Because of something done by Venezuelans to persons claiming American citizenship, we usually kept the Southern Republic on the debit side of the ledger. Perhaps they grew to misunderstand us, and perhaps we didn't take the trouble to find out! At any rate, we didn't do the business with Venezuela and South America generally that we ought to have done, and it fell to Mr. Blaine, as Secretary of State, to endeavor to establish better relations.

To most of the travelers, now entering the country for the first time, the vast population of South America and its tremendous area were matters of wonderment. Why had we not long since drawn closer to our Latin-American brother? And why had we permitted England, Germany and France to so largely control this commerce upon American soil?

To me the question was not new, for there had been

established in Philadelphia, several years ago, an institution, the purpose of which had been to foster by practical methods this very trade—the Commercial Museums. It had brought within the reach of the American merchant the necessary samples and data concerning countries, climates and conditions. I recalled the many conferences of distinguished representatives of South American Republics under the auspices of the Department of State and of the Commercial Museums and the founding by the nation of the Bureau of American Republics, now under the direction of the Honorable John Barrett. I also remembered how the merchants and manufacturers of the United States had knocked at the door of Congress until 1903, when for the first time they secured recognition at the cabinet table of the nation through the creation of a Department of Commerce and Labor. It was only when the bureaus of the various departments that had to do with the development of commerce and manufactures were welded together in the Department of Commerce and Labor, that there had been a national advancement on practical lines to improve our foreign commercial conditions.

The "home market" had not the mystic significance when the bill creating the Department of Commerce and Labor was under discussion, that it has to-day. We were recovering from a period of commercial depression in the United States, concerning which, in an address to the National Association of Manufacturers, in January, 1898, President McKinley said:

"This great country cannot be permanently kept in a state of relapse. I believe we will re-occupy the field temporarily lost to us, and go out to the peaceful conquest of new and greater fields of trade and commerce. The recovery will come slowly, perhaps, but it will come, and when it does,

we will be steadier and will better know how to avoid exposure hereafter."

The lamented McKinley had reference chiefly to conditions prevailing in the United States, for, referring to a visit of the Manufacturers' Association to him while Governor of Ohio, the previous year, he said:

"I well remember that occasion. It was a cold, cold day. You had lost everything but your pluck, or thought you had. Courage was the 'only friend your grief could call its own.' I note with satisfaction your improved appearance now. You are more cheerful in countenance, more buoyant in spirit, more hopeful in manner, and more confident in purpose. * * * But your object now, as I gather it, is to go out and possess what you have never had before. You want to extend, not your notes, but your business."

Whether it was the inspiration of this speech or not, there developed, about this time, in the minds of Theodore C. Search, of Philadelphia, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, and of his associates, the belief that the time had come when American products should be more generally dispensed abroad. The Association had been struggling to establish a Department of Commerce and Labor, but Mr. Search had been a student of conditions prevailing in our home market and of those prevailing abroad, and he believed then, as most of the American consuls sending commercial reports to this country believe now, that something more substantial than letter-writing or circularizing; that something more lasting than the hurried call of the strenuous American drummer, should be done to interest the untold millions of possible customers in our methods and manufactures. Mr. Search and his associates knew that the Chinaman wanted cotton woven in sizes to suit his own tastes. He knew the South American pre-

ferred the sombrero style of hat to the American derby. He knew the inclinations and the prejudices of the peoples of foreign countries must be indulged, if we were to do trade successfully with them. He knew these things to be the secret of the commercial triumph in South America of England, Germany and France, and, so believing, the National Association of Manufacturers, under his direction, undertook, in March, 1898, to establish in the City of Caracas a sample warehouse under American auspices, where might be seen by the natives the product of American artisans and manufacturers. It was a bold undertaking. It cost an enormous sum of money, but, welcomed by the then President Andrade, the enterprise began under favorable auspices. A large party of United States manufacturers, from all sections of the country, made the trip to Venezuela, and joined in the exercises, which promised to establish friendly commercial relations between Venezuela and the United States, and which induced the foreign powers to bestir themselves against a possible peaceful invasion by their American competitors. About the same time, the same association, on the same inspiration, opened up a sample warehouse in China, but the complications arising from prevailing customs at so remote a point soon caused its abandonment.

American houses, through the Caracas warehouse, obtained large orders and established new trade connections (some of which still exist), but strong as had been the inception and harmonious as had been the relations between the American manufacturers and the Venezuelan Government, the changing conditions of the latter, and the growth of the American home market, resulted, finally, in the failure of the enterprise. The Rudolph Dolge who boarded our train, and whose presence induced these observations, was

the same Dolge who nine years before had acted as agent for Mr. Search in the bold, but eminently practical, attempt to reach the trade of South America through a sample warehouse in Caracas.

The incident is valuable to those inquiring into the commercial situation. Hundreds of reports to the State Department and the Department of Commerce and Labor give excellent advice as to what American manufacturers ought to do to encourage foreign trade, but there have been few practical attempts to properly encourage and develop it.

In upholding the American protective tariff system, I had often heard Speaker Cannon say that the American home market consumed ninety-five per cent. of the American product, and that the five per cent. we sent abroad, though comparatively small in its relation to the entire production, still made us the greatest exporting nation in the world. Here, then, was a reason for the slump in commerce with the South American countries. The greater number of manufacturers and producers in the United States are too well satisfied with the home market to devote their time and energy to its extension abroad. From reports and inquiries, we knew that in many places American goods were preferred before all others. Our plows, our harvesting machines and agricultural implements had displaced the wooden implements of the natives in South America, in Europe, Asia and Africa. Our sewing machines were sought in South America before those of any country.

Our shoes had gone into all countries, and in most countries were counterfeited, the shams being labeled "Made in America." Even our own political methods, as affecting the protection of our industries, had been seized upon the world over. Witness the prohibitive tariff of Brazil and the export duty on Brazilian coffee; the duties imposed

upon imports by Venezuela, even, apparently, to her own detriment; the protective duties of Germany, of France, and of so-called "free-trade England," both at home and throughout her colonies; all these things were forceful object lessons. They helped to make us better satisfied, better content that we were citizens of the United States.

Ten years ago in the United States, where were we? We had emerged from one of the cruelest depressions of our industrial history, and had voted $50,000,000 to conduct a foreign war. Since then, what? The greatest commercial and financial development ever known, with peace at home and foreign relations unimpaired. Ten years ago, at Caracas, we drove the wedge for commercial supremacy in South America. The Venezuelan Government welcomed it. Since then, what? A republic rent with revolution, its constitution changing at the whim of the ruling power! A country rich and more productive than ours, with a restless people unwilling or unable to develop it—waiting, simply waiting, knowing not what to-morrow will bring forth. Change places with them? I trow not!

Far away in the mountains stretched a cañon that looked as though the foot of man had never desecrated it. Wild mountain streams leaped and sang in their precipitous beds, and wild goats fled to the loftier altitude. But down by the casas and vegetable gardens the goats were domesticated and their milk was preserved, for there were children to be fed in this mountain country.

I was drawing the line between contentment and fear, between progress and idleness, between the doing and the leaving undone—in fact, I was throwing a few bouquets at the policies that have made the United States so preferable to other countries, and the Speaker was attracted. He lifted his eyes from the barefooted women, who were

rubbing aw their wash in the rocky tub of the tropics, and, laying and upon my shoulder, said:

"The Un States is a mighty prosperous country and we're doing rably well. We have seen how some people go backward. We've got to keep going the other way."

The Speaker had not talked very much, thus far, and it was not our intention to urge him, but the South American question seemed to appeal to him, and he let go briefly what was passing through his mind:

"South America," he said, "is a great continent, the home of many republics eled a our own. Their paper constitutions are as ara of a broad-minded and liberal people's govern as is at of the United States, but paper constitu do ays make good governments. Mexico a ez, r instance, have liberal constitutions like o , bu governments are very much unlike ours. xico has bsolutism but stability because of the c vatism, sdom and courage of President Diaz. V a has volution and her great resources are und e whatever confidence there is in the policies nt Castro is practically nullified by the uncertainty of his administration and the precarious state of his health. It is questionable whether, in the event of his death, the "government would still live" as he had planned it, or as it did live in the United States after the death of Lincoln and of McKinley. The situation in Venezuela to-day presupposes a revolution should Castro die, and as revolution means insecurity, foreign capital is necessarily backward in finding investment. You will remember how slight was the interruption of government in the United States, almost imperceptible, in fact, when the reins which had been dropped by McKinley at Buffalo were turned over to Roosevelt. Could such a thing be

possible in Venezuela, where the constitution is modeled after our own, who can say that capital would not rush madly into that country for the opportunity of opening up its cherished, but dormant, resources? Government, after all, rests directly on the people, and until the people can govern themselves, constitutions and laws are of little avail. We may legislate all we please, but statute laws would be a dead letter unless they represented the spirit of the people.

INDIAN VILLAGE, VENEZUELA.

Pan-Americanism will help along the development of South American Republics, and a closer relationship is desirable, but little in the way of financial assistance can be expected by any South American republic which fails to maintain a government that can enforce the laws and inspire confidence."

Near the end of our panoramic mountain climb the Caracas papers reached the train. They were printed in Spanish, but the Speaker's arrival was duly chronicled under the head-

lines, "Los E[illegible]sionistas del Bluecher." The news columns generally we[illegible] levoted to speculation about Castro. It was clear th[illegible]'resident's illness was a cause of great concern. "Ho[illegible]na! Hosanna!" ran one double column heading, over an article predicting the recovery of "the Presidente." "Castro en Caracas. La onda popular delirante. El sentimiento de los pueblos," were headlines over another article, in which the felicitations of correspondents on the reported recovery were being recorded. But there was mystery about th[illegible]ual whereabouts of the "Restaurador" and many rumor[illegible]s to the nature of his malady. To these, and the unc[illegible]inty of government in the event of Castro's death, mu[illegible] of the country's suppressed excitement was due. "Gomez is organizing and ready to strike," someone would say. "If Castro dies, there will be an immediate uprising," aid another. "It's a waiting game!" and so on. But it only just to the people of Venezuela to say that many of [illegible]ese comments did not come from the natives of Venezue[illegible].

On all subjects affecting their P[illegible]sident, their leaders, or their form of government, the average native, whether from fear or ignorance, was almost as taciturn as the proverbial clam.

But, while the Caracas papers were full of Castro, they were not ungenerous to the Speaker and his party. The more we deciphered the things that were said about us, the more we thought of ourselves. Evidently for reasons of a fraternal nature, Los Sinores Busbey was accorded highest honors. The reporters denominated him "Director of the administration of the Northern Republic." Speaker Cannon was "Chief Minister to President Roosevelt;" Señor "Jawney" (and we all appreciated the typographical error so keenly that "Tawney" for a time became a memory)

was "Great High Potentate of the West;" Señor Mann was "the Controller of the House of Representatives;" Señor McKinley, "the Lord High Chancellor," and so on. But the oddest reference fell to the bachelor, Eversman, who was credited with a "Señora," very much to the consternation of McKinley. This liberal bestowal of high-sounding titles afforded much amusement. It recalled to me this story of the strange experience of the late Judge Clayton, of Delaware County, Pennsylvania, a brother of General Powell Clayton, Republican leader of Arkansas and former Ambassador to Mexico. The Judge was tall and dignified, but unconventional. His wife and he were great travelers, and, on one occasion in Europe, engaged a German guide, who, greatly impressed by the Judge's personality, began to ask questions.

"You are a judge, sir?" he queried.

"Yes, a chancellor in equity."

"A chancellor!" ejaculated the guide, opening his eyes wide and starting back.

"A chancellor in equity," corrected the judge.

"Yes, yes, I understand," said the guide, bowing low; "Chancellor!"

Thenceforward he was all salaams. In due course they reached Berlin. The guide was now bubbling over with excitement. He conducted the Judge and his wife to a magnificent equipage drawn up at the entrance to the station, and, with outriders galloping along before crying "Make way! make way!" they were hustled to the leading hotel. As their carriage dashed up to the curb, there was a blare of trumpets and a squad of attendants in double line across the sidewalk. A broad strip of velvet carpet had been laid over the pavement, so that the shoes of the Judge and Mrs. Clayton might not be soiled.

In a maze of bewilderment, they suffered themselves to

be escorted ... the hotel, observing that the bellboys were drawn in a ... to the elevator, bearing candles. Then they were s... to the suite that had been engaged for them. The s... ptuousness of it aroused the Judge, and, grabbing the guide, he demanded to know what it all meant.

"Everything has been arranged, sir," said the latter, with a low bow. "You will find your suite in readiness."

"My dear," said the wife, "I'm sure there has been some mistake. What do we want with a flat like this?"

"I'm going down-stairs to fi... nt," thundered Clayton, but he was intercepted by a dozen ...ving, scraping flunkeys, who assured him they were ther... do his bidding. They could not hear of his taking up ... himself any labor, no matter how trivial.

"Much obliged!" said the ju... "but I'm not going to be carried around like a Frenc... odle any longer," and, brushing past them, he hurried ...vnstairs.

His appearance in ... corridor ... ated a stir. The guests crowded around to g... ok at h..., and the clerks turned pale for fear the dis... est had come to make complaint.

"Is anything wrong, sir?" one ventured to inquire.

"There certainly is something wrong!" was the response. "I want to know why everybody is playing horse with me?"

"Playing horse! Playing horse!" echoed the clerk dubiously. "I beg Your Excellency's pardon, but I don't know the meaning of 'playing horse.'"

"Your Excellency! What do you mean by that? Why do you call me Your Excellency?"

"Oh, Your Excellency!" said the clerk, now trying to smile, "I'm afraid you can no longer travel incognito in Germany. Your guide has told everything. We know you are Chancellor of America—the Bismarck of the New World!"

STREET SCENE, CARACAS.

CHAPTER VII.

CARACAS.

The World is Small—Waiting for the Revolution—Discovery of a Chess Player—Antiquity of Things—Venezuela and the Grafters—Caracas and Northern Cities Compared—Northern Energy and Southern Lassitude—A Formal Reception—The Palace of Crespo—Mann and the Guide—Bolivar and Washington—Sampling the Food—Attractions of the Capitol—Glorification of Warriors—A Hero Dethroned—Visit to the Pantheon—Dinner at the American Minister's—Night Scene on the Plaza—Speaker Received at the Yellow House—Castro Sick and in Seclusion—Sherman's Midnight March—Asleep in the Chapel—The German Railroad—A Surfeit of Scenery—Lunching Under the Bamboo Tree—Incidents of the Ride to Puerto Cabello.

After all, the world is very small, and its ways, in different times and places, are very like. Thousands of years before the Christian era the wisest King of all history, he who found that "all is vanity" and that "one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh," told us also "there is no new thing under the sun." If what one sees in far-off Venezuela hath the appearance of being new or strange, one has but to remember the proverb, and, if in Venezuela, or any other earthly spot, remote, romantic or forbidding, he shall flatter himself, no other eye shall see, save that of "Him who seeth all" let him beware. Let him not overlook the unseen wireless chord—the magic spark that flashes in the heavens above and in the earth beneath. But most of all, let him not once forget the omnipresent, all-informed and all-informing representative of the great American newspaper. At every place we found him, but,

least of all, we expected to find him in distant Venezuela.

"It was a little dangerous to go to that show, so I took a seat in the gallery, where the rest of 'em couldn't see me," said the backwoods member of the Legislature to his admiring friends in Smoky Hollow; "but I didn't feel a bit ashamed when I looked around, for darned if nigh the whole Legislature wasn't there."

"Hello!" said a quick-spoken, quick-witted young fellow, at one of the functions in Caracas. "I haven't seen you since Chicago."

I looked up, but was unable to recognize the man who had addressed me. It is an old and commonplace expedient, but I had to use it: the man who often appears in public places sometimes must:

"You have the best of me," I said.

"My name is Haggerty. I reported the convention in Chicago, at which you were elected President of the National Republican League. Do you want me to sing 'Sweet Annie Moore?'"

"No, Haggerty, that's enough," said I, recalling both the convention and the song, "but what are you doing here?"

"Waiting for the revolution!"

The reply was laconic. It was the first time I had heard it in just that form, but soon it was to be as familiar as the discoveries of Columbus in the West Indies. Haggerty was representing the Associated Press and was in Caracas because of the rumors of Castro's death and a predicted uprising of the people. The story illustrates my thought in opening, but here is another.

Among the passengers was Walter Penn Shipley, of Germantown. He registered at the Hotel Klindt, and, finding the clerk could speak English, asked a few questions.

The clerk replied civilly and then, observing the name upon the register (and for a moment it was not unlike a bunco game), inquired:

"Do you not play chess?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Shipley in surprise.

"I could not be mistaken, for I have just seen your picture and read your record in the British Magazine."

And then tossing over a bundle of papers, he produced a periodical with Mr. Shipley's picture upon the front page and a running notice of his achievements at the game.

"You must attend our club!" exclaimed the delighted clerk, "we have some great players, but they may not be in your class."

Mr. Shipley was flattered, but coy. That evening, however, he yielded to the pressure and found an earnest audience of Venezuelan chess players waiting for him at the club. He looked them over and found, from their serious aspect, that apparently a great reputation had preceded him.

"But no!" said he adroitly, "I do not care to play, let me look on."

Firmly, but politely, the gentlemen of the club insisted, and finally the Philadelphian agreed to submit to one game. He played that game, and, apparently, much to the chagrin of his opponent, won.

"You must play again!" came a chorus in broken but determined English.

"No, gentlemen, one game is my limit. I have had enough." And with these words the newly-made hero retired with his laurels.

But I want to speak of the Solomonic proverb, "There is no new thing under the sun." The modern mind evolves some brilliant thought, only to find that years ago another had done the same. The modern stage advances some new

bit of humo[illegible]ich tickles the public taste, only because the public is [illegible]getful and Joe Miller has been too long dead. A bri[illegible]t speaker coins a striking phrase, only to learn as the de[illegible]ly parallel is drawn that somewhere in the Bible, in Homer, or in Shakespeare, his imageries, if not his words, have been anticipated.

I thought of all these things as from the mountains above I looked down upon the red-tiled City of Caracas, a city in a valley 3,000 feet above the sea, and I wondered if we, as a nation, whose growth [illegible] prosperity has been so marvelous, had not perhaps "[illegible]ed down" upon these people, whose very demeanor, see[illegible]gly morose and sullen, bespoke the spirit of resentment. [illegible]ere was a civilization long antedating our own. The pe[illegible]ple had not progressed with that commercial [illegible] indu[illegible] rapidity that had characterized the United [illegible] and [illegible]r this, perchance, the climate was responsi[illegible] True, th[illegible] bustling traveller from the Northern country [illegible] to wait t[illegible] noon before his Southern brother would pa[illegible] of br[illegible]ast with him, but when the latter did appear [illegible]e as one proud of his country and mindful of the persona[illegible] proprieties, even to a fault. He would not come with the rush and the bustle of the typical Yankee, but he would come equipped in language (for the educated Venezuelan is a linguist), and in all the gentlemanly qualifications, to impress the visitor with his own self-respect. I had heard the word "graft," so disagreeable a word as popularly used in the United States, applied with alarming frequency to the official life of Venezuela. I never, in its very hey-day in the United States, regarded "graft" as a new word. It was merely the adaptation of older terms descriptive of the selfish practices of great and small men, yea of institutions and countries, since fraud and cunning and human deviltry were

personified in the snake of Eden. So frequently, in fact, was the term graft used in connection with franchises and concessions by the Government of Venezuela that it smacked strongly of American origin. With every allowance for the unfaithfulness and trickery of individual leaders in Venezuela, I wondered if we were always entirely fair to the government and the people. In all his disputes with the United States, arising from the claims of individuals who claimed to be aggrieved and then wrapped around themselves the Stars and Stripes, loudly calling upon the great United States for protection and vengeance, and, in all his defiance of European powers, whose claims had arisen in like fashion, the stubborn persistence of Castro had attracted me. It may have been the persistence of an Aguinaldo in the Philippines, wisely or unwisely standing for what he believed to be the rights of the people of the soil, or it may have been rank ingratitude to those who had extended a helping hand to a suffering people—I simply wondered whether our information came through sources prejudiced by their own selfish interests, or whether the actual troubles in which the weaker government found itself, were not in some measure fomented by designing men whose Americanism became intense when their toes were trodden upon.

We have seen in our own country with what ease the political mob may be aroused by designing leaders; with what disregard of public morals an unscrupulous group of capitalists can make or unmake values, and with what skill the jugglers of certain great corporations have been able to nullify the rights of the people. If, therefore, in a country where hundreds of millions of dollars are the mere sport of individuals, whose methods affect the eighty millions of our own people, what may be expected of a country far less fortunate in its common citizenship, where a million dollars

would be sufficient to conduct a revolution or undermine a government, and where the entire population of the country (Venezuela reports a population of 2,700,000) is not equal to that of the single American city of New York?

Even as these thoughts were flitting through my mind came the suggestion that the revolution, which held Venezuela in the throes of war's desolation and exalted Castro to the Presidency, was supported by capital which came from United States concessionaries, who had quarrelled with the government. I am not defending Castro, nor any of the Presidents preceding him, who seem to have grown rapidly rich on the reported salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, but I am continuing to wonder whether this afflicted country has not suffered from foreign adventurers, who only too readily have fallen back upon their citizenship elsewhere to harrow and distress the natives. I do not know, I simply wonder.

Our twenty-three-mile ride from La Guaira to Caracas consumed more than two hours, or longer than it takes to make the run from New York to Philadelphia. We had seen enough of mountain scenery for a hot day, and were much refreshed when the City of Caracas unfolded to the view. Though its name is of Indian derivation and its history replete with war and upheaval, the very monuments, bridges and viaducts, arches of triumph and enduring spires, bespeak the work of an intelligent and artistic people. Out of a canopy of red or Spanish tile, so close that it seemed, at a distance, to form one roof—columns and towers reared their heads, pointing out the public structure, or betokening other specimens of architectural merit. In the panorama stood the capitol buildings with their paintings, relics and fountains; yonder the Central University; high on the hill beyond, the great Cathedral, the National Museum and

LA GUAIRA AND CARACAS RAILWAY, VENEZUELA.

Library, the Masonic Temple—regarded as the finest of its kind in South America; the National Pantheon and various churches and theatres, and then the rounded structure, which visiting North Americans patronize, but don't approve, the bull ring.

Caracas, the capital city, is part of the State of Caracas, which is part of the Republic of Venezuela. At the time of the discovery of the country by Columbus in 1498, the entire country, including Caracas, was inhabited by Indian tribes. The Caracas occupied the valley, including the site of the capital city, which inherited their name. They were a warlike tribe, famous for their ability in weaving hammocks and in making gold ornaments. The Spaniards under the earlier captains, Fajardo, whose attempt was unsuccessful, and Lozado, who founded the city in 1567, found them a ferocious and implacable enemy. It was not until well on toward the middle of the sixteenth century that they were finally overcome. In the capital city as now constituted there are probably 90,000 people and 12,000 houses. A hundred years ago the population was 50,000, or thereabouts. Compare this with the marvelous growth of northern cities and the result is surprising. Chicago, the metropolis of the West, was not on the map when Caracas was 250 years old. Caracas had 50,000 population and was one of the principal South American cities when Indians hunted on the site of Chicago, and yet, while Caracas has only doubled her population since, Chicago has advanced to second place among the cities of the United States with a population of 1,800,000. Or, if we carry the analogy further and take Philadelphia, the older American city, founded by William Penn in 1682, and having to-day a population of 1,500,000, we find, in the eleven wards, comprising the Third Congressional District, where first the

English settl landed, a population exceeding 250,000, or two and a h: mes the entire population of the capital city of Venezuel

Professor . lis L. Moore, the Chief of the Weather Bureau, advances the theory that energy attains its highest development in the range of the north wind, and perhaps it is so, for the casual traveler cannot fail to remark the difference between the industrial temperament of the people who live in the two climates. In the North the human tendency is to delve a- hustle; in the tropics it seems to be to wait and dream.

But if Caracas has not kept pa with Northern cities, or with those of the east and west ast of South America below the Equator, we should rem nber a series of vicissitudes that help to account for her w growth. She had to fight Indians and keep always in readiness for invasion. She has witnessed numerous char s of government, while revolution and the fortunes of w. have at times depleted her population. In 181[illegible] an earth ake almost annihilated the city. The work of s followed by wars and epidemics of cholera and fever. Her form of government has frequently changed, and the Presidential policies have been variable. Her constitution, which proclaims the highest declarations of liberty and good faith to the people, has been frequently changed to please "the powers that be;" in fact, since she attained her independence, nine constitutions have been enacted. When we remember how difficult it is to change the Constitution of the United States and look upon Venezuela as an example of the danger of making changes, we may congratulate ourselves that our forefathers builded so wisely and that the present generation adheres so pertinaciously to the letter and spirit of the Constitution as it was originally framed.

Our reception at Caracas was impressive. The Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Dr. J. de J. Paul, like most of the other officials, was concerned with the affairs of the President, but he sent a personal representative to the railroad station, accompanied by a distinguished-looking personage, whom we afterwards learned was an attaché of the government, regularly assigned to this particular duty of seeing that distinguished visitors were properly received. Both gentlemen were attired in high hats and frock coats. Had they been on dress parade, they could not have been more formal or imposing. The equipages to which they conducted the Speaker and members of the Congressional party were elaborate rigs, in keeping with the dignity of our reception. Assurance was given that Dr. Paul would later avail himself of the honor of calling upon the Speaker and then the committee withdrew. In the absence of the United States Minister, Mr. W. W. Russell, the Speaker was then put under the escort of the Charge d'Affaires, Mr. Jacob Sleeper, a polished young American, who had previously seen service in Cuba.

We were driven to Miraflores (May flowers), the palace reared by President Jacinto de Crespo, one of the predecessors of Castro, on an eminence overlooking the city. Crespo being dead, the place had been leased by Castro upon his accession to the Presidency. He had since built a new palace for himself on the other side of the city, and Miraflores had found no other tenant of sufficient means to properly maintain it. Hotel accommodations being inadequate, the Steamship Company had secured the palace as an annex for our accommodation during the two days' sojourn. It was a sumptuous place of stone and tile, with a great patio, in the center of which fountains played upon palms, and ferns and pools containing goldfish. Evidences of

Crespo's occ cy were shown in huge panel paintings of the swarthy ior and his wife and in mosaics handsomely executed in f and walls. The tenancy of Castro was also recalled by th scovery of books that had been overlooked in the moving, and a few flattering letters in Spanish addressed to the generals under his command and bearing his signature, in a bold, round hand.

To the gorgeous Chamber of State, with furniture and bedding hastily set up, the Speaker was conducted, and then to the others fell the choice of , the number of which was past recording. McKinley, man and Tawney were quartered near the Speaker, but m, Busbey and myself were directed to the Chapel—a bea. ful corner room, where the warring Presidents of Venezue and their families had bowed their heads and bent their nees in homage to the Virgin.

A wonderful structure, Miraflo , expansive as befits a kingdom, ornate to t int of g ishness and formidable in its vantage-ground ist ble uprising in the city below. It had been t spo; it had cost a million dollars; it had been the scene of many a brilliant fête, perchance of many a direful plot, but now it stood alone—a charge upon the widow and a monument to vanity—that overwhelming quality which constitutes at once the essence and the bane of human life.

"Come," said Mann, "let's see Caracas!" and, hailing a cabby, we started out with Busbey on our usual tour of sightseeing. The driver of the cab was Spanish, in fact all the drivers were, but a few West Indian negroes flocked around and offered themselves as guides. They spoke English and seemed to be on good terms with the natives. So we engaged one. I had never seen Mann more exacting than he was with that guide. He wanted "the truth, the whole truth,

and nothing but the truth." How much he got I do not know, but his prodding developed a capacity for discussion and a cleverness on the part of the negro in imparting information that had not been equalled anywhere we had stopped.

"You come from Grenada?" asked Mann.

"Yes, sir!"

"Why did you come?"

"To better my condition."

"Do you find it more profitable here?"

"That depends, sir, upon gentlemen like you."

The streets of Caracas were the typical, narrow Spanish streets, with abbreviated sidewalks, some of them high enough above the surface of the streets to give the latter the appearance of open sewers. All kinds of vehicles were employed, from the lumbering ox-wagon to the miserable donkey-cart. There were antiquated tram-cars drawn by horses, and an odd style of automobile—heavy and cumbersome, with the machinery sadly exposed. The best conveyances were the carriages, and these were not numerous. In the business part of the city, peddlers were plentiful; there were also some beggars. The peddlers offered the apagata—the native sandal—and native wood canes, especially those cut from vines that bend without breaking. But the oddest peddlers, and perhaps the most persistent, were those who offered old books and pamphlets, which, on examination, proved to be reports of the departments and bureaus of the Venezuelan Government. Some of these were as big and thick as Patent Office reports, and calculated, if accurately thrown, to do as much damage.

The casas, or houses, of the city were intensely Spanish. They ranged from the adobe hut, which rented for $4 per month, to the million dollar palaces of Crespo and Castro.

The palace course, occupied prominent positions and were surro l by ample gardens and grounds, but the average cit ucture was of stone or plaster, built close up to the st line, with the garden and flowers inside. More than elsewhere, the houses were built as if to find protection in proximity. The doors ran through to the patios, which, in the poorer sections, were little more than courts and alleys, upon which the houses of the huddled residents fronted. Iron gratings in front of windows were almost everywhere. The bar massive like those in prison cells, giving cades some of the thoroughfares the appearanc nt walls. It was explained that the barred windo l because the buildings were low and othe acces to thieves. There was also a suspicion th native tlessness of the people made the barred wi desir on general principles, since it might be n ary at a ost any time to fortify their homes. Stran hese w ows seemed, they were made picturesque a pearance of women or groups of children, w hts outside, or seeking the light and air.

"Onions, onions, everywhere!" exclaimed Mann as we left our carriage to saunter through a Venezuelan market-house.

"And yams!" said I.

"And dried fish," added Busbey. "Did you ever see so many dried fish as we have noticed in these tropical markets?"

But, in addition to these old friends of the West Indies, the Caracas market was well-stocked with fresh meats and vegetables. We found some very fine tomatoes, and excellent tropical fruit. The market-house was a department store affair, divided into sections for boots and shoes, dry-

goods, hardware, silks and novelties, and food supplies. Prices, however, were high as compared with prices in cities of the United States.

We dined at the Hotel Klindt. In order to reach it, we passed through the celebrated Plaza Bolivar, an open square of Caracas, the surface of which is artistically tiled. This square is shaded by native trees, and is embellished by ornamental lamp-posts, with clusters of lights. The centerpiece, however, is an equestrian statue of Simon Bolivar, the George Washington of South America. Bolivar is the one particular heroic star of Venezuela. There are many others, and Venezuelans glory in their heroes, but the great "Liberator," as Bolivar is known, outshines them all. It was he who, after a career of remarkable military achievement in South America in 1821, fought the successful battle of Carabobo, which established the Republic of Venezuela and effected a separation from the throne of Spain. Venezuela money is counted in bolivars, and the name is used for public parks and places, with greater frequency than is that of Washington in the United States. And, as Venezuelans have many holidays and the flowers are always a-bloom, the various monuments to Bolivar are seldom without wreaths or ornamentation. Nor, in fact, are those of the lesser heroes, for the National Pantheon is a house of perpetual memorial, where rest the bones of Bolivar, of Sucre, and Miranda, "the friend of Washington," upon whose tablet there still remained a handsome wreath of immortelles deposited by the Daughters of the American Revolution in February, 1900.

But let us pause for dinner! Our hotel was neither a Bellevue-Stratford, a Willard's, an Auditorium, nor a Waldorf-Astoria; yet it was the crack hotel of Venezuela. Did you ever dine in a train-shed? Well, this best of

Venezuelan elries had a train-shed floor and a train-shed roof, a gallery round the second floor. It was built to giv ht and air and it got both. But since the tableware wa lean we did not concern ourselves about much but the menu. How were we going to enjoy "Venezuelan soup" and "Pargo frito" and the "Ragout"?

Tawney looked at Mann, and Mann looked at the Widow—the latter looked at the card, gave one order in French, then another in Spanish. She tried a little of everything. At last Tawney got ed. " ere serving "sliced ham and turkey," and it actu elled in English. Then came "Venezuelan s .

"I'll try 'em," said T y.

"So will I," said n.

But the "arepitas e thei linner. A Venezuelan delicacy, neither of erica tatesmen could swallow a mouthful. Out o pect for country and its people, they tried hard, but n't do it.

"Give me a piece " said Dr. Keely to one of the waiters. "I w s up and take it to Dr. Wiley."

The "arepita" was of the flap-jack species, done hard in grease. Following it came another native product, "the national black bean," which colored up the tongues and lips like the American huckleberry. National cheese and coffee were served, together with a variety of native fruits. Some of these were new and very agreeable to the taste. They included aquacates, mangos, papayas and misperos, in addition to pineapples, bananas and oranges. The unfamiliar fruits were sweet and fibrous.

"Drive us to the Capitol," said Busbey, after we had pushed our way through a curious crowd that gathered in front of the hotel. The driver managed to understand, and

presently the entire Congressional party, with Charge d'Affaires Sleeper guiding the Speaker, assembled in the halls of the lawmakers of the Republic.

The Capitol occupies an entire block, with an area of more than two acres. There were two legislative chambers, one for the Senate and another for the House of Deputies, in addition to executive offices and committee rooms. The National Museum and Library, the Old Temple of San Francisco, and the Federal Palace are all in the capitol group. In an elliptical hall devoted to public receptions are hung the portraits of Venezuela's heroes and presidents. A huge picture of the Battle of Carabobo, by Martin Tovar y Tovar, a Venezuelan artist, is displayed in this building.

Another striking picture, by the same artist, represented the signing of the Venezuelan Declaration of Independence, and still another, the Battle of Ayacucho, fought on Peruvian territory. In all the paintings militarism was dominant, being so presented as to inspire the youthful Venezuelan to deeds of martial glory. The heroes were represented as on horseback, with eyes blazing and swords unsheathed.

An inspection of the Capitol and other public buildings induced McKinley to speak his mind on one phase of the Venezuelan character:

"The people are patriotic," he said.

The public monuments and paintings sustained this statement. Venezuela had her Washington, her Lincoln, and her Grant. She preserves and venerates their relics in National Museums as we do ours in the old Town Hall, of Boston, or in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia. She boasts of her Declaration of Independence, signed in 1811, and likens it to that of the United States. Indeed, as a mark of her respect for the United States, she erected a

splendid ma statue of Washington, which still stands in one of th rominent public places of Caracas. But though inclin to worship heroes, living and dead, woe betide the fa of him in whom the public confidence is shaken. Perhaps no President of the Republic was accorded greater honors during his lifetime than Guzman Blanco. He was idolized and monuments were erected to memorialize his achievements. But one day he departed for France. It was reported he had taken his wealth with him, and would not return. e turned to suspicion, and then to hatred. they rushed about the city destroying evid rmer good-will. One of these, a c as dragged from its pedestal on on overlooking the city, and battered out as still lying by the roadside as we pas bject lesson for those who trifle with the arm-blooded people.

Although the wl sident Castro were a mystery, some of , drove to his palatial residence, Villa rs. Castro), and were escorted through the l grounds. We had occasion here to observe the police system in its best form. There were gorgeous tropical trimmings, in trees, vines and flowers, but the approaches to the palace were guarded by officers, who, like the patrolmen of the city, were attired much like dismounted cavalrymen and armed with short muskets. It was not difficult to discern that these men stood very close to the government and exercised a strong influence among the people. On the way to Castro's house, Olcott, Sherman, Busbey and some others stopped at the house of General Ybarra, the former Venezuelan Minister to the United States, whose residence in Washington had acquainted him with the Boston lady whom he had taken

for his wife. The home of the General was one of the most picturesque in the city, being so constructed against the mountain side as to utilize for fountain and cascade a beautiful mountain stream that danced and sang in the garden.

The Speaker had consented to receive a few English-speaking Americans and others at Mr. Dolge's house, near the National Pantheon, in the afternoon. On the way we observed many Augustinian friars, with their broad, bell-crowned hats and black gowns, and many women, also attired in black, displaying crucifixes and other evidences of devotion. The great Cathedral of Caracas and other costly churches demonstrated the hold of the clergy upon this people. Their devotional days are many, but that the social side is also strong was attested by the numerous theaters—one of them erected by the Government at a cost of $1,000,000—the bull-ring, and other places of amusement.

We noticed, too, some Indians, and one woman in particular, whose disheveled hair and unsteady gait bespoke, at a glance, the difficulties which confronted the missionary priests who, early in the history of Venezuela, attempted to Christianize the aborigines. The Venezuelan Indian is not extinct. He exists in many tribes, some of whom are still as untractable as were their cannibal progenitors. The bad Indians have the reputation of preferring starvation to work. Drink is their great enemy.

At Dolge's house the guests included a number of newspaper correspondents sent to Caracas from the United States. To one of them I put the question:

"How long have you been here?"

"A month."

"Anything doing?"

"No."

"What are [illegible] waiting for?"

"The revolu[illegible]."

"Why do y[illegible] think there will be a revolution?"

"Because it's [illegible] the air. Sure to come when Castro goes."

That evening we attended the American Minister's reception. It was a full-dress affair, and we perspired in anticipation. In Mr. Russell's absence, the Charge d'Affaires received the Speaker at the House of the Legation, the former home of General Matos, whom Castro had overthrown. It w[illegible] high-class Venezuelan mansion, close by th[illegible] he city. The statuary and furnishings ev[illegible] r the beautiful and harmonized del[illegible] iage and fountains of the patio, throu[illegible] fell from the light of the stars. It was [illegible] of the exiled Matos, but it suited the Ame[illegible] notion of the dignity of a legation headqu[illegible] sed us.

"Is any internatio[illegible] likely to arise because the American Minist[illegible] se of a revolutionist?"

I put this ques[illegible] Caracas.

"No, that is impro[illegible] wa[illegible] answer, "but owners of Caracas real estate who go into the revolution business stand to win or lose all. If a defeated revolutionist who has to leave the country can rent his home to a foreign legation, he breathes easier, that's all."

The dinner at Russell's was the best, in the matter of cuisine, we had enjoyed since leaving Washington. It was up to the famous old Bellevue standard, with a few tropical entrées thrown in. Among these was a salad made of the cabbage like heart of the palm, which might have been mistaken for celery had the fibers been less tough. The Venezuelan Minister of Foreign Affairs made his formal call upon the Speaker at this function. The guests also

included a brace of young Americans who had come to the Minister with letters of introduction, and were on their way to hunt lions down the Orinoco.

It was announced, by Dr. Paul, that a reception to the Speaker and party on behalf of the Government had been arranged to take place immediately after dinner, at La Casa Amarilla, opposite the Plaza Bolivar, and that in honor of the event the people were now assembling in the Plaza. The Casa Amarilla, or the Yellow House, is the official home of the Government, and thither the entire party repaired. Probably 4,000 people crowded the square, in the usual Southern whirligig fashion, when we arrived. There were the musicians, the promenaders, and the chair-warmers, the rich and the poor, all mingling together in the same democratic fashion we had witnessed in Porto Rico and the other islands of the West Indies. The wife and daughters of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, of General Ybarra, and many others of prominence, mingled with the crowd. It was even difficult to obtain chairs for the ladies, so eager were the people generally to participate in the evening's entertainment. The National Military Band, occupying the same relation to the President that the Marine Band does in Washington, had been holding the crowd until the Speaker made his appearance, when immediately it started in on the "Star Spangled Banner." Deferentially the main body of Venezuelans raised their hats. Members of our party, I regret to say, were a little slow, because of the general hubbub incident to their arrival, but they followed suit, and countered promptly when the band turned quickly to the inspiring tunes of the National Anthem of Venezuela. The latter was a gingery, warlike production, with a swing that almost set the feet in motion.

Then came the reception; Dr. Paul and the Speaker were

surrounded by the elite of Caracas when the hand-shaking began.

"I regret very much the absence of President Castro," began Dr. Paul. "He is ill, and sends his compliments. On his behalf, I desire to say that it is the wish of Venezuela to be at peace with all the world. We are especially desirous of having the friendship of the United States."

Speaker Cannon replied in a happy vein, expressing the pleasure he had derived from his visit, referring to the Northern interest in Venezuela and our regret for the illness of President Castro, [illegible] would soon be restored to health.

"I have heard," he [illegible] President Castro is a strong man. Strong men [illegible] the maintenance of a firm and enduring go[illegible]

At the conclusion o[illegible] occasion in the Yellow House, most of us [illegible] invitation to visit the Concordia Club, the [illegible] citizens of Caracas. The scene here, even [illegible] was a busy one. The president, who had b[illegible] Republic's representatives on the Boundary Com[illegible], greeted us. The high life of the city was represented at the tables, an occasional *ponche crema* was coming the way of the thirsty, and no one seemed to have a thought of the morrow. Sherman and I, who had admired the paintings and flowers, looked at the stars, and then at the tile floors, glistening under the electric light, and concluded it was time to go. If Venezuelans took no breakfast, we did, and then again, there was a limit to human endurance. We had put in eighteen hours, and were ready "to call it a day."

"Let's walk!" said my companion, as we passed out into the dark, walled street.

In full dress we started. The farther we proceeded,

the darker the street became. Then we lost our bearings. Surely the light beyond was that of Miraflores! But here's a musketeer, let us ask him.

"The Miraflores?" we said. "The Miraflores? You do not understand? May-flowers, Quien Sabe! Bah! May-flowers—Crespo, Sabe? May-flowers?"

But it was useless. We tried the first, the second, the third. We tried a dozen; one would whistle to another, the next would call; the dogs began to bark and the chickens to crow, but they brought us to no better understanding. At last, the wheels of a carriage attracted our attention. We hailed it in English; the response was in kind.

"Where are you bound?" called McKinley.

"Bound for the Palace of Crespo!" answered Sherman. "Got any room?"

"Don't need any," came the answer, as McKinley, Tawney, Mann and others alighted. "You're there now."

After all our wanderings, we had but to turn a corner to reach the Palace steps.

With Mann and Busbey I slept that night in the shadow of the statue of the Virgin Mary. It was a short, sweet sleep, for the cock of Caracas is an early bird, and the dog an accomplished barker. Nor were these the only disturbers of our peaceful slumbers. The very sanctity of our environment was our undoing, for there were Roman Catholics in the *Bluecher's* party who thought to avail themselves of the good offices of the chapel, and when they began to appear—both men and women—the situation became embarrassing. But, after all, I liked Mann's philosophical way of stating it:

"This does me good," he said.

"This morning," said McKinley, after the negro attend-

ants at the Pal had fried a couple of eggs for the Speaker, "we take the osse Venezuela Eisenbahn,' or the Great Venezuela Ra ay, from Caracas to Valencia. This is another wonder l bit of railroading done by the Germans. At Valencia the German road connects with another road, built by English capital, which carries us down the mountains, partly on cog-wheels, until we come out at Puerto Cabello. You're in for a long, hot day."

"Let the galled jade wince!" said the Speaker, putting aside a copy of the Venezuelan constitution. "I'm ready for the fray."

The special car of the presiden of the road—built on the summer-car plan—was place at Mr. McKinley's disposal, and the Speaker and oarded it. As it was attached to the rear of the train, our opportunities for observation were fine; nor could a of us fail in admiration of the pluck of the builders, ose courageous engineering was again the ct of re ark. In 1887, Krupp, of Essen, received the ion uild this road. Work began the next year, bu ere necessary to complete it. Nor did we wonder at this, for along the 179 kilometers of road provision had been made for 212 viaducts and bridges across chasms, valleys and rivers, and 80 tunnels through mountains. Again, a height above sea-level of 1,227 meters had to be attained. The ties along this wonderful road were made of steel.

Scenery—wild, weird, romantic, profound! If we had been surfeited on the English road from La Guaira to Caracas, we were now glutted on the German road from Caracas to Valencia. The Rockies, the Alps, the Pyrenees—all came up for comparison and discussion, until scenery, flowers and plants no longer held our interest. We tired of the shacks and feeble settlements; even the babies, that

now so frequently appeared in naked relief, no longer attracted us. The wealth undeveloped, the plantation possibilities, the protection of investors—all these subjects passed in review, and then at some mountain station, shaded by the bread fruit or cassava, where the perfume of the magnolia and jessamine mingled with the trailing bougainvillean, we would stop to take water. It was on one of these leg-stretching stops we had a chance to test the gaming spirit of the country. Two cocks, tied to stakes, were eyeing each other at a safe distance. It needed but to cut the cord of one to start the music. A wag cut the cord. Feathers were flying in less time than it takes to write it. It was just what the passengers wanted, but in a jiffy the maddest station master I have ever seen broke through the crowd and grabbed the birds.

"You pay for 'em if you want 'em!" he managed to blurt out in English.

"Good!" said White, of Connecticut. "Just the thing! How much?"

"Sixty dollars, now, you want 'em fight."

But the train was ready, and we had to go.

The Speaker was still wrestling with the Constitution of Venezuela, a copy of which had been handed him in Caracas, when Busbey and Dr. Hough renewed the "settlement" of the Venezuelan problem.

"The army is with Castro to-day," said the Doctor, "but it is with anybody to-morrow. This country must have foreigners. One hundred bright North Americans, working together, with plenty of money to back them, would put Venezuela on her feet."

"No, no," Busbey chimed in, gloomily, "the blood-ties of these people are all with the Europeans."

Tired and hungry, we drew into La Victoria—half the

run completed—shortly after noon. It was at this place—the Gettysburg of Venezuela—that Castro met and defeated Matos. In this battle 8,000 men were killed.

Near the station, by the side of a stream, an avenue of bamboo trees afforded shade for a picnic luncheon. The trees rubbed their hollow trunks against each other musically, as we made the best of the cold chicken and native food that was set before us. Then gathered a large proportion of the population, quiet and gloomy. The

LUNCHEON UNDER BAMBOO TREES, LA VICTORIA.

constabulary also turned out, for the military is established in La Victoria.

"Look!" said McKinley, "Look at that street car!"

Announced by a jangling bell, along it came on a narrow-gauge track about the size of a flat-top desk. But, nevertheless, it had four transverse seats, and these were occupied by men and women.

"Take me back to old Champaign," was McKinley's closing commentary.

A handsome young gentleman, in a small turnout, now drove forward, seeking the Speaker. He said he had been requested by the Governor of the province to say that his presence was required at the funeral of a former governor of the province, otherwise he would have called upon the Speaker in person.

"You speak English very well," said the Speaker.

"O, yes!" was the reply. "I am a correspondent for 'Collier's Weekly.'"

"And what are you doing here?"

Could there be any other reason? Certainly not!

"Waiting for the revolution," said the young New Yorker.

Another American greeted us at La Victoria, a missionary, who brought along his fair-haired wife and sister. A Minnesotean, he naturally inquired for Tawney, to whom he presented a rare bulb, indigenous to the soil.

"We're making out fairly well now," said the man of God, optimistically. "There is, to be sure, much opposition to our work here, but we have a church and a steady congregation of fifteen or twenty persons."

"How long have you been here?" the missionary was asked.

"About five years. There are many negroes here, and much of our work is with them. It is a rich and beautiful country, and, with God's help, we shall do the best we can to enable the people to enjoy it."

"You are making a noble struggle against heavy odds," said the Speaker, to whom the missionary had been presented. "The black man needs your help, and I suppose someone must make the sacrifice. It is a great work, in which we all hope for the best. I hope for the best now, as I did in the days along the Wabash—when many a black man came my way. It brought him a day nearer Canada—I hope for the best."

There was no time for sight-seeing in La Victoria, for it was a long and tiresome run to Valencia, and we were all anxious to have it over. Mann and I, wearying of the heat, took to the back platform, and, with our legs dangling over, counted the tunnels and bridges, or watched the buzzards circling overhead. We had speculated upon the llanos of the Guaira river, with their fine herds and plantations of coffee, sugar and tobacco; had observed the primitive plows

HORSE-CAR, LA VICTORIA, VENEZUELA.

and farming implements, the evidences of mineral wealth and the presence of wild cotton, when at one of the small stations a crowd of black boys assembled, with fruits and flowers. The passengers were good humored and "rigged" the venders, who stuck to ridiculously high prices, and made no sales. The train pulled out slowly and then developed an amusing scene. From seriousness and taciturnity, the venders changed to the frivolous. They tossed their "precious" merchandise in the air, kicked it about the

UNDER THE BAMBOO TREE, LA VICTORIA.

platform, and danced upon it. It evidenced a new trait of character, and dispelled a little of the gloom so generally prevalent amongst the people. Mann immediately took advantage of it by saluting the lonely workmen whom we passed along the way. They liked it, and waved back. They may have thought it was Roosevelt, or possibly mistook the swarthy face of my distinguished colleague for that of Castro. However, it did no harm, and added a little human sunshine to the exceedingly effective natural variety.

At Valencia we took the other English road that was to carry us to Puerto Cabello and the *Bluecher*. It was scenic from start to finish, but a great novelty of it was the cog-wheel feature. In the wildest country imaginable, the water leaping from crag to rock below, where wondrous vines entangled themselves among the trees, we descended from a height of 1,500 feet above sea-level at an angle so precipitous as to make the teeth chatter. But about sundown we landed upon level tracks, where the whiffs of ozone admonished us of the proximity of the sea.

Through forests of cacti, resembling the myriad masts of ships in a harbor beyond a hill, we steamed along, crossing wastes of sand, and marshes like those of the Jersey coast, coming out, at last, in full view of the ocean at an Indian village known as El Palito. The train stopped at El Palito, and some of us dropped off to look into the huts. Simple dwellings they were, containing only the one room, open (through crevices, at least) on all sides, with an earthen fireplace, a few utensils, and a board bed. Though the babies were not in "conventional attire," the men and women were neatly dressed, in observance, apparently, of a holy day.

Splendid cocoanut groves came into view as we ap-

proached Cabello (the port of the hair), and we thought of the blockade of the foreign powers as the Government barracks were pointed out. The former yacht of Howard Gould, now a part of Castro's gunboat flotilla, lay at anchor in the harbor. Vari-colored electric lights began to sparkle from the Navy Yard, which comprehends the frowning old prison on the spot of land across the harbor, and numerous small boats, with men in uniform, flitted in and out.

"The President is making a fine new navy yard," said one of our escort on the wharf.

"But he's got a lot of political prisoners in that old dungeon," said another.

"What do they say in Caracas; is Castro living or dead?" queried a third.

By this time the United States Consul, Mr. Johnson, a negro, from New York, accompanied by an assistant, came forward and presented himself to the Speaker. Another New Yorker, Mr. Broad, was amongst the callers. Broad was completing the Government work at the navy yard, and had just set up a dry dock which was built in the United States. It had been a holiday in Puerto Cabello, and the places of business were closed, so we turned our eyes to the majestic outlines of the steamship *Bluecher*—our home. She was ablaze with lights from stem to stern, and her proportions dwarfed into insignificance the vessels that lay nearby.

THE FAMILY WASH, JAMAICA.

CHAPTER VIII.

JAMAICA.

Fun on the Ship—Mr. Cannon "Reminesces"—The Development of the West—Peter Cartwright's Sermon—Lincoln's Sore Trial—Lovejoy's Speech in the Illinois Convention—America's Great Home Market—Approach to Jamaica—Wrecks and Rocks—The Sinking of Port Royal—Kingston and the Earthquake—Stories of the Great Disaster—The Queen's Monument Twisted—A Dismantled Club—Citizens Still Bewildered—The Incident of Swettenham—A Foolish Letter—Women Carrying the Hod—Arrival of Secretary Metcalf—Governor Dines With Americans—Trouble Raising Revenue—Canada Complains of the Tariff—United States Left Out—Work of Restoration Slow.

He sailed — away — from New York Bay,
Across — the o-cean blue,
He did — the whole — West Indies up
And captured Venezu —
He had — the Speak-er and the House —
The Sen-ator had, too,
And every other Mann
Who was ever worth a ——,
So McKinley,—Here's
to
you!

The quiet Illinoisan was dozing calmly in his comfortable deck-chair on the morning after our Venezuelan experience —and there was no escape. In painfully discordant tones, but with plenty of action, the entertainment committee got in its deadly work. McKinley awoke and listened, then asked to be excused.

"I am unused to such distinction," he said.

Odd, varied and picturesque as had been the scenes and

incidents of the Venezuelan trip, few were inclined to long discussion when the ship left Puerto Cabello. We were a tired lot and most of us at once sought our state-rooms. But the night's sleep had been refreshing, and ahead of us were two days at sea in a northerly course to Jamaica. We were to spend another day there and then, on the run to Colon and Panama, kill the remaining two days required by Mr. McKinley's five days' quarantine instructions. And yet we had wasted no time from the landing at St. Thomas to the departure from Puerto Cabello. In fact, we had hustled, and that under German direction. But now that we were to have two days at sea—two delightful, restful days—how were the passengers to be entertained? The insurgent ruse had been worked until there was little amusement in it. The Widow and the escapades of her monkey were attracting some attention, and there were small bits of scandal and gossip that admonished us of Mrs. Grundy's presence.

"I say," said Mrs. Culgan to young Eversman, "do you know that Mrs. Brown, of Montana, has mesmeric powers? She can tell what you are playing, a la Paderewski, from the mere movement of your fingers."

"Indeed!" replied Eversman, imitating the piano player in pantomime. "What am I playing, Mrs. Brown?"

"You are playing the fool!"

"That's very nice," said McKinley, "but wait, Mrs. Brown! Do you know why they call the capital of Venezuela, Caracas?"

"No, why?"

"Because, that's its name."

"But here's the Captain!" said Mrs. Smith, of Peoria. "Don't allow dogs on the ship, do you, Captain? Miss Bassett fooled you good, didn't she?" (Miss Bassett had cleverly imitated the barking of a dog in one of the cabins.)

"I dink not," said the Captain.

"But you didn't find any dog!"

"No, only heard de tale."

"Ah, Mr. Speaker," said one of the party as Mr. Cannon hove in sight, "did you see Mr. Busbey in his new duck suit? He is so gorgeous we have made him admiral."

"You know why men are made admirals?" asked Mr. Cannon.

"No!"

"They are made admirals to get on the retired list."

"But Mr. Mann," exclaimed a bevy of ladies, who had helped along the McKinley song, "we must have an entertainment to-night!"

Mann looked up from a volume entitled "Venezuela," by William E. Curtis, lazily adjusted his glasses, and said: "Would it not be better to have dinner first?"

"By all means, Mr. Mann, but then the entertainment!"

"Very well, you shall have the best on the boat. We will get Speaker Cannon."

"Oh, won't that be lovely!"

"Yes, we will get the Speaker," said Mann. "He is under orders on this ship. We will make him tell of his experiences in the Far West."

In the evening, after dinner, the committee having captured Mr. Cannon for a short talk, the great dining room was filled to the doors. Mann presented Sherman as the presiding officer, and one of the delightful speeches for which the New Yorker became noted aboard ship followed. Mrs. Huntoon, of Providence, sang beautifully, and then came the Speaker. It was negligee weather, and the Speaker's loose trappings strikingly portrayed the very characteristics of the founders of the West whom he extolled.

"I now present to you one of the few men who rode the circuit with the immortal Lincoln," said Sherman.

The audience rose and cheered. They had come to know the Speaker personally, and they were prepared to fall back for the treat they believed to be in store.

"Rode the circuit with Abraham Lincoln," began Uncle Joe. "That makes it necessary to reminesce—how long was it before most of you were born? And I am trying to keep up with you as a candidate—for matrimony."

"The Middle West! Why the Middle West is but a matter of twenty-four hours, and yet the settlement of the Middle West, as it was known years ago, presents a record more marvelous than the history of any country on the face of the earth, from the close of the Revolution to the present time. The settlement of the Middle West involves a leadership on the part of men whose names will live through all time. It was a kind of leadership that accorded with the people who were to be led. Without such leadership and without co-operation as between the leadership and the people, leadership for great purposes cannot long prevail."

Mr. Cannon took up the life-work of Lewis and Clark, whom he pictured as types of the great American frontiersmen; spoke of their personal triumphs and high national purposes, and told how such men carried the boundary of the Republic from the Allegheny mountains to the Mississippi and then to the Pacific ocean.

"The Middle West! How odd it sounded now to those who could so easily compute distances and establish communication with the States beyond the Atlantic seaboard, and yet how important in its time was the accession to the Union of Ohio, of Indiana, of Illinois, and of Michigan! But what thoughts the inevitable Western trend of civilization recalled! The incorruptible history of it all; the individual history of it; the pioneer in his buckskin garments; the lawyer who assisted in establishing the rights and the titles for a miser-

able stipend; the doctor who took his chances in the new and unsettled territory; the business man who staked his all upon the coming of the people, and the men and the women who took their chances with the elements and the Indians and hostile environment.

"I don't like to 'reminesce,' and you'll pardon me for that word," said the Speaker, "but it is important that those of us who are able may do so, as a help to the wise and safe determination of the questions of the future. The missionary had much to do with the development of the Middle West, particularly the Methodist; his industry and courage carried him across the mountains and aided him in fording the streams. Each country has its own notion of religion—but they were God-fearing men, no matter what denomination they represented, who struck out in those days for the development of God's work in the wilderness. They were made of stern stuff; they wore homespun, 'warmuses,' we used to call them; men of the Peter Cartwright type.

"The announcement went forth to the people of the wild country," the Speaker continued, "that at 6 o'clock one morning Peter Cartwright would speak. The assignment was a hard one and dare-devil fellows were to be dealt with, but Cartwright took it up and said: 'We shall have such an outpouring of the spirit as will gladden the day.'

"Cartwright was hammering away with all his enthusiasm, when the old pioneer bishop exclaimed: 'Be careful, General Jackson is coming down the aisle!'

" 'Who's General Jackson?' said the preacher, defiantly. 'If he don't repent of his sins, he'll be damned the same as any guilty nigger.'

" 'He'll cut off your head!' said the Bishop.

"But after the services Jackson came forward and said: 'You're the kind of a man I like.' And there was more respect for religion from that time on in that vicinity.

"The physician along with the missionary played his part in those days," the Speaker said. "He resorted to the old-fashioned remedies—calomel and quinine—and, if necessary, bleeding. God bless him! He played his part. And the lawyer, he made for law and order in all communities that were calculated to disregard the law—and right royally he did his work. Some of the law reports of the pioneer judges of the Middle West have come to be recognized as classics in the profession—worthy deliberations of men whose earning power was insignificant, for the lawyer rarely earned a thousand dollars a year in those days.

"It was worth a man's life then to bring into subjection eighty acres of ground; the father and the mother and the children, products of the log cabin, must necessarily stand the test and stress of the times, be industrious, patriotic and physically strong. Necessity was a great teacher with the men and women of this type. The human animal makes real progress only where the hand of necessity has demonstrated its worth. Trace the development of people under pressure abroad. Oppression has but tested the metal of the race. Witness the strength and vigor and persistence of the Hollander, driven at last to the very dunes of the North Sea. To those pioneer days in the Middle West there is a tremendous obligation due by us all as a people, for upon the foundation laid by them in sacrifice and hardship, one generation has surpassed another until we have the best civilization the world over.

"But Abraham Lincoln! I was not an intimate, though I met him in '59, after his discussion with Douglas in '58. He was a leader of the type to which I refer, and his leadership, in my judgment, was much more difficult than that of Washington. He was of the border States, and grew up with them. His father was a ne'er-do-well, and his respon-

sibilities were vastly increased on that account. 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth,' is the saying of old, and the answer, 'Come and see.' His lot was an unusually hard one. What learning he had was self-taught by the flickering light of the pine torch and the open fire in the log hut; but he understood the common people, for he was of them. He became a surveyor, a clerk and a flat-boat operator. He traveled afoot and afloat and he knew how the great questions of the time were affecting the border States. The principal theatre of the great struggle leading up to the Rebellion was in the borderlands, and Lincoln was essentially a product of those lands. The people did not go into the agitation over the extension of slavery for the abolition of slavery, and Lincoln, understanding the people, did not move in that direction, except as necessity required.

"The question of abolition was a little too slow for New York, maybe, but it was a little too fast for Indiana. It was necessary to move as the judgment of the people justified the move. Lincoln issued his famous Emancipation Proclamation in September. He had written it fully three months before, and had held it until the opportunity to promulgate it had arrived. While he was waiting a distinguished delegation called, and to sound them out he asked if to issue such a proclamation would not be like 'the Pope's bull against the comet.' He sought to know what the people thought and to act in accordance with their sober judgment."

The three great men of this trying time to whom Mr. Cannon gave credit for the safe direction of affairs were Lincoln, Oliver P. Morton, the War Governor of Indiana, and Ulysses S. Grant. He spoke of the manner in which money was raised in the East to support the policies of Lincoln in the West, and told of his personal observances in the Republican State Convention of Illinois after the Emancipation Proclamation had been issued.

"The platform made no endorsement of Lincoln by name," he said, "there was no word bearing upon the Emancipation Proclamation. The program of the convention managers was going through and Lincoln was being ignored, when the distinguished Unionist, Lovejoy, sprang to his feet. He seemed to be alone in his support of the great man in the White House.

"'Sit down!' cried the multitude.

"'I'll not sit down!' answered Lovejoy. 'I made a vow when I stood over the body of my murdered brother that I would be heard upon this question, and I *will* be heard.'

"For ten minutes," said Mr. Cannon, "poured from his lips such eloquence as I had never heard in human speech before, or since. He lifted the great audience to its feet, and when he proposed the amendment approving the Proclamation and mentioning Lincoln by name, there were none to say him nay. His work accomplished, the man who thus bravely stood for the War President turned upon his audience and said: 'I can now say with Simeon of old, "let Thy servant depart in peace."'"

In this manner Mr. Cannon talked on to the intense delight of his audience, drifting ultimately into a description of the present conditions of the country and commenting gently upon the differences between the United States and the governments under whose jurisdiction we had recently been.

"A majority of the population of the country is now unquestionably in what was once known as the Middle West," he said. "It is the home of agriculture; and Chicago, the great central city of the Middle West, has grown to be the second manufacturing city in the United States.* But the

*The Census Bureau gives Philadelphia second place as a manufacturing city. Chicago is second in population and third in manufactures.

whole country has prospered. How wonderful it all seems to those who are considering the pioneer days. In the South we produce four times the amount of cotton that was produced when slavery existed. The whir of the spindle in North and South Carolina and Georgia is as familiar as it is in the manufacturing center of New England. It is not that New England is going out of business, for she is doing more business than ever. We are simply growing in all directions. The grand aggregate of the production of our country to-day equals one-third the production of the industries of the world. Ninety-five per cent. of the manufactured products of the United States is consumed within the United States. The little five per cent. of American products that goes abroad is sufficiently great to make the United States the greatest exporting country on earth."

"And yet," said the Speaker, solemnly, "we are not happy and never will be. Some of us want the millennium; some of us don't want it. If there were nothing to strive for, existence would be intolerable."

It was here the Speaker touched upon the countries through which we had just traveled.

"There are serious problems ahead of these people. Look at Venezuela; a fine country, rich in natural resources as any country in the world, but lacking men and women of the pioneer type of the Middle West; it needs courage, integrity and character; men who can be good lovers as well as good haters. May it not happen before this twentieth century closes that our sons and grandsons, inspired by the spirit of the pioneers of the Middle West, may move down upon these beautiful mountains and fertile plateaus, civilizing, Christianizing, industrializing and inspiring to noble achievement those who would take advantage of the opportunities the country affords. Will they not help to make competent for

self-government the vast percentage of those whose restless and unsettled natures disqualify them from undertaking the responsibilities of government! So throughout the West Indies may it not come to pass that men of strength and character of the type I have described shall enter into the development of those islands with the same fortitude and courage and high purpose that inspired the men of the Middle West, for unless some such Christianizing, civilizing and government-respecting influence does manifest itself, and that, too, under the auspices of our own great government, with its eighty-five millions of contented people, the future of these islands will be problematical. Without stable government men will fear for the protection of their lives as well as their property. No peoples incapable of self-government, incapable of successfully governing themselves, of maintaining the law and order of their own communities, are competent to govern others."

Mr. Cannon closed with the thought that the day would come when the United States would exercise its benign influence over the entire West Indies, and with the hope that if it did not come in his time, he might be able to look down upon generations of prosperous people celebrating the glorious day that annexed them to the United States.

As we approached Jamaica, fairest of all England's possessions in the Antilles, we saw little patches of coral sticking out of the water, on one patch a single palm tree, on another a fisherman's shack. On this dreary waste of the Caribbean Sea, a man in a tiny dory was sailing away as thoughtlessly as though he were in a creek. He was beyond sight of land. The numerous reefs and cays approaching Jamaica make navigation dangerous. Every earthquake jars the bottom and creates land or takes it away.

Outside the harbor of Kingston, the sport of the waves,

lay two beached ships. One of them was the magnificent twin-screw steamship, *Prinzessin Victoria Louise,* of the Hamburg-American line. The *Bluecher's* party would probably have made their trip in her, had she returned to New York. The story was a sad one, for although her passengers were safely landed, the loss of the vessel so distressed the captain that rather than face his employers he blew out his brains.

At a snail's pace we crept into the harbor of Kingston, a harbor so extensive, it is claimed, that it could hold the navies of the world; a harbor, too, that had sheltered the vessels of England and the world when New York was waste land. The two wrecked vessels were themselves a warning, but the earthquake of January 24th, only two months before, had changed the surface conditions and made it necessary to go slow. We were not long in detecting evidences of the earthquake. On one side of the harbor were sunken fortifications—on the Port Royal side cocoanut trees were standing out in the sea, their green leaves turned to yellow. The tennis court of the commandant had gone under with the point of the peninsula; buildings had tottered; wharves were twisted and broken, and Port Royal generally was in distress.

But Port Royal was not unaccustomed to seismic disturbance. In the days of the buccaneers, when Jamaica was the rallying ground for men of the Morgan stamp, Port Royal, now the nearest approach to Kingston, was a famous place. "Low, rakish craft," of the traditional black flag type, came gliding in from all directions, their crews jolly or morose, according as their expedition had resulted. Then might was right and power made the law. In time the city grew. Priests came and built a church, but along in 1692, the earth trembled and sank. The church, and many of the houses

surrounding it, dropped into the harbor and the waters closed over them.

About the Caribbean Sea there is such a peculiar clarity that the submerged settlement was plainly visible as late as 1835, and the superstitious said you might hear the bell in the church steeple toll on a stormy night, or before the enactment of some deed of violence. Even now parties of visitors, rowing over the place where the Port Royal church

MYRTLE BANK HOTEL, KINGSTON.

once stood, peer into the deep water with glasses designed for that purpose, and exclaim:

"I think I see it!"

The disaster to Port Royal determined the location of Kingston. It was built at the end of the harbor, close up to the mountains, where a quake of the earth might not so easily slide it into the sea. But the ways of Providence are inscrutible. "Man proposes and God disposes." With all her precautions, Kingston was not to be spared. The visita-

tion of January 14, 1907, had laid her low. Our landing was on the morning of March 21st, so that we were close upon the heels of the disaster. In moderate tremors the quake had continued to manifest its presence during the two intervening months. Evidently some new fissure under the earth's surface was being closed. Nor had the people quite recovered their equipoise. They were still wondering and wandering, and they had good reason to be unsettled.

Their wharves and docks were broken, many of them unfit for use. About 7,500 of their houses had been destroyed or damaged, fifty acres of the business section had been burned over after the earthquake, and 800 of the people had been killed. Everywhere were broken buildings, cellar walls and piles of brick and mortar. Twisted wires and bits of iron added to the general scene of desolation and waste. Some of the streets had been cleared of débris, but many of them were still mixed up with the ruins, defying metes and bounds.

In the business quarter especially the scene was appalling. Scarcely a warehouse was left. King Street, the main business thoroughfare of Kingston, which, three months before, was as flourishing as the bay tree, was a total ruin. Not a house, nor a store, nor a building of any kind was standing throughout its length.

There were some remarkable things about the earthquake. The statue of Queen Victoria, at the farther end of the street, was twisted on its pedestal. The bottom of the statue was not displaced and the statue itself had not been damaged. The quake had evidently fallen upon the stone between the pedestal and the statue. The force of the shock, generally, it appeared, was felt most severely a few feet above the ground. It was like a dog shaking a rat. Everything above is serene and everything below is serene, but there is plenty doing in the middle.

I saw brick gate posts with ornate tops. The head-pieces and the foundations were in perfect condition, but there were holes and broken bricks in the center.

The effect upon the streets was curious. In San Francisco the car-tracks were torn and twisted and streets gaped; in Kingston, not a track was out of place; not a street broken. It is said that somewhere back in the mountains a fissure did appear, but in Kingston itself, aside from the sunken

STATUE OF VICTORIA, KINGSTON.
[Turned by Earthquake.]

wharves and the sunken point at Port Royal, the earth gave no indication of what had taken place.

One of the chief tasks to which the authorities of Kingston applied themselves after the earthquake was the disposal of bodies found in the ruins. Because of the climate the danger of pestilence was great. Trenches were dug and cart loads of the dead were dumped into them. There is reason to believe that kerosene was poured over some of those ap-

proaching decomposition and that they were burned. The excitement concerning dead bodies was pronounced at the beginning, but as the latter accumulated, those in charge of the work were obliged to move quickly, and the proprieties of burial, in some cases, may have been forgotten. It was a time when sympathy played small part in the proceedings, and doubtless some harsh expedients were resorted to.

The great majority of the dead were negroes, many of them practically homeless. It was in handling these bodies the workers became callous to the conditions.

"We had to think of the living," said one of the men who had been engaged in the work.

"Don't you think there is still danger of pestilence from bodies in the ruins?" I asked.

"No, not now; the lime in those brick piles has taken care of that."

With Dr. Keely, who had a letter of introduction to Mr. Haggart, a representative of large steamship interests in Kingston, I called at the once attractive Jamaica Club. Prior to the earthquake the Jamaica Club had been the Union League of Jamaica. There was very little left of it. Dust, bricks, mortar, beams and tangled wires greeted us. The tin roof was hanging to the floor of the main hall and there was no wind to shake it. Mr. Haggart made his appearance from a small room that had evidently served as a kitchen, and with him came Mr. Vickers, a member of the Jamaica Parliament, and a former member, Mr. Cork. Several other members also sauntered in—they wanted to be hospitable, but it was difficult. Everybody was hot and dusty and the single attendant was badly rattled. Presently the Scotch and soda made its appearance. We wiped the white dust from the single table that remained and then began to swap stories. The Jamaicans told us of their club. On the

day of the earthquake a large dinner was being given in the main hall, where the tin roof now settled against the débris, in honor of Governor Swettenham and several members of the British Parliament, who had come to Jamaica to discuss postal matters. Fortunately the dinner was over and most of the guests had retired when the earthquake came. One member who had been playing billiards was struck by a falling beam. His brains dropped over the ground where he fell. A recital of horrors followed and gave such a melancholy touch to the conversation that Keely and I began to take the other side. Johnstown had lost more people, and look at San Pierre! Better quit mourning and cheer up!

"My word," said Cork, "I just happened to think. Do you recall old Blank, who was playing billiards upstairs? He was caught behind the barriers. I had to get up to him with a ladder. He just had room enough to wave his arms above his head, and he was still doing it when I arrived. 'Look out for the bricks!' he was saying. 'Look out for the bricks!'"

"I am glad," said Vickers, "that you gentlemen came along. We've lost our bearings since the earthquake; we've been in a stupor."

"What did you do on the Post Office site to-day," asked one of the newcomers of Vickers.

It was so like home I paused to listen, for Vickers had come in from Savanna-la-Mar, to attend a Parliamentary conference that day.

"As usual," he said, "the Governor had his way."

We left the Club now to pursue our own inquiries. Jamaica, we learned, is possessed of a population of 700,000 blacks as against only about 14,000 whites. The same proportion holds in Kingston, where the total population prior to

WORK OF THE EARTHQUAKE, KINGSTON.

the earthquake was about 70,000. There were 1,700 soldiers on the island, of whom 300 were white, and in Kingston 250 policemen—all negroes. A possible uprising of the blacks was therefore a matter of some concern to the whites after the excitement of the great shock had subsided. It took but 31 seconds to wreck the city.

"The shock," said a leading citizen, "began exactly at 3.30 o'clock on the afternoon of the fateful January 14th. The force of it was tremendous, and I cannot understand why it did not break the streets, as earthquakes usually do. It seemed as though the ground were rising up to meet you, and many people were thrown down as they walked.

"For one brief moment, those of us who were in the business section could see the houses tumbling, and then the white dust which as you see still covers the city, filled the air. It was as impenetrable to the eye as the thickest London fog. I give you my word, you could not see your hand in front of your face, during the three minutes that this dust lasted.

"And, in the awful darkness, people were rushing about like mad, bumping into one another and striking at one another. The injured were shrieking for help and the wildest pandemonium reigned, where, but a moment before, everything was peaceful and quiet.

"Before the dust had settled, the whites began to quake in their boots for fear of a negro uprising, but fortunately the negroes were too badly freightened to think of such a thing. They imagined the world was coming to an end, and they flocked to their churches—to any church that they could find —to pray.

"They dropped down on their knees in the middle of the streets, shouting out supplications for mercy and loudly lamenting their past sins. Revolution was the last thing they thought about at that moment, and by the time they had

recovered from their terror the American war vessels had arrived. Ah, but we were glad to see those ships!

"You see the negroes here are on an entirely different plane from those in the United States. The whites do not have the inherent antipathy for them that they seem to have in some parts of your country. It is not at all uncommon for a respectable white man here to marry a negress, but for all that we have learned to dread the black man. There have been some bloody revolts here, and only the knowledge of the unshakable power of England keeps the vast negro population in check.

"Many of them are rovers, most of them are illegitimate, and this means that the majority of the people have no binding family ties."

But what of Swettenham! Swettenham, the overwrought Governor who turned aside the succor offered by the United States in the hour of Kingston's trial! He was still in the saddle as King Edward's representative, but his recall had been announced and he was soon to go. O, what a mess he made of it! It chanced on the very morning the terrible news from Kingston stirred the people of the United States that something in the line of my Congressional duty took me to the office of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy in Washington.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Newberry, at a sudden call from the telephone. "This is a matter of great importance."

It was indeed! for word had come from the White House and gone through the Departments of the Army and Navy that, as the United States was so much nearer the stricken city than the mother country, the spirit of humanity demanded that help should be rushed to Kingston with all possible speed - for if England should be nearer than we to a stricken island of the United States as much might be ex-

pected of her. It was not a matter of parley, nor of standing upon "the order of going;" "but, go at once!" commanded the President. When Mr. Newberry resumed his interview with me he spoke of vessels of the United States loaded with provisions, now upon their way.

Before the day closed, I also remembered, the same Tawney now accompanying Speaker Cannon upon this tour of the West Indies, arose in his place, and, obtaining the Speaker's recognition, moved that Congress approve the action that had been taken. There was no dissent, but on the contrary the sympathetic heart-beats of the great American nation then went out to Kingston and her afflicted people.

"Dear Admiral," wrote Swettenham, to Rear Admiral Davis, the representative of the good wishes of the United States on this occasion, "Thanks very much for your letter, your kind call and all of the assistance given or offered us. While I most heartily appreciate the very generous offers of assistance, I feel it my duty to ask you to re-embark the working party and all parties which your kindness prompted you to land.

"If in consideration of the American Vice Consul's assiduous attention to his family at his country house the American Consulate needs guarding in your opinion, although he was present and it was not guarded an hour ago, I have no objection to your detailing a force for the sole purpose of guarding; but the party must have no firearms and nothing more offensive than clubs or staves for this function.

"I find your working party was this morning helping Mr. Crosswell clean his store. Crosswell was delighted that the work was done without cost. If your Excellency should remain long enough I am sure all the private owners would be glad of the services of the navy to save expense.

"It is no longer a question of humanity; all of the dead

died days ago and the work of giving them burial is merely one of convenience.

"I would be glad to accept delivery of the safe, which it is alleged thieves had possession of. The American Vice Consul has no knowledge of it; the store is close to a sentry post, and the officer of the post professes ignorance of the incident.

"I believe the police surveillance of the city is adequate for the protection of private property. I may remind your Excellency that not long ago it was discovered that thieves had lodged in and pillaged the residence of some New York millionaires during their absence in the summer, but this would not have justified a British Admiral landing an armed party and assisting the New York police.

"ALEXANDER SWETTENHAM,
"Governor."

It was a foolish letter and the world at once placed its estimate upon the writer, but we found that, while the people of Jamaica had been amazed and pained at the stand taken by their Governor, he was not without friends. Those who were charitable said he was honest and had been long in the service. "His family was driven from home and was living in tents; his mind was overwrought," they said. Then, again, they referred to the danger of uprising and the fear that the landing of the American marines would incite the natives to disparage the power of England to manage her own affairs. They talked of the unfortunate salute when Swettenham departed from the Admiral's ship and excused the Governor for his hasty temper because of the general confusion—but they did not defend his letter—not one. They simply regretted his act in turning away from a needy people the hand that came to feed them. In the Kingston *Daily Telegraph*, on the day of our arrival, the correspond-

ence between the Governor and Lord Elgin, Secretary of State for the Colonies, concerning the efforts to restore the city, was published. The Governor was full of argument and precedent. On the question of raising revenue in which he clashed with prominent citizens, he was finally told by Lord Elgin he "must clearly understand" the Imperial Government meant to maintain the position it had taken. But the fairest index to the Governor's position appeared in the *Telegraph's* leading editorial. "The proceedings in the Legislative Council yesterday," it said, "showed that the sooner Jamaica has a Governor who knows his own mind, and is prepared to carry out a policy which approves itself to him, the better it will be for the colony. The plans of the present administration seem to be in a somewhat chaotic condition—at least, some of them are; and we see no hope of an improvement in the situation until a new Governor is installed in office, and authorized to go straight ahead. * * * The state of chaos into which things are now drifting is creditable neither to the ruling officials nor to the representatives of the people. Jamaica clearly requires a strong man at the head of its affairs, for it is to be feared that the situation will not improve until such a man arrives."

Notwithstanding even this "home view" of the Governor, it was the concensus of opinion that our party should treat the whole matter broadly, and, accordingly, Busbey, as the Speaker's representative, and I called at the Government House, or what remained of it, to leave cards for the entire delegation. We were received by the Colonial Secretary, who was cordial and apparently well-pleased with the call. But the visit was brief, for the reason that the dust was too thick. Black workmen were doing their best to restore certain rooms of the building and black women were carrying the hod. The latter handled the big boxes of mortar and

mounted the ladders with the ease with which most women carry a baby. They seemed to sympathize with the men.

It reminded me of the Irishman who wrote of his American experiences to his friends at home:

"It's a great country," he said. "You've only to carry the hod to the top av the buildin' and the man up there does all the work."

The morning of Friday, March 22, came hot as the breath of the desert It was a dreadfully oppressive atmosphere, more so than we had experienced at any time on the trip, and our thin clothes afforded little relief. On this uncomfortable day a ship came in with American papers containing the news of a financial cyclone in the stock market and of an eleven-inch snowfall in Philadelphia. Neither piece of information brought us much comfort. The *Bluecher's* passengers were languid and depressed. Some of them took side trips to St. Ann's, Spanish Town and other neighboring points of interest, but the Congressional party stayed around Kingston. We rode to Constant Springs Hotel on the trolley, about six miles out, and found that some of the walls had fallen during the earthquake.

The Speaker was fanning himself on the porch and viewing the scenery, when several gentlemen alighted from a carriage.

"Helio, it's Metcalf!" said he, as the Secretary of the Navy came forward.

"Yes, we heard you were here, and didn't want to leave without seeing you."

"How did you come?"

"On the *Dolphin*—she's tied up alongside of your steamer."

Accompanying the Secretary were United States Senators Hale, of Maine; Penrose, of Pennsylvania; Carter, of Mon-

tana, and Flint, of California. They had gone out to watch the target practice of the Atlantic fleet off Santa Cruz.

"I never saw such marksmanship in my life," said the Secretary.

The Senators, too, spoke highly of the work of the American gunners.

"Dinner! Bless your soul, yes!" How better could two distinguished bodies of American tourists fraternize? And with the Governor of Jamaica, too! The same Governor Swettenham who had so rudely brushed aside the best intentions of a nation. The Governor had called. Like other men who make mistakes or get misunderstood, he was all right when brought face to face. There is, after all, some good in most of us.

"The Governor did the right thing in the wrong way," volunteered someone to the Speaker after the dinner.

But always ready and ever careful, the Speaker answered: "He is a dignified and pleasant gentleman."

The reference to the Governor reminded me of his lengthy correspondence with Lord Elgin. In discussing the proposed Imperial Loan and the inability of the island to raise more revenue, the Governor had written:

"Our Customs duties are already too high, being 16 2-3 *ad valorem,* or if rateable duties be considered also, about 24 per cent. on the total nominal value of imports."

I thought of this in relation to England as a "free trade" country. How much was it for free trade? The *Telegraph* that very day reported the opinion of commercial delegates from Canada who had been touring the Windward and Leeward Islands. They wanted a reciprocal arrangement with the West Indies. For what reason, pray? Because "at present, Canada is not receiving fair play in the West Indies!" because "the tariffs press more hardly on the

products of the Dominion than on the manufactured goods of the mother country." It was suggested "that the manufactures and products of Canada should be placed on the same basis as all other British products."

"We do not know precisely how the matter stands in our sister colonies to the east of the Caribbean Sea," said the editor of the *Telegraph*, "but we do know that, as far as the tariff of Jamaica is concerned, the Canadians have just grounds of complaint against our Government. If our schedules of import duties are closely scrutinized, it will be found (roughly speaking) that the minimum amounts have to be paid on manufactured goods and the maximum amounts on flour, meat, food products, or, generally speaking, the necessaries of life. Now, the mother country is our principal source of supply for all manufactured goods—clothing, hats, dress materials, etc. On the other hand, the United States and Canada are our chief sources of supply for the necessaries of life. But whereas the goods which are manufactured in England come into this island on an import duty basis of 16 2-3 per cent., flour has to pay a specific duty of two dollars per barrel, and kerosene oil has to pay a specific duty which works out at something like 120 per cent. It is not difficult to perceive that such a state of affairs, when fully understood, must be the reverse of satisfactory to the exporters both of America and Canada. Within recent years the Dominion has been granting a preference to sugar produced in the British West Indies, with the result that practically the whole of the sugar manufactured in this island is now going to Halifax, instead of New York. Canada, however, enjoys no reciprocal advantage. If it is taking a larger percentage of our total exports, it is not sending any more of its products to our shores in exchange for them. And the Canadians naturally say: Why should we bolster up the

trade of the West Indian colonies if the effect is simply to enable the colonists to import larger quantities of manufactured articles from Great Britain? The people of the United States have still more reason to complain. They allow all the bananas grown in this island to enter American ports duty free; and banana growing is now the principal industry of Jamaica. They are content, however, to take the bulk of our products and to send us a comparatively small percentage of our imports. And, as long as they refrain from raising the question of reciprocal trade, we in Jamaica need not trouble our heads over it. But the Canadian delegates have raised the question; and we have no doubt the Government of Jamaica, in common with the governments of all our sister colonies in the West Indies, will yet hear more about it. What answer shall we be able to return to their inquiries and complaints? We shall have to acknowledge that their grievance is well founded—and then set out to revise our inequitable tariff schedules."

I make this excerpt because it ought to be interesting to the students of the American tariff system. There are those who would lower our bars and bring us closer to "free trade England." Again I ask "how much is England for free trade?" In this beautiful island of more than 700,000 people the principal industry, which is that of raising bananas, is controlled by Americans. The principal market for this output is the United States, and the fruit is admitted free of duty. Against the manufactures of the United States the bars are up. We are the nearest neighbors of the island, and yet Great Britain keeps her supplied with manufactures, even to the prejudice of Canada—her own offspring. I am not finding fault with Great Britain. I believe in a protective tariff, but the "free trade tariff" that prevails in Jamaica and the British West Indies generally is an object lesson for tariff tinkerers in the United States.

I wandered through Kingston in a thoughtful mood. The "energy" of the Northern people compared with that of the inhabitants of the warmer climates! The willingness and worth of the negro of the states and the shiftlessness of the tropical brand! A local authority told of "the progress of the peasantry in Jamaica;" told how prize offerings had stimulated the peasants to grow coffee, till their soil and cure their products—but then came a gentleman from Man-

EARTHQUAKE WRECK, KINGSTON.

chester who said that the competitions had been held in the parish with "no results."

I was hoping for the "peasantry" of Jamaica—they have a glorious country, prolific in vegetation—but around the race course outside of Kingston, in the wake of the earthquake, I saw hundreds of them huddled, doing nothing. The government had given them the open space and they had set up a village upon it—a village of houses made of sticks and covered with burlap, rags and tin. No, there

were tents which the United States had loaned the Colonial Government (the return of which, I fear, is too delicate a suggestion to be advanced)—for the worthier and more industrious people. I saw the women with their bundles going to market; the donkey loads of bananas, of yams and sugar-cane; of Jamaica ginger and Jamaica rum. They came and went as though the world had given them all that was coming to them. I stepped into the house of a hatmaker—a dealer in jippa-jappa—which is the local brand of Panama. On the walls were pictures of Christ and the Apostles and mottoes of the Wesleyan faith.

"I am glad to see you cling to those," I said.

"Yes, sir. I trust in the Lord for the welfare of my people."

It was the industrious black man doing his best.

Then, again, I talked with a business man. He was bemoaning the attitude of the insurance companies which delayed the work of restoration in the business center by raising the earthquake clause.

"Will you get together?" I asked.

"I hope so; for two months we've done nothing."

But a brighter story was that of the Scotchman. He had built up a business worth £80,000 ($400,000). Buildings he owned were leveled with the ground. His safe was lost, his securities, his stocks and his bonds were burned, his business was wiped out and his beautiful home destroyed. In the space of half an hour the work of a lifetime was undone and he found himself in the same position he was when, a poor boy he started out to climb the ladder to fortune. He could still prove title to a small amount of ground in the burned district, but at the present time it was virtually valueless and he had no money to improve it. If he could exchange that property for the hopefulness and the enthusiasm

and the vim with which he began to fight his way he would gladly do so. But, far from giving up, he had gone out into the country and started a little store. The people were coming to him.

"He'll get it all back," said the man who told me the story. "He's a crafty old fellow; honest, you know, but very shrewd and a regular Yankee for hustling."

AMERICAN REPAVING IN PANAMA CITY.

CHAPTER IX.

COLON AND PANAMA.

The Sailors Lament—Rising of the Tide—The Canal Arouses Interest—Our Purchase from the French—A Revolution That Worked Our Way—Hot Day at Colon—A Halt in the Program—Quarantined for Yellow Fever—The Obstinacy of Gorgas—The *World's* Canal Primer—Tragic History of the Isthmus—Gambling as an Expedient—Effective Sanitary Work—Expelling the Deadly Mosquito—American Methods in Favor—Condition of the Laborers—The "Terrible" Chagres and the Lock System—Gatun Town and Dam—Culebra Cut and the Artificial Lakes—Opinions of the Engineers.

As we drew away from Kingston, viewing sadly its vast area of charred buildings, its dreary piles of brick and mortar, the situation reminded me of "The Sailor's Consolation," a poem attributed to William Pitt, "master attendant at Jamaica Dock Yard, and afterward at Malta," who died in 1840. Observe how it fits:

"One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline chewed his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline:
'A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't you hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"'Fool-hardy chaps as lives in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in:

Poor creatures! how they envy us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm
To be upon the ocean!

"'And as for them that's out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night returning home,
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"'Both you and I have oft times heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns from carriages
By thieves, and fires in London,
We know what risks these landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors,
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors.'"

Kingston was about eighteen degrees above the Equator. It had impressed us as a very hot place, and although we took to the ship for another long run at sea, we had our misgivings, for we were bound for Colon, on the north coast of the Panama strip, more than eight degrees below. We had learned enough by this time, however, to know that the ship and the free winds of the sea were much more restful and invigorating than were the hot and dusty cities of the West Indies. We had not gone far before the discovery was made that one of the passengers was missing. The discipline of the ship, immediately after we had left the harbor, brought the fact to light. The passenger, too, happened to be a woman—Miss Keating, an artist—who had gone to her state room before we left the dock, and had returned

to the shore on some sudden call, unnoticed by the steward. We sympathized with the young lady, at the same time congratulating her and ourselves that neither she nor any of us had been left at even a more remote point than Kingston.

All day Saturday, March 23d, we were at sea pursuing a course almost due South. The spirit of revelry, this day, first disported itself in comments by the Congressional party upon the sudden rise in Olcott's trousers. It was a matter of general comment, as the stalwart form of the New Yorker perambulated the deck, that not only his trousers, but his entire crash suit were moving rapidly upward as the heat increased.

"Think of it!" Olcott had said. "I got the whole suit for $2.16."

"Tide's going up, Olcott," said Tawney, when the lower end of the trousers overtopped the canvas shoes of the letter carriers' friend.

"But what can you expect at such a price?" was the polite rejoinder.

"You can't expect much," broke in the Speaker, "but you can respect the proprieties. Moreover, if you drop into the New York stores next summer, you will probably buy *that* kind of a suit for less money."

Olcott held out bravely for some time, but eventually went below, only to reappear in conventional white duck.

As the day wore on, it became evident that Panama had been the chief point of interest to every passenger on the ship. Somehow or other, everyone was interested, whether from motives of pride or curiosity. Historical works upon Panama were produced, and a number of copies of the President's illustrated message to Congress made their appearance. Scrugg's "The Colombian and Venezuelan

Republics" and George Kennan's "The Tragedy of Pelée" now gave way to public documents and engineering treatises upon the all-absorbing topic. Of our party, Mann appeared the best posted, and, as a consequence, soon became the man of the hour. He held together so many little knots of auditors that the Entertainment Committee, without his knowledge, finally got together and posted an announcement that there would be an entertainment in the grand salon in the evening, and that Mr. Mann would address the party upon "The Panama Canal."

That evening we put Olcott in the chair and had him make the introductory speech. It was one of those gems of Presbyterian fortitude which induce a man, when called upon, to perform his duty, regardless of his own inclinations or the state of humidity—for it certainly was a humid night. Then Mann opened up upon the Panama Canal. Perspiring freely with every paragraph, he unfolded the history and general scheme of the canal as it had been developed successively by the French and the Americans. The completion of the work, as he viewed it, was our duty to civilization. There were great engineering difficulties, but they would be overcome, and ultimately the United States would "divorce the two continents of North and South America, and marry the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean." Mr. Hulme, one of the passengers, who had been over the canal several times, added a few humorous comments upon the historical features of the canal from the time of Balboa down. It was too hot that night for singing in the cabin, and the entertainment consisted solely of the addresses, but, after leaving the room, Mann was obliged to walk the decks until midnight, receiving the congratulations of those whom he had enlightened upon the subject. In fact, the interest manifested was remarkable.

Early Sunday morning, March 24th, filled with strange anticipations, we approached Colon. We had traversed the Atlantic Ocean; had gone through the Bahama Islands; through the Windward and Leeward group; we had seen great mountain peaks rising from the body of the ocean; we had inspected many islands sufficiently populated to encourage the highest ideals of civilization; we had read and re-read the stories of the governments under which they had existed; we had wondered whether these islands and mountain peaks were not, in fact, all that remained of the "Lost Atlantis;" whether we had not actually ploughed our way through the waters that had rushed in upon the valleys and the lowlands, over the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico—and again, after an absence of twenty days from the United States, we were about to touch upon American soil. In every island visited, whether the government had been directed by Great Britain, by France, by Venezuela, or by Denmark, we had been received with open arms and treated with great respect and courtesy.

But we were coming back to our own land. We had not controlled it long; we got it by clever diplomacy, but we were coming back to our own, to the yoke which bound the continent of North America to that of South America—and it was a part of the United States.

How did we get it? The French had obtained a concession for the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, which was a part of the territory of Colombia. The French had given up the job of construction; they were willing to sell out, and we had made a good bargain with them; we had taken over rights and property that had cost the French investors $260,000,000, and we had paid only $40,000,000 for them, but we had yet to obtain control of the strip of land that it was necessary for us to obtain to enable us to proceed successfully.

It is all over now, but it is interesting, nevertheless, and particularly so as our own interests might be affected in the Island of Cuba, for instance, should we let go our hold there and give free reign to a local government that would then be free to deal against us with foreign powers. There were political leaders in Colombia, and there were others in Panama, and the United States was desirous of obtaining peaceful control of the Panama Zone. But Colombia had been obtaining splendid royalties out of her possessions in Panama, and she wanted to have them continued.

How was that problem met? The story is worth telling. There was a revolt in Panama; the people declared their independence of Colombia. The Panamaneans sunk a couple of Colombian ships; the independence of the Republic of Panama was recognized by the United States; the new Republic voted the canal strip, ten miles in width, from ocean to ocean, to the United States—and Colombia withdrew to mind her own business.

All this occurred during the first term of the present President of the United States. Since then, under his vigorous administration, with the hearty support of Congress, we had poured men and money into the Canal Zone until the whole world had proceeded to "sit up and take notice." Yes, the Panama Zone, ten miles wide from the Caribbean Sea, on the Colon side, to the Gulf of Panama, on the Pacific side, was now the property of the United States. How many men were dying there? How much money was being spent there by our Government? What progress were we making? All these things were now to be revealed to us, and, moreover, we were again to place our feet upon our native heath.

The sun rose out of a dry mist on Sunday morning when we pulled into the Bay of Limon. We were all on deck

promptly at seven o'clock, dressed in the lightest garments, some of us gasping for air. A few hundred yards away from our anchorage lay the town of Colon. Neither it nor the City of Panama, on the other side of the strip, belong to the United States, but they are within the Panama Zone and subject to American regulation in the matter of police and fire protection, and what is more important—sanitation. In the deal between the governments, political jurisdiction over both these cities was reserved to the Government of Panama.

What a low town Colon looked to be! Fringed with a thin line of palm trees, broken by wharves, docks, shipping, and one-story huts. Over toward Cristobal was a fine house, formerly of de Lesseps, the French engineer, and near it a statue of our imperishable friend—Columbus. The Bay of Limon in which we anchored was shallow. It was impossible at times, the Captain said, to maintain anchorage there, because of the fierce winds, which drove the ships to sea.

"This is the way I long have sought, and mourned because I found it not."

It was the Speaker's voice, and the good old Methodist air was climbing above his matutinal cigar as he came swinging along the deck, throwing his eyes into the vista that held the interest of us all.

"At last we're here, Mr. Speaker," said the good-natured, but expectant, passengers, "and we can see for ourselves."

But something was wrong at the gangway. Eversman was waving his arms excitedly, and Busbey was giving vent to dignified, but forceful, sentiments. The Captain, whose patience had been a cardinal virtue throughout, was angry and gesticulating freely. They were all at work on a black-bearded young gentleman, with a white cap and white duck suit, who had just come aboard.

"Do you mean to say that we've got to stay on this ship, out in this boiling hot sun, until to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock?" said the gentle McKinley.

The young doctor, for he was one of the assistants of Dr. Gorgas, the "angel of Panama," who had caused the trouble, perspired a little, but answered that the quarantine was on, and because we had come from a Venezuelan port we must remain where we were until four o'clock on Monday afternoon. The exact limit was seven o'clock, but Dr. Gorgas had consented to reduce it to four.

"You had better go back and tell Dr. Gorgas to attend to this business himself," said McKinley. "The arrangement was that five days were to elapse between Venezuela and Colon, and we have gone all the way to Jamaica to kill five days, and you are now making it six days. You are carrying your discretion a little too far."

It is unnecessary to say how quickly the entire ship became involved in this discussion. Frenchmen, Germans, and several other nationalities joined the American tourists in a good, old-fashioned kick. Were they to be treated like cattle? Had they not bathed each morning? Was there any evidence of sickness on board? What insufferable nonsense it all was! And this, too, in "the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

"Who was this Gorgas, anyway?"

The indignation of the passengers, in keeping with the temperature, rose rapidly. At last, the celebrated Gorgas himself appeared. In hip boots and khaki uniform he presented a fine figure, but he had come to fortify his assistant, not to be admired. The Captain, the Congressmen, everybody argued, explained, kicked. It was useless.

Gorgas was IT.

He could hold us until seven o'clock Monday, but four

o'clock would be sufficient. He could do no more. He had been fooled by one tourist ship—he didn't propose to be fooled again.

"This is a fine situation," broke in Busbey. " We have been civilly treated everywhere until we come to you. You made the five days' limit, and we have observed it. You're at fault."

"What have you to conceal?" said Mann, who could no longer keep out of the controversy. "Is the zone in such a condition that you can't permit us to look it over? Do you want time to clean up, so that the inspection may be perfect?"

But it made no difference. Casabianca stuck to "the burning deck," and the quarantine was on.

When Gorgas and his assistant left the ship, we noticed others came and went. An agent of the Panama Hotel called upon McKinley, to arrange for dinners. The representative of the railroad came. Passengers who had boarded the *Bluecher* at Kingston, but who had not accompanied us to Venezuela, were permitted to land. There was a coming and going of small craft that seemed to interest the crowds that were enjoying themselves along the wharves of Colon. What if there should be infection on the shore? Might not these visiting launches bring disease? It was time for conjecture, and everybody engaged in it.

Hours passed, but there we lay, within a stone's throw of the wharf. Finally, the heat drove Tawney to a point where he demanded that a ship's crew take him ashore. He intended to ascertain whether Gorgas and the Captain thoroughly understood each other. In an hour he returned, with the report that there was "no change in the situation." He had seen Stevens, the Chief Engineer, and Stevens had seen Gorgas, but the latter was still battling with Venezuelan

yellow fever. It was four o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and nothing less. Consequently, all negotiations with the quarantine officials were declared off. We resigned ourselves to the hot blasts that swept the ship's decks, for we were at anchor, and the heat was fierce. Now and then a whisper came from shore which indicated that the quarantine officials were thinking; but that was all. I found no fault with their firmness in the enforcement of regulations, but I did not like the exercise of discretion which changed the time from seven to four o'clock. If three hours, why not a whole day? The suggestions from shore were that an hour earlier than four was being considered—but as to this the Congressional party knew nothing. After the visit of Tawney it wisely kept aloof from the discussion. Dr. Tiffany stepped into the breach after lunch, and called us to divine service. As no one could get away, everyone attended. The Doctor's brief discourse was soothing, and most of us forgot we were temporary prisoners. Then came the evening meal, and with it, to the surprise of everybody, the announcement by the Captain that the quarantine had been raised, and we would be permitted to land at seven o'clock in the morning. The information was gratifying, but it called forth no special acknowledgment to those who had twisted their own regulations so ungraciously.

It is a pity this story should have to be told, for it would appear to prejudice the really good work that was conceded by all, at the close of their inspection of the Panama Canal, to have been done by the quarantine officials. We had not been in Panama a quarter of an hour before we learned that the estimate placed upon Dr. Gorgas' services was exceptionally high. His success in sanitary science was the marvel of the zone, and we cheerfully conceded it; but nevertheless, neither Dr. Gorgas nor the officials of the

sanitary force were particularly sought out for an interchange of civilities during our stay on the Isthmus.

And now for the canal!

Our Gridiron Club friend, Blythe, the day preceding our departure, had published, in the New York Sunday *World*, "The Panama Canal Primer," a clever satire upon "The Greatest Engineering Feat of the Age." Someone produced it the afternoon we were waiting in quarantine, and as it recalled in a humorous vein some of the salient features of American progress in the work, I found it mighty cheerful reading.

"What is the Panama Canal?" it began.

"A hole extending a short way across the Isthmus of Panama entirely filled with money."

"Where did we get it?"

"William Nelson Cromwell kindly persuaded the French Panama Company to sell it to us."

"What did the French Panama Company get?"

"Forty million dollars."

"Was the company satisfied?"

"It was astonished."

Then, in true primer style it queried and answered concerning the cuts and the dams; and the Chagres River, "a depraved stream that goes on a toot every few weeks;" recalled Senator Morgan and his Nicaraguan Canal scheme, and the efforts of Admiral John G. Walker in that direction; the changes of administration from the earlier engineers, whose "resignations" were the subject of good-natured bantering; the administration of Judge Magoon as Governor; his resignation and the appointments and resignations in rapid succession of John Finley Wallace, Theodore P. Shonts, and John F. Stevens; the two days' investigation by Poultney Bigelow, and the three days' inspection

by President Roosevelt, and then the recall of the contract award to William T. Oliver, and the President's appointment of Army engineers to continue the work under departmental direction.

In humorous vein Mr. Blythe ran along until he struck Secretary of War William H. Taft.

"What did he discover there?"

"He discovered that steam shovels make fine backgrounds for photographs, and told the President about it."

"Is there nothing permanent about the canal?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"The press agent."

This was substantially the spirit of the canal skeptic. We had him on the ship. He had read Bigelow's articles; he knew of the awful "graft" of the French regime; the whole region for more than four centuries had been given over to despoliation in one form or another. From the day Balboa first beheld the Pacific, and, because of the placidity of its surface, gave it its name, the region of the canal had been the haunt of adventurers and spoilsmen. The gold hunters had dragged their nuggets from Peru across the Isthmus; they had fought down the Indians, only to be overcome themselves by expeditions possessing greater strength. The pioneers of those wild and trackless days had wonderful powers of endurance, to say nothing of their courage in pushing their exploits and their deviltry in such a country, with such a climate and such surroundings.

We listened for a while to the Panama skeptic, and then to the historian. The latter told us of the landing of Ojeda, in 1499, and of the visit of Columbus, in 1502. The expeditions of Balboa, the gradual driving out of the Indians, and the earlier attempts to establish communication across the

Isthmus, were duly narrated. Of course, the story of "Old Panama" was revived, that story which embraced the sacking of the Spanish city by the celebrated British buccaneer, Sir Henry Morgan, whose exploits obtained for him the Governorship of Jamaica.

The history of Panama appealed to me. It possessed all the elements of personal adventure, of commercial exploitation, and of governmental conquest. Comedy and tragedy, murder and pillage, courage and cowardice—all entered into the story. The Isthmus had been the goal of the gold hunter; the resort of the shiftless ne'er-do-well of the Spanish nobility; it had attracted the adventurous spirits of Spain, England and France, putting far into the shade the unhappy stories of early attempts at the settlement of the American colonies by the riffraff of Europe.

We were informed, and believed, that our own representatives in the Canal Zone had thoroughly posted themselves upon the history of the efforts to colonize Panama, and had taken steps to avoid the failures of other nations. The first, and perhaps the greatest step was the cleaning up of the Zone so effectively that yellow fever had entirely disappeared. Not a contagion-breeding mosquito could be found. Marvelous it was, but the avowals of those with whom we came in contact and our own observation confirmed the statement.

How had all this work been accomplished? What was Dr. Gorgas' plan? First of all, the preservation of human life. This must necessarily be the first step to successful work upon the great project. It was on this step that France stumbled—a spell which spells two words, fumigation and sanitation.

The natives of Panama had been lazy and dirty. Contact with the dissolute characters from foreign countries had added to the work of demoralization. Work for a day,

lay-off for a week or a month—that was the rule. Since the climate supplied all the heat that was necessary, houses and fuel were not essential to human life. The good Lord provided the cocoanuts, the bananas, the bread-fruit, the yams, the oranges, and other luscious fruits and vegetables. Why work? Truly, the motto, "The Lord will provide," applied to the native. He needed scant clothing, and wore no more; his children wore less. Ambition did not appeal to him. If he acknowledged a wife and maintained a home, what more than a shack which he and she could build of native woods and leaves was required? And if society did not require it, why put on airs or sweep the cobwebs from the door?

Yet there was some spirit in the native with whom the earlier canal builders had to deal; he loved to gamble. When he acquired a knowledge of the value of money, he would take a week off to play the game. It is said upon the Isthmus, and this without joking, that the French, in their efforts to keep the natives at work, were so perplexed at times that, knowing the gambling spirit of the people, they actually employed professional gamblers to visit the huts and settlements, engage the workmen in play, and win their money from them. This was one way of getting them back to work.

In the discussion of the mosquito, we also learned of the troubles of the native. When the dangerous mosquito, the stegomyia, bit a native who had the fever, it carried the poison to the next person stung, and as the natives didn't use mosquito netting, the stegomyia had a splendid field of labor. The removal of the stegomyia, therefore, meant the suppression of the spread of fever. This was what Dr. Gorgas and his sanitary experts had undertaken to do, and had actually done. But scientific inquiry had gone a step

further. It had discovered a microbe, hitherto unseen, that burrowed into the bare feet of the natives, and carried with it into the blood the sperm of languor. But mosquito or microbe, the sanitary officers of the United States took no chances with lazy natives, black or white. They armed hundreds of men and women with brooms and buckets containing disinfectants, and sent them into the houses and shacks of Panama and Colon and throughout the entire ten-mile zone, with positive instructions to clean up the surroundings. The cities of Colon and Panama belonged to the Government of the Republic of Panama, but the agreement with the United States was on, and the authority of the sanitary experts extended over both places. Every house was visited, and the broom, the shovel, and even the torch, were applied with deadly vigor. Dirty and indifferent occupants were driven from their homes, if need be, and some places, regarded as a menace to health, were destroyed. The yellow flag, figuratively speaking, became the dreaded standard of the zone. For a time Gorgas was a czar who yielded to none and enforced his orders with a ruthless hand. He did not stop with the houses and shacks, but, in conjunction with the authorities of the United States, including Governor Magoon, the first provisional Governor of the zone, constructed sewers to carry away the stagnant pools; caused the streets to be paved, and kept the vagabonds on the move. Moreover, on the entire strip along which paralleling the railroad from ocean to ocean, the ~~Standard Oil~~ has run its pipe line, thousands of barrels of California oil were spread over the swamps and breeding places of the dreaded stegomyia, effectively killing off the spawn. That such a thing could be achieved in such a climate, when the mosquito pest prevails along the entire Atlantic Coast, penetrating the summer settlements of the millionaires,

defying the health authorities of the various States, was a matter of amazement to us all, but we were told it was true—a statement which accounted for the great respect in which we found the Sanitary Department of the Isthmian Canal Commission to be held.

To the effective work of cleaning up the Zone and driving away the mosquito must be added credit for the establishment of improved houses—improved in the matter of sanitation and cleanliness, in that in most of the government houses the shower bath has become a conspicuous feature of healthfulness and convenience. We were very much impressed throughout our journey across the Zone by the construction of the homes of the employees. Praise was given to the French for the design and finish of the houses used by them, hundreds of which were still standing and in use by the Americans. Most of these houses, decided improvements upon the shacks of the natives, were built in cottage style, on piers high enough above the ground to keep away all crawling pests and to prevent the accumulatoin of filth. As a rule, they were built two stories high, with porches extending over the first and second stories, resembling very much, in all their airiness and coziness, the summer cottages of the wealthy people who sojourn along the rocky coast of New England. In these houses, some standing alone and some in settlements, separated into married and single groups, dwelt, rent free, officials, clerks and mechanics who had gone from the States, all of whom were fed at restaurants conducted by the Commission, at the rate of thirty cents per meal.

Laborers, black and white, the ten-cents-an-hour and the twenty-cents-an-hour men, lived in quarters suitable and comfortable and with appropriate baths and conveniences. The houses were under careful sanitary inspection, and the men were fed at Government expense.

A SANITARY SQUAD PREPARED FOR ACTION, PANAMA.

Another important work was the hospital service, which, at Ancon, McKinley and I inspected thoroughly. The French, who established the Ancon Hospital on the hills above the City of Panama, had found the undertaking extremely troublesome, but as we beheld it under the American system, it was certainly as well conducted as any similar institution we had ever seen in the United States.

So much, in a general way, for the first great work of the Americans on the Panama strip. They have made it possible for men to live upon the zone.

Speaker Cannon was particularly pleased with what he saw in this regard.

"They have driven yellow fever from the Canal Zone," he said, "as they drove the ague from the West. Sanitation was the greatest problem we had to deal with on this Isthmus; we seem to have solved it. The death rate is no greater than in many parts of the United States, and the health conditions are certainly as good."

I asked a young Philadelphian, whom I met at Colon, why greater progress had not been made upon the actual work of digging. This, I remembered, was the customary inquiry of the critical citizen of the States. The answer was quick and clear:

"We have had to establish a working foundation. When we came a few years ago, the whole place was covered with underbrush. The machinery left by the French was dismantled and rusting, and much of it, as you will see along the line of the railroad, was tossed over into the ditches to be covered by earth, because that was the easiest way to dispose of it. The buildings they left that were serviceable to the Americans had to be restored and put in order. We had to get the men here; there are upwards of thirty thousand now. They have been keel-hauled and dragged from all

countries. Some of them have given us more trouble than they were worth. We had to design, order, have made, and shipped new machinery, new cars, boats, and other equipment; great storehouses have had to be constructed, and then, we have been two thousand miles from the base of supplies. It takes time to reach New York or Chicago or San Francisco, and for weeks we hear nothing of home. Meanwhile, the work has been going on. Upon the Isthmus we think we have done well."

Assisted by Consul-General Shanklin, I carefully studied

VILLAGE OF GATUN, PANAMA.

the plan of the canal as the train journeyed along from Colon to Panama. We stopped occasionally; at Gatun, for instance, where the great protecting locks on the Atlantic side are being reared; at Culebra, where the great cut is being made, and on the approach to Panama, where the locks are to protect shipping upon the Pacific side. I observed, on the way across, what every schoolboy should know—that we were following a southeasterly course from Colon to Panama, an odd condition due to the strange configuration of the neck of land now uniting the two Americas

and which we are soon to sever. Instead of running from east to west, Colon being almost northwest of Panama, the canal, beginning at Colon, will run in a southeasterly course from the Caribbean Sea, on the Atlantic, to the Pacific Ocean. Panama was the southernmost point touched by our party, being between eight and nine degrees above the Equator.

We were completing our examination of the site for the locks at Gatun, where full explanations were given by the engineers, when Tawney, who had been following the Speaker closely, said:

"It was a hard fight and the question was debatable, but I am now more satisfied than ever I did right in voting for the lock system as against the sea-level canal."

It had been explained to us that the French had striven for a sea-level canal, and that objection had been made in the United States to the lock system, because of the terrors of the Chagres River and the danger of insecure foundations for the locks. It was after the Speaker and others had discussed the subject from one of the Gatun dam breasts that Tawney made his declaration. True, at first blush a sea-level canal would seem preferable to an artificial structure that must be maintained at great expense, but there were serious questions to be met, that of the tide, for instance—at Colon, a sluggish tide in Limon Bay averaging one foot only, and across, at Panama, running up almost direct from the Pacific Ocean, a tide of eighteen or twenty feet. Nature had evidently reared Culebra to protect the Isthmus against these extraordinary tidal conditions. Then, the cost of excavation to cut the nine miles of Culebra down to sea-level, and then forty feet below, to say nothing of the additional forty feet of cut for the remaining length of the canal! Such a task, in the number of men and years

required to complete it, would throw the work into another century. And then, the question of the troublesome Chagres, paralleling the proposed sea-level on the Colon side, and part of it to be utilized in the sea-level plan for canal purposes, what could be said of its conduct in the torrential period?

Now that we stood upon the ground, it seemed that Tawney was right. I had not understood the lock system,

HOUSES IN GATUN, PANAMA.

but it began to clear up with the explanations of the engineers. I looked down upon the little town of Gatun, on the banks of the Chagres, and began to take courage as against that much-maligned stream, for the Chagres is not a mighty river—it is not even a respectable creek. The native ladies, barefoot, were washing their clothes on the rocks in the good old-fashioned way. Canoes of the natives, some of

them aboriginal dugouts, were resting lazily on the bank approaching the little town, where the water seemed deeper and freer from obstruction than in other places.

"I have read that the Chagres sometimes rises to such an enormous height that it would imperil the canal," I said to one of the engineers.

"It does rise in the rainy season," came the reply, "but we have no fear of its imperiling the canal."

The central building of Gatun was an old church, about which some historical reference had been made. Pointing to it, I asked how old it was.

"About a hundred years," said the engineer.

"And it doesn't seem to have been flooded?"

"No, but the whole town will be when we make the lake between the locks."

As the topography of the country unfolded, I began to appreciate the canal plan. On the Colon side, eight miles from the mouth of the canal, which extends four miles across Limon Bay to deep water—the Gatun locks; thence over an artificial lake rising to a height of eighty-five feet, and following the course of the buried Chagres—twenty-three miles to Obispo. This point is thirty-one miles from the mouth and marks the beginning of the canal through the Culebra cut. It extends eight miles through the mountains and comes out at Pedro Miguel River, near Paraiso, where the Pedro Miguel locks, rising to a height of eighty-five feet, will assist in forming another artificial lake, extending from this thirty-nine mile point to La Boca, six miles further on. At La Boca, forty-five miles from the Colon canal entrance and five miles from deep water in the Pacific, are being constructed the great dams that are to hold in leash the waters of the lake and keep back the heavy tides of the Pacific. These locks at this place are to be known as the

Sosa Locks. They will face the Bay of Panama, but in order to reach them vessels from the Pacific will pass through a protected waterway five miles long.

All the country tributary to the twenty-three miles of lake on the Atlantic side of the mountains and the six miles on the Pacific side will be flooded to maintain the eighty-five-foot canal level within the locks. The depth of these great artificial lakes, of course, will not be uniform throughout their entire area, but the course for vessels, coming or going, will be clearly marked and the channel depth will be evenly maintained. All the underlying back country will be inundated and, commercially, the new lakes will be of great advantage, as they must be from a sanitary point of view, for they will cover all the lowlands, swamps and mephitic places, encourage small navigation and the incidental development of settlements, for the raising and shipment of bananas, oranges, cocoanuts, and other tropical fruits and vegetables.

Through the Culebra cut from Obispo, eight miles to Paraiso, a vessel using the canal will pass from the lakes, through a gap in the mountains two hundred feet wide. Thence, on either side of the mountains, it will have virtually an open sail to the locks.

The actual length of the canal, as planned by the Isthmian Canal Commission in its report to President Roosevelt, covers fifty miles. The distance from Colon to Panama on an irregular line, and not as the crow flies, is less than forty-five miles, and from bay to bay it is about forty-one miles, the additional nine miles of canal being accounted for by the four miles extension through Limon Bay to the sea on the Colon side, and the five miles extension through Panama Bay on the Pacific side. The present roadbed of the Panama Railroad will necessarily be covered by the

artificial lakes, and that road will be set back on high ground or reconstructed on trestles, as the engineers may determine.

"Will the Chagres be sufficient to keep the lake supplied to a depth of eight-five feet?" I put this question to one of the engineers, and he promptly answered in the affirmative.

"Will the Chagres become obstreperous in rainy weather, and with its great pressure break the dam at Gatun?"

The engineer pointed to the dam, already under way, and smiled.

"It will be sufficient," he said, "to withstand any pressure the Chagres, even fortified by the lake, may bring. The overflow of the lake," he said, "would be taken care of by 'the spillway,' which was to be constructed with the dam, so that beyond the dam on to the ocean the Chagres would simply follow its natural channel.

CHAPTER X.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Working with an Eye to the States—Jamaica Negroes and Those from the South—A Chinese Tragedy at Matachin—From Pedro Miguel to "Pete Mike"—President Roosevelt's Message to Congress—Complaints of the Trouble-Breeders—Homes of the Contented and Industrious—An Echo of the Kingston Earthquake—High Freight Rates and the Railroad—Government Praise for Stevens—The Latter's Story of the Toboggan—Canal to be Finished by 1915—Colonel Goethals and His Associates—American Hotel and Ancon Hospital—An Acquaintance on a Cot—The Improvement of Panama—Peculiar System of Taxation—The Speaker's Epigram—"Diggin' and Dammin' and Sticking to It—What Railroads Would Do—The Work Summed Up—Workers vs. Agitators.

It was an interesting ride across the Isthmus—replete with traditions of the Spanish and the French.

"Strange," said one of the American engineers, "but we find the Spaniards the best laborers in the zone. We have some Italians, and there is no fault to be found with them, but the Spaniards seem to stick; they stand the climate and are able to do the work."

I was watching a Jamaican drilling a hole for a charge of dynamite, when Shanklin came along.

"Not working very fast," he said.

"No," I replied, "I wouldn't give much for that fellow; what does he get?"

"Ten cents an hour, and I guess he wouldn't work if he didn't expect to get into the United States."

"Many of them get over?" I asked.

CULEBRA CUT, PANAMA CANAL.

"Not many; we're keeping our eye on that."

McKinley found an Illinoisian in Maltby, a division superintendent, whom he introduced to me.

"Why don't you induce the Southern negroes to come down here?" I innocently suggested, "they would put ginger into these fellows." The answer was unexpected.

"The Southern people wouldn't let them come. They don't let the negro mix, but they are not letting him go. I wish we could get the Southern negro, but you would have to face a shot-gun to get him."

I asked if there were many Chinamen on the zone. Shanklin said there were many in Colon and Panama, and that they were good business men. We were passing Matachin, approaching Obispo and the Culebra cut, when I asked Shanklin the origin of the name.

"Mata-kill," he said, "Chin-Chinaman, kill Chinaman."

He then explained that about three thousand Chinamen were left at Matachin by the French when they ceased operations. Tiring of their gardens and of their isolation, the poor fellows grew despondent, and, abandoning all hope of ever returning to their native country, one by one, committed suicide.

Since Shanklin spoke Spanish, I picked up from him a few interpretations of the names by which localities along the canal had come to be known. Obispo, for instance, which is to become a noted name in canal construction, stands for "the bishop." Las Cascades, a point of some interest in Culebra cut, "the cascades"; Emperador, a point along the cut, "the emperor"; Culebra, "snake"; Paraiso, "paradise," and our old friend, Miraflores, "mayflowers"; but Pedro Miguel, by which one of the great locks is to be known, had suffered somewhat by local corruption of the Spanish. "Peter Magill" was what some of the workmen

respectfully termed it, but the irreverent had come to know it as "Pete Mike" and used it, as for instance, "I was up to 'Pete Mike' to-day," or "I will meet you at 'Mike's lock.'"

At the Culebra cut most of the important officials of the Commission, including Mr. Stevens and the new army engineers, boarded our train. Engineer Rippley, who had helped to construct the great locks at Sault Ste. Marie, and who has since left the service, was among these. Also Division Engineer O. W. Bolick, who had taken charge of the Culebra division. Bolick had been doing similar work in South America. He was a Pennsylvanian, hailing originally from Mt. Carmel.

When President Roosevelt visited the Isthmus, in November, he encountered bad weather. It rained each one of the three days he was there. That, we were told, was the rainy season. In spite of all this, the President, in his special message to Congress, in December, 1906, gave us the most cheerful view of the work.

"Unforeseen difficulties," he said, "will arise. From time to time seemingly well-settled plans will have to be changed. At present twenty-five thousand men are engaged on the task. After a while, the number will be doubled. In such a multitude, it is inevitable that there should be here and there a scoundrel. Very many of the poorer class of laborers lack the mental development to protect themselves against either the rascality of others or their own folly, and it is not possible for human wisdom to devise a plan by which they can invariably be protected. In a place which has been for ages a by-word for unhealthfulness, and, with so large a congregation of strangers suddenly put down and set to hard work, there will now and then be outbreaks of disease. There will now and then be shortcomings in administration; there will be unlooked-for accidents to delay the excavation

of the cut or the building of the dams and locks. Each such incident will be entirely natural, and, even though serious, no one of them will mean more than a little extra delay or trouble. Yet each, when discovered by sensation-mongers and retailed to timid folk of little faith, will serve as an excuse for the belief that the whole work is being badly managed. Experiments will continually be tried in housing, in hygiene, in street-repairing, in dredging, and in digging earth and rock. Now and then an experiment will be a failure, and among those who hear of it, a certain proportion of doubting Thomases will at once believe that the whole work is a failure. Doubtless, here and there some minor rascality will be uncovered, but, as to this, I have to say that, after the most painstaking inquiry, I have been unable to find a single reputable person who had so much as heard of any serious accusations affecting the honesty of the Commission or of any responsible officer under it. I append a letter dealing with the most serious charge, that of the ownership of lots in Colon; the charge was not advanced by a reputable man, and is utterly baseless. It is not too much to say that the whole atmosphere of the Commission breathes honesty as it breathes efficiency and energy. Above all, the work has been kept absolutely clear of politics. I have never heard even a suggestion of spoils politics in connection with it."

In view of our treatment at quarantine, there were some of us ready to listen to a few of "the things we might hear," but our own inquiries bore out the President's conclusions. There were some things that might give rise to criticism, but they did not appear more serious than the small complaints that are met with everywhere. People are restless in hot weather. Our Arctic friend, Dr. Keely, also reminded us that people on shipboard sometimes gossiped because their

world was small and they couldn't get out to tell it to anybody else. In Arctic explorations men learned to hate each other because of their very proximity. So, too, I remembered the remarks of a lieutenant on one of the ships we had visited.

"We talk each other out. The stories grow old; the songs and the old familiar voices become disagreeable."

"Yes," a member of Congress observed, "a husband sometimes goes to the club because his wife gets tired of seeing him round the house."

Maybe this is the trouble on the Isthmus. I was standing on Gatun Hill nearby a home for married couples. The breeze that swept up the valley that is to be a lake was as cool and refreshing as any I had ever enjoyed on the boardwalk at Atlantic City; a young lady, who looked for all the world the typical summer-girl, came bounding forth; behind her a fine-looking young man, an employee of the Commission, carrying a suit-case as if for a long jaunt.

"Married?" I inquired of one of the superintendents.

"Yes, after a time the Commission allows them to bring their wives."

"And how do the women like it?"

"Most of them seem very well satisfied. They take an interest in the work and keep up the social end here quite acceptably. You know we have a University Club and college fraternities here."

It was pleasing to note this cheerful condition, because the local newspapers, which are of the crudest type, had plenty to say of a pessimistic nature.

"Why is the race question not solved on the Isthmus?" were the headlines in one of the sheets I had picked up.

"Why should practical and experienced mechanics get but fifty cents an hour, and novices and apprentices sixty-five to seventy cents per hour?" was another.

"Those oppressive sanitary orders," was the heading of another article, but the kind of work that seemed to be more hurtful than any other came from "A well-known correspondent," who "received a letter from a friend, who is an engineer on the Panama Canal," in which the engineer said to the friend (the same being the unknown correspondent) that "the proposed change of contractors and the effect of politics at Washington have caused a downward tendency in prosperity and in the spending of money," and that "this generation will never see the canal finished."

We could readily see that some people were restless, but many of those with whom we talked, were of the carping order, who would be dissatisfied anywhere. They were the kind that during the Spanish-American War wrote freely about their hardships to their Congressmen and their newspapers—the kind that go into any work for a "soft snap," and failing to find it, make others miserable by their grievances. It is probably unfortunate for the canal project that such people were ever induced to go to Panama, or that they were ever drawn there of their own volition, for, apparently, they are of the class that breed discord and generate the very stories which affect the people of the States.

It was noteworthy, also, notwithstanding all that is said about liquor-selling on the Isthmus and about the unfavorable conditions arising from the dissolutely-inclined element of the population, that attractive buildings were being erected under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association for the entertainment of the self-respecting young men who were taking a pride in their work.

I recall one of the stories which had found its way into the Panama papers during our trip. It intimated that the Isthmian Canal Commission, being nearer Kingston at the time of the earthquake than any one of the States, had

offered to send tents and provisions to the sufferers, which were accepted, and that subsequently bills were forwarded to the Jamaican Government for the value of the tents and provisions. This story was so circumstantially stated in the newspapers which came to my notice, and gave the Department so harsh a dig, that I afterwards wrote to Secretary Taft, at Washington, to ascertain if such heartlessness had been enacted. The answer went fully into our efforts to help the Kingston sufferers and showed that, although the Jamaican Government had requested permission to pay for tents and other actual military stores that had been forwarded by the Government of the United States, no bill had been sent.

Whether the spirit of lethargy and restlessness, coupled with the spirit of deviltry that is bound to prevail where so many nationalities are mixed together, influenced the resignations of men like Wallace and Shonts, I do not know, but it happened at the time of our visit that Stevens, the engineer-in-chief, who had been held up to us all over the Isthmus as the mainstay of the engineering work, had, only a few weeks before our arrival and subsequent to the failure of the Government to let the work by contract, sent his resignation to the President. Naturally, we expected to see Stevens and have some talk with him.

I had been chatting with Manager Bierd, of the Panama Railroad, about rates. He told me that if I wanted to ship a ton of merchandise from New York to the west coast of South America, via the Panama Railroad Steamship Line, now under the control of the Government, it would cost four dollars and fourteen cents to Panama, of which sum, by reason of its necessities, the Panama Railroad required sixty-two per cent.; in other words, if our great Philadelphia merchant, John Wanamaker, was drumming up

trade in South America and desired to cross the Isthmus under the present system, he must count on spending sixty-two per cent. of the entire freight rate from New York to get his goods over the forty-six miles of road on the Isthmus. Mr. Bierd maintained that these charges were necessary, and, if they were not maintained, the railroad could not continue to do successful business. Senator Curtis, Chairman Tawney, and others, took the manager in hand, and, as we were approaching Panama, I turned to a clever gentleman, who seemed to have something to do with the work and who had pointed out to me in the harbor of Panama the masts of two Colombian vessels that were sunk by the Panamaneans during their revolution. This gentleman, who proved to be one of the newly-appointed army engineers, was sounding the praises of the chief engineer, Mr. Stevens, and regretting his departure.

"We will miss him greatly," he said, "for Mr. Stevens has made himself a power on the Isthmus, and the boys work harder when he is around because they like him. Whenever he appears, and he is on the go constantly, he inspires them and puts new life into the work."

A rugged-looking man, who had the appearance of a prosperous railroad contractor, and whom I had not observed before, was attracted by the talk. He stepped over and broke into the conversation, because, apparently, he wanted to break it up. He changed the subject by calling attention to some French dredges that had been adapted to American use. I did not know at the time that the gentleman who was praising Mr. Stevens was Major Gaillard, one of the new Commissioners appointed by the President, and that he who had called attention to the dredges was Mr. Stevens himself.

"This gentleman is very kind to refer to my work," said the chief engineer.

With this, Lieutenant-Colonel Goethals, U. S. A., Major William L. Sibert and Mr. Harry Harwood Rousseau, the remaining members of the President's Commission, and all the corps of engineers, came forward. They seemed to feel as Major Gaillard had expressed it.

"These gentlemen will find the work in as good shape," said the retiring chief, "as they could expect it to be, and they will succeed as well, if not better, than we have done."

Stevens then referred to the vast amount of dirt that had been taken out of the Culebra cut. The output had been increasing from 27,810 cubic yards per day, March 1st, to 32,967 cubic yards per day, March 23d, a total for the month, up to the 23d, of 615,600 cubic yards. He predicted that the new engineers would have the united support of the division superintendents and of the men to prosecute the work still further.

I then asked Stevens why, after all he had done upon the Isthmus, with the certainty of having his name linked for all time with one of the greatest engineering feats of the centuries, he should want to quit. He smiled and told me a story about "a surgical case" that needed immediate treatment. I inquired as to his health, which seemed to be good, and suggested that the people would regret his departure.

"Are you homesick?" I said.

Stevens smiled.

"Did you ever hear of the Chinaman who tried the toboggan?" he asked. "Well, after the slide was constructed, his friends induced John to make the ride. John climbed to the top of the steps and mounted the chute. He came down with rapidity that made his head swim, but he landed safely, somewhat dazed.

"'Try it again,' said his friends.

"'Not by a d'lam sight!' said John."

INSPECTING STEAM SHOVEL—NEAR CULEBRA CUT, PANAMA.

And with this Stevens waved his hand significantly. When he finished his story, I asked the retiring chief if he had confidence in the work and believed it could be finished within a reasonable time. His answer was emphatic. He referred to the great progress the Americans had made; to the establishment of a well-equipped working organization, and with the best good feeling toward those who were to take the work from his hands, said:

"I make the prediction that the canal will be finished and that ships will be sailing through it by January 1st, 1915."

In subsequent talks with Colonel Goethals, the incoming engineer-in-chief, and his associates, Gaillard, Rousseau and Sibert, I learned that the plans outlined by Stevens had been carefully gone over, and, in the main, would be followed.

As we mingled with the officials we perceived some uneasiness amongst the superintendents and foremen as to the effect of the change upon their positions, but Colonel Goethals declared it to be the purpose of the new Board to maintain the organization very much as it had been found and to prosecute the work on the old lines. Being army officers, subject to orders from Washington, in a sense stricter than those pertaining to civilians of the Wallace-Shonts-Stevens-type, the Goethals Board had already made up its mind, whether it liked it or not, to remain at the post to which it had been assigned. Waiving for the moment discussion of the question whether the canal would be pushed more rapidly by contract, as some people think, than under the direction of the War Department, as it is now being done, we were inclined to believe that the new Board meant to do its full duty, and our talks with the members constituting it were of a decidedly encouraging character.

At Panama, where, like Balboa, some of us obtained our first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean, Speaker Cannon and

others of the Congressional party were driven to the American Hotel. It was intended there should be some formalities, but the quarantine incident still rankled, and whatever had been on the carpet was abandoned. As a matter of fact, most of the Congressmen preferred to drift about as they saw fit, making such inquiries as pleased them best. We heard a great deal about the American Hotel and something of its dinner charges. Evidently, there had been some discussion of the latter question, because the impression prevailed that, while employees of the Government were permitted to get their meals at the rate of seventy-five cents, the *Bluecher* tourists were to be charged two dollars and fifty cents. I did not attempt to verify this statement, and mention it only as showing that some feeling prevailed upon the subject. Those who visited the hotel reported a number of Americans there, including our quondam friend, Williams C. Fox, late Director of the Bureau of American Republics, who had departed from our Five O'Clock Club-Gridiron Dinner, in Washington, for his new post as Minister to Ecuador. Panama is regarded by the Government as of sufficient importance to have an American Minister, and we learned that he was in town, but did not call upon him.

The beautiful hills above the City of Panama were dotted with the buildings of the celebrated Ancon Hospital, and McKinley and I, accompanied by Division Superintendent Maltby, urged our driver in this direction. The winding road was firm and even; we were told that the hospital occupied the site of a wornout volcano, and that it had been selected by the French because of its salubrity and fine outlook. Royal palms dotted the roadway and towered above the detached cottage-like structures. The latter were thoroughly screened, porches being inclosed along with the doors and windows, and we were informed there had been no

ANCON HOSPITAL AND CAPITAL OF THE CANAL ZONE.

mosquitoes in the vicinity since January. Major Phillips, the physician-in-charge, escorted us through the various buildings, informing us that he had at that time a total of 420 patients. We visited the wards for the whites and for the blacks; it would have puzzled a genealogist to trace the records of the patients, but their nativity, at least, was recorded, and it was as varied as the countries. There were no cases of contagious fever, so far as we were advised. The accident cases were numerous, and in the surgical ward we found some of the sufferers badly cut up; they were workmen who had been injured along the line of the railroad or in the work of excavation, and had been brought in promptly under the Commission's system. I was following McKinley through one of the wards, attracted somewhat by the fair-haired nurse, who sat like a school-ma'am at a desk near the head of the room, wondering if she and her associates were the graduates of our American training schools; when the flutter of a sheet drew my eye to a cot containing the body of an extremely pale patient. A thin hand had emerged from the cover and was moving in my direction. I observed I was being beckoned, and stepped toward the cot.

"Where in the world did you come from?" gasped the sufferer.

Looking more closely, though his face had sunk perceptibly, I observed the son of an old Philadelphia family, a member of the city's leading clubs, and an all-round good fellow.

"And what are you doing here, ————?" I replied, grasping his hand.

"Thought it best to come away; been here a year; getting myself together, and will come out all right; saving money now."

I asked him if he was working for the Commission, and

learned that he had a responsible place, that he was well satisfied with it, and was being treated fairly. He had been postponing a surgical operation for a long time, but had yielded a week ago, and was now convalescing.

"This looks like a fine hospital," I said.

"Couldn't be better!" he replied.

"Do you intend to remain when you get out?"

"Yes, I believe it will be better to have my name associated with this work than to hunt trouble at home."

"You're two thousand miles away, old man; can I do anything for you?"

"Not a thing; but it does me good to see you!"

When we had gone from the hospital, the City of Panama attracted us, and as usual we found the souvenir seekers everywhere. The Chinese stores were especially inviting, and the Chinamen, most of whom spoke English, were doing a splendid business. We looked at the old cathedral, St. Dominics, which is roofless and bearing trees out of its immense stone walls, and had pointed out the famous "flat arch," which attracts the curiosity of builders. On the inside of the old building there were camps of squatters, looking very much like gypsies, and a little more fierce. Panama is credited with a population of forty thousand. Its great sea wall, supported by formidable rock foundations, looks to be, in some places, fifty feet high. Its policemen speak Spanish and, along the sea front, are found in little turret-like outlooks. American money is treated better in Panama than in the West Indies, for it is taken at par. In making purchases of any kind, however, the designation, gold and silver, is invariably specified; that is to say, "it is fifty cents gold or one dollar silver" or "fifty cents American money, one dollar Panama silver."

The municipal affairs of Panama, like those of Colon, come under the direction of President Amador and the Provincial Governors. The Panama Railroad, to a large extent, controls the landed interests in both places, and the Isthmian Canal Commission directs the sanitary affairs. The advantage of putting sanitation under American direction was manifest in Panama, where sewers had been laid and where some very attractive brick pavements were being installed. All this work was being done at the expense of the United States. The prevailing system of taxation was peculiar. In some of the islands of the West Indies we had observed that no taxes were paid where there was no occupancy—that is to say, if a building and grounds were vacated by an owner or tenant, no taxes were paid from that time until they were again occupied. This system, to some extent, prevailed in Panama, and we were handed memorials of residents complaining of the iron rule over buildings and grounds, both of the railroad company and the sanitary authorities. The complainants at Colon insisted that the railroad company controlled the ground upon which their buildings were and that should they make improvements the removal or destruction thereof would be without compensation. I found an odd case of this kind in Panama where a progressive Chinaman had maintained a store on a popular corner. He leased from the railroad company and had established a good-will that made his business extremely profitable. A fire destroyed the premises, and when the Chinaman sought a continuance of the lease he was met with the proposition that the railroad company would sell the leasehold to the highest bidder, putting the Chinaman and former occupant in exactly the same position that any newcomer would be. An effort was being made, as we left, to adjust this case by diplomacy.

"What do you think of the canal, Mr. Speaker?" I asked, on the return trip. Our notable traveler pulled the peak of his hat, struck a thoughtful attitude, and said:

"My boy, it's a simple matter of diggin' and dammin'."

"Diggin' and dammin'!" Volumes have been written on the canal without getting closer to the gist of it. "A simple matter of diggin' and dammin'." That was the way it struck the entire party. There were no insurmountable engineering obstacles. It was a question of digging and filling in, working and sticking to it, to-morrow and the next day—but sticking to it. Then, in the judgment of the Speaker and in our judgment, the canal problem would no longer be a problem.

If the Pennsylvania Railroad undertook to dig, cut and fill in for a distance of fifty miles along the Allegheny Mountains, would anyone in Pennsylvania question its ability to do it? Or, if the long-contemplated canal across the State of New Jersey, connecting Philadelphia with the Atlantic seaboard, were to be undertaken by contractors, backed with sufficient capital, would anyone venture to doubt a successful outcome? In neither case, to be sure, would the climatic conditions of Panama be encountered, nor would the distressful labor conditions prevail, nor possibly would there be a Culebra cut, nor the locks especially devised for the conditions prevailing on the Isthmus, but there would be problems—problems of foundations, of quicksands, of tunnels, of borings, of structural work, of durability, of strikes and other drawbacks, but the work would be done. Neither project would seem to be a greater physical undertaking than the Panama Canal. Why, then, with the zone in a sanitary condition, with an efficient organization, and with the financial and moral backing of the United States Government, should there be any doubt

about the Panama Canal? True, as President Roosevelt said, "unforeseen difficulties will arise. From time to time seemingly well-settled plans will have to be changed," but, equally true is the characteristic comment of Mr. Cannon—the solution of the problem "is a simple matter of diggin' and dammin'."

When the Speaker said "diggin'," he had reference to the work for which thirty thousand men had been sent to the zone. The French had nineteen thousand. When he said "dammin'," I suppose he had reference to the construction of dams, an exceedingly important factor of the operation, for had he meant anything more expressive he would have been frank enough to say "cussin'." In his blunt, epigrammatic way, the Speaker struck the very marrow in the bone. For what purpose had we cleaned up the zone? For what was the Government spending its money? Why had thirty thousand men been sent to the zone, and why were as many more to go? Were we preparing for failure—getting ready to lay down, as the French had done? Were we alarmed for fear the Japanese would destroy the locks and bottle up our Navy? Run along, little skeptic, we're "diggin' and dammin'!" That's what we're there for. We've started. The "diggin' and dammin'" is under way; it can't be done in a day, but it will be done. Don't have a fear!

"If I were Chief Engineer on the canal," said the Speaker, smilingly, "I'm afraid I should be tempted to follow the example of Dewey, and cut the cable."

It was no reflection upon anyone in particular, but a gentle suggestion that competent and patriotic men in charge of a great National engineering project were no more likely to dishonor their own names than would be the commander of a great army upon the field of battle. It

was a delicate way of suggesting also that "too many cooks spoil the broth." The engineer in charge has unusual conditions confronting him. He is two thousand miles from home. The environment is favorable to all kinds of cliques and cabals. If every schemer and kicker can be heard at home and every bit of chicanery given the dignity of an investigation two thousand miles away, of course there will be delays and harassments. It is patent again, therefore, that the solution of the problem lies not in cliques and in factions that form and fatten in such an environment, but in "diggin' and dammin' "—in getting the work done.

But, to return to the Speaker. He knew the canal story, and I found him willing to discuss it.

"First of all," he said, "the agitation over the place where an American canal should cut the Isthmus was settled when Congress authorized the purchase of the Panama Canal, and Congress settled upon the type when it directed the President to construct a lock canal at the elevation of eighty-five feet above sea-level. The sanitary condition of the Isthmus has been brought to such a condition that yellow fever has been driven out and the pesty mosquito is not to be seen. As a matter of fact, so far as outward appearances go, there is very little difference between the husky young Americans who are working on the Isthmus and those who reside in my own State of Illinois. If you were to substitute apple and peach trees for oranges and bananas, you would scarcely know the difference between Panama and the home country. We had the chills and fever out in Illinois before we cleaned up and drained the country. The lack of sanitation and drainage, no doubt, has been the reason for so much fever in Panama. What difference is there between a day spent in Panama in March and a July day at home? The sun is hot, but there is a cooling breeze from the ocean,

and existence is certainly not unbearable. I believe the problem of sanitation, perhaps the greatest problem with which we had to deal on the Isthmus, has been solved, for the death rate here is no greater than it is in some parts of the United States. Conceded that the rainy season may be unpleasant and that sickness may then be more prevalent, we have yet the testimony of many young men who have been on the canal work for several years, who find no fault with the situation. 'Bogy,' I think, is the term one young man used with reference to the stories published in the United States papers about the awful climate of Panama. People who go into a tropical country must expect heat and be prepared for it and live rationally under its dominion, as they would expect cold in Greenland or Alaska. If you were to transplant a native of Mexico to the northern wilds of Canada without a change of garments, he would doubtless complain of the rigor of the climate, but if he were intending to remain in the northern country, he would doubtless prepare to live according to the climatic conditions. So far as Panama is concerned, the United States Government has surely introduced civilized methods and provided liberally for their administration. The natives, themselves, have better health as a result of the sanitary methods of the United States."

Urged to talk upon the mechanical features of the canal project, the Speaker, disclaiming knowledge of engineering technique, declared, as a result of his inquiries, that the so-called great engineering problems were not nearly so serious as he had been led to believe. Chief Engineer Stevens and his associates had responded to the Speaker's queries upon many disputed points, notably that of the lock system, as a result of which he expressed the opinion that there were "no great new engineering problems in the work."

"I understand," he said, "there are dams of earth in the United States that hold back a greater body of water than the proposed Gatun dam is to hold back from that point to the Culebra cut. I am reminded that there is such a dam near San Francisco, where even the earthquake had no effect upon it. Of course, it will take time to build a dam a mile long, half a mile wide at the base, and nearly a hundred feet high, but such work has been done before, and effectively done. The locks, to raise the ships from the sea-level to the artificial lake behind the Gatun Dam, an elevation of eighty-five feet, must be larger and stronger than any we have in the United States. There will be three locks, each with a lift of twenty-eight and a half feet—higher and stronger than the locks of Sault Ste. Marie, but only three feet higher than locks that have been constructed in the Tennessee River, and which are in successful operation. Colonel Goethals, the new Chief Engineer, constructed the locks in the Tennessee River, and he ought to be able to superintend the work on the Panama Canal. We build larger and stronger locomotives and larger and stronger bridges every day and there is no reason why we should not build larger and stronger locks and dams. The job of cutting through Culebra is just such a one as might be expected of a Western railroad cutting through the Rocky Mountains. As the retiring engineer, Mr. Stevens, under whose direction the organization of the work upon the cut was effected, was an experienced railroad constructor, it would seem that this work is proceeding upon right lines. Mr. Stevens told me he had at work 53 steam shovels, 121 locomotives, and about 2,000 flat cars, and that the roadbed for the railroad was being removed to lower levels to keep up with the progress of the work. I am informed that the French

companies took out, altogether, about 17,000,000 cubic yards of earth, and that, as against this, the Stevens organization took out 7,000,000 cubic yards last year alone. The engineers claim that they can take out 1,500,000 yards a month when they secure and put to work all the steam shovels, all the locomotives and all the cars that have been ordered. If they don't do quite so well, it is reasonable to expect that the 51,000,000 cubic yards remaining to be taken out will be removed in less than five years."*

The Speaker said that he had gone over the ground, had witnessed the organization in force, and could see nothing improbable in the estimates of the engineers. As to the question of letting out the work by contract to hasten its completion, the Speaker said he was not so sure that this would be the wisest method, in view of all he had seen.

"Speaking generally," he said, "I believe it might be more economical for a contractor, free from the red-tape of Government control, to undertake the work. Before going to Panama, I would have unhesitatingly endorsed the proposition of letting the work by contract, but now, after observing the efficiency of the work of the Stevens organi-

* A dispatch from Colon, September 4, 1907, five months after the Speaker's visit, announced a new high record for digging. It said: "The August excavation from the canal prism by steam shovels and dredges was 1,274,404 cubic yards. That by steam shovels was 916,950 cubic yards, as follows: Culebra, 786,866 cubic yards, Gatun, 105,223 cubic yards; Mindi Chagris, La Boca, aggregate, 24,861 cubic yards. That by dredging was 357,454 cubic yards, as follows: Colon division, 189,170 cubic yards; La Boca division, 168,284 cubic yards. This exceeds all previous United States records, the highest preceding total for the canal prism being 1,058,776 cubic yards in July." On the strength of this report, President Roosevelt wrote a highly-commendatory letter to Colonel Goethals, the Engineer-in-Chief.

zation, the assignment of engineers, chiefs of departments and bureaus to allotted tasks, now apparently under safe and intelligent control, I am not ready to say we should change the system, and turn all the advantage of Governmental organization over to a contractor. If, for instance, the work on the Culebra cut should now be let by contract, the contractor to receive a percentage for his work, the Government would simply hand over to him a profit to be obtained from the operation under the present organization. This, as conditions now prevail, would appear to be giving away needlessly the advantages the Government has achieved. If the present organization is maintained and the Government engineers continue the work about as it has been laid out, keeping everlastingly at it, the best results will doubtless be forthcoming. As Abraham Lincoln would say, it is not good policy to 'swap horses when crossing a stream.'"

Throughout his whole chat upon the canal, Speaker Cannon maintained a confident tone. Like the other members of the party, he felt there should be a wise and careful scrutiny of accounts and methods, but he was inclined to believe in the earnestness and sincerity of those who had charge of the work. He gave no credence to the suggestion that the white man could not safely visit Panama or that he could not accomplish a great work there.

"Colonel Goethals," he added, "tells me that he and the majority of the Canal Commission intend to make their headquarters on the Zone, instead of in Washington. That appears to be the wise thing to do. If they and the engineers in charge and upon the ground are not competent to do the work, who in Washington, New York, Philadelphia or Chicago can better direct them? We must get away from the demagogue and the mischief maker, and encourage those who are upon the ground, doing the best they can. We

appropriate $100,000,000 a year for the Navy, without any unusual agitation, and anywhere from $25,000,000 to $75,000,000 a year for river and harbor work, and nobody gets excited about it. The last Congress appropriated $26,000,000 for work on the Panama Canal next year. For one, I am willing to continue this appropriation for a reasonable time from year to year, and await results. I would be willing to cease agitation and allow the Commission and the engineers to work, confident that some day the world will be awakened with the official announcement that the canal is finished. It would be a new sensation, like the announcement that the last spike in the Union Pacific Railroad was to be driven, an announcement that came after the country had ceased to think about that great undertaking and the thousands of men who were patiently working year after year, cutting the grades, building the bridges, stretching the steel rails across the continent, to bind the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans into a commercial highway."

"It would be a good thing," said the Speaker, drawing his interesting talk to a close, "if we should give the agitators a rest and the workers a chance."

As Mr. Cannon concluded, he took the arm of McKinley for a two-mile trot along the deck promenade. He had passed out of view when an observant young passenger, who had been reading a New York periodical, pointed to a cartoon of the Speaker, under which a bit of satirical verse denominated him a czar. The burden of the song was the alleged autocracy of the Speaker of the House in permitting to be called up certain kinds of legislation and in refusing to recognize members who vociferously endeavored to catch his eye. Being a new member of the House, my experience in the direction indicated had been limited, but as I had heard here and there a complaint that the Speaker would

not always permit bills to be called, I took Colonel Busbey aside and put to him bluntly the question:

"Why does the Speaker give recognition to some and refuse it to others?" The answer was direct:

"The Speaker is a member of the House, having the same right to object that every other member enjoys. If every bill and every scheme were to be brought up for debate, Congress would be in session continually. As the Speaker of the House, in declining to permit bills to be called, or, as you say, in not giving recognition to members to call bills, he is simply exercising his right to object, just as you or any other member upon the floor would have the right to do, and in doing so he is saving the time of the House and of the country."

CABANA AND THE MORRO, HAVANA.

CHAPTER XI.

CUBA.

A Showery Departure—Views from South America—Put-in at Santiago—Opportunity Creates Heroes—Scene in Havana Harbor—The Wreck of the Maine—A Relic That Should be Removed—The Omnipresent Flag of Cuba—Secretary Taft's Proclamation—Tremendous Cost of the Cuban War—"National Altruism" Sublime—Cuba's Great Debt to the United States—The Expensiveness of Intervention—Troops and Ships Required—The Foundling Fattens—Who Drove Out the Spaniards?—Queer Evidences of Gratitude—A Problem, Says the Speaker—Talk of Annexation—How the Native Votes.

"Take we down, down, down; where the cocoanut grows, grows, grows;
Where the earthquake shakes and the hurricane blows, blows, blows,
O, show me the men who don't wear any hose,
And women who dress up with rings in their nose—
Where babies go out in their little brown clothes,
Down where the cocoanut grows."

Our departure from Colon had been hurried. The tour of inspection had filled us with dust and a sudden shower at the close had soaked it in. Then the streets leading to the wharf filled up with a motley group of people. In the crowd were a number of familiar faces, including appointees who had been accredited to some of the Congressmen in the party, and who were anxious to meet their old friends. One of the happiest of these was a Philadelphian, in whom I had taken an interest. His foot had been hit by a falling beam, causing him weeks of inconvenience and pain. I

took his messages and learned also that he had some "kicks," but these were due more to the conditions of employment than to the compensation or to the climate. McKinley found, among friends at the wharf, a couple of prominent residents of his home district, who had come over from New Orleans on a tug and were to make the return trip on the big ship. They were invited to join our party, and, having fresh news from the States, were welcome companions. Miss Keating, who was left at Kingston, had arrived by transport to Colon and was taken on board; a young Philadelphian, resident of Germantown, who had employment with the Isthmian Canal Commission, took passage; and Consul-General Shanklin, who had stood by until the "last whistle blew," turned over to us, in the person of Richard M. Bartleman, an American Consul-General-at-large, who had just partially completed a tour of South America as an inspector of consulates for the State Department at Washington. Bartleman was an observing fellow, full of wonderment that we were so indifferent to the development of South American trade and hopeful that improved commercial relations would speedily be established. He had been appointed originally from Boston, had been in the West Indies, and was for a time at Caracas, where he was Secretary of Legation. As he spoke Spanish fluently, he had been transferred to Malaga and then to Seville, where he married a Spanish lady, from whom and his children he had been taken because of his special equipment for the tour of South America. We had seen enough in our own wanderings to believe in the wisdom of an oversight of the consular offices of the United States in foreign countries, and it was not disappointing to learn that the Government was exercising a supervision that would tend to bring them on a higher standard of efficiency. Bartlemen emphasized the importance of having consuls with knowledge

of the Spanish language. The English, the Germans and the French, who do business in South America, he said, were alive to this need and were getting the trade because they won the confidence of the people.

"We should study the Spanish language and customs," he said, "and we should have a fast mail. It has taken me forty days to come up the west coast of South America from Valparaiso to Panama, making the necessary stops."

Our stories of Saint Pierre and Kingston led Bartleman to describe the earthquake at Valparaiso, Chile, August 16, 1906. "This earthquake," he said, "lasted about five minutes, killing 2,000 people and toppling over buildings and monuments. The people believed the last day had come, but many began to loot, and for this offense 500 were shot. As a warning to thieves one German officer alone directed the shooting of 150 men."

I asked, "Why a German officer?" The Inspector-General replied that Chili had been taking lessons in military affairs from German officers and was putting her navy under British disciplinarians. He added that Chili was one of the most progressive nations, and was generally regarded as the Yankee of South America, but with a very close attachment for Germany and England. The Japanese were doing business with Chili, we also learned from Bartleman, and during his visit were employing, for commercial purposes, two converted Russian cruisers, taken as prizes in the recent war.

A series of entertainments followed our departure from the Isthmus, for barring a stop at Santiago, we were to have several days on the water, riding round to Havana. Mann thought it would be a good idea to have the ladies take part, and finally induced Mrs. Stone, of Michigan, to make an address. Perhaps no effort of the committee was more successful than this. Mr. Sherman, who had been reading his

colleague's (Alexander's) "Political History of New York," was induced to reappear for a short talk, and Senator Curtis, in a speech brimming over with good humor, told of the Taft party's tour of the Philippine Islands. The dangerously descriptive new chorus with which this chapter opens, sung to the air of "Down Where the Wurzburger Flows," was also introduced, much to the delight of the passengers.

We took the long way round to Havana, arriving there on the morning of March 29—Good Friday. We had run the nose of the ship into Santiago harbor, on the south side of the island, but darkness was fast approaching and the red tape of the port threatened to hold us over night, so the Captain backed her out, very much to the disappointment of at least one passenger, General Patterson, of Albany, who had been wounded at San Juan and wanted to locate the spot where the Spaniards did it. The exploit of Hobson and the crew of the Merrimac in attempting to bottle up the harbor was elucidated by the knowing ones. The harbor was certainly narrow enough to be "bottled up;" looking in from the sea there appeared to be no entrance at all, but the forbidding old Morro clearly marked the place. We looked in vain for remaining evidences of Cervera's broken fleet. All traces of the ships had disappeared.

I pondered over the marine battle-ground of Santiago, for, in collaboration with the esteemed James Rankin Young, of Washington newspaper fame, I had helped enlighten the public at the close of the war upon this thrilling subject. Admiral Sampson had since gone to his grave and Admiral Schley, whose name had been linked with Sampson's in controversy over the honors of the day, was still alive. Hobson, who, notwithstanding his critics, performed the most conspicuous act of personal bravery during the war, was now in Congress. Who of these men had figured in

the world's history before Santiago? It was the opportunity of Santiago which brought them fame—the same opportunity which is the one essential to the advancement of hundreds, aye thousands, to the post of honor in American esteem. Manila was the opportunity that flashed the unknown "Dewey" in golden letters across the pages of history; it was the opportunity lost in Porto Rico that removed Aibonita from the heroic rank of San Juan Hill. Given the

MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA.

opportunity, there is nothing to stay the possibilities of American achievement.

Our first sight of Havana reminded me much of San Juan, Porto Rico. Like San Juan, the Cuban capital combined Castillian grandeur and picturesqueness with an air of modern enterprise. The substantial buildings were low and white, and the red tile roofs were prominent, but there was a yellowish haze in the atmosphere and along the skyline there was smoke from busy factories.

The far-famed harbor of Havana was slow in unfolding

itself to our view. It was not more than 400 yards wide at the entrance, and, until we had rounded the point where Morro Castle stands, we could scarcely see it. Once round, we found ourselves in the midst of busy shipping scenes. Small craft of all kinds, including "bum boats" with hooped awning covers, resembling Conestoga wagons afloat, were on the move. Large steamers loaded with coal and merchandise were up stream and several war vessels were at anchor. It was a thrifty harbor, but a dirty one. The tidal conditions are not favorable to sanitation, and where the sewage comes in it usually remains. Around the vessels, too, the kitchen offal had an unpleasant habit of staying "where put." It was explained that the harbor had no rear outlet and that much of the fever formerly prevailing in Havana originated from the stagnant and putrefying débris of the harbor. Under the walls of Cabana, the fortress along the Morro, we picked our way for probably a mile, coming to a full stop close by the still exposed and ever-memorable wreck of the *Maine*. Here it was that fate decreed the end of Spain's dominion in the West Indies and the Philippines. In vain did Sigsbee send his calming message to the States. The sinking of his ship had been "the straw that broke the camel's back." It roused the people to such a pitch of indignation that President McKinley's regretful but emphatic message to Congress was sent none too soon. Congress was ready to back the war, and in a few brief months Cuba, so long the sport of Spain's despotic rule, was free. To Speaker Cannon, who moved the appropriation; to Tawney, Sherman and Mann, who had voted "aye," a flood of recollections came trooping along with the first view of the rusty and battered bits of steel that still concealed the actual cause of the epoch-making disaster. The "blowing up of the *Maine*" had involved two nations in a costly warfare; it had

WRECK OF THE "MAINE," HAVANA.

changed the geography of the world and added "Colonial Possessions" to the United States; it had liberated peoples whose existence had been slavery—but there the old hulk remained, dismantled and forbidding, a menace to navigation and refused a decent burial.

"Why don't they blow it up?" was the general comment on the ship.

"They don't want to," said the whispering critic. "It might be shown that a Spanish mine was not the cause."

"Rot!' said the naval sharp. "If they blow it up they will hide the secret forever."

"Gentlemen," said the cool observer, "it is purely a question of cash. The cost of removal would be so great that nobody wants the job. We can all agree, however, that it is disgraceful to permit the *Maine* to remain as she is."

The historic relic did present a melancholy appearance. One would fain look upon it without conjecture as to the bones of the brave jackies still pinned beneath its massive framework. For the credit of the nation, I, too, wished it had not been permitted to remain so long, for in addition to being a menace to shipping, it is now only a gruesome curiosity.

A short distance from the wreck the American cruiser *Columbia* lay peaceably at anchor. Near by was the Italian cruiser *Fiera Mosca* (firefly), which had been making friendly visits to American ports, and further off the German gunboat *Panther.* The flags of the warships were at half-mast, the significance of which I could not understand, until later it was ascertained from the officers of the *Columbia* that they were paying a compliment to the Italians, who lower their flag to half-mast on Good Fridays. Such, then, was the spirit prevailing between nations in Havana harbor where nine years before the *Maine*, on a friendly

visitation, had gone down through treachery. And in this harbor, too, where had proudly floated the flag of Spain over parapet and turret, we now beheld the tri-colored emblem of Cuba with its single star, proclaiming "Cuba libre."

Flags of Cuba! Yes, they were everywhere. We had seen them floating proudly over the Morro at Santiago; they had greeted us along the northern coast, and then at Havana from fortifications and public buildings they had burst upon us in greater profusion than the ethics of patriotism would seem to require. There was no mistaking the position of the Cuban flag. It was afloat, and anomalous, though it appeared, it was afloat by the courtesy, and under the protection of the United States. No foreign power held the Cuban people in subjection, nor threatened their flag. No Spain had come thundering against the walls of Cabana. The United States had simply stepped in to perform a service remarkable in international comity, because Cuba had failed to govern herself.

Cuba was given her liberty through the intervention of the United States, and with our help, raised her own flag as a Republic, May 20, 1902. For four years she endeavored to keep the ship of State above the waves, but the contentious patriots overwhelmed her, and on September 29, 1906, the United States resumed provisional control of the island. On that day throughout Cuba was published the proclamation of the American Secretary of War. It read:

"To the People of Cuba:

"The failure of Congress to act on the irrevocable resignation of the President of the Republic of Cuba, or to elect a successor, leaves this country without a government at a time when great disorder prevails, and requires that, pur-

suant to a request of President Palma, the necessary steps be taken in the name and by the authority of the President of the United States to restore order, protect life and property in the Island of Cuba and islands and keys adjacent thereto, and for this purpose to establish therein a provisional government.

"The provisional government hereby established by direction and in the name of the President of the United States will be maintained only long enough to restore order and peace and public confidence and then to hold such elections as may be necessary to determine those persons upon whom the permanent government of the Republic should be devolved.

"In so far as is consistent with the nature of a provisional government established under authority of the United States, this will be a Cuban government conforming, as far as may be, to the constitution of Cuba. The Cuban flag will be hoisted as usual over the government buildings of the island. All the executive departments and the provincial and municipal governments, including that of the City of Havana, will continue to be administered as under the Cuban Republic. The courts will continue to administer justice, and all laws not in their nature inapplicable by reason of the temporary and emergent character of the Government will be in force.

"President Roosevelt has been most anxious to bring about peace under the constitutional government of Cuba, and has made every endeavor to avoid the present step. Longer delay, however, would be dangerous.

"In view of the resignation of the Cabinet, until further notice the heads of all departments of the Central Government will report to me for instructions, including Major-General Alejandro Rodriguez, in command of the Rural Guard and other Government forces, and General Carlos Roloff, Treasurer of Cuba.

"Until further notice, the Civil Governors and Alcaldes will also report to me for instructions.

"I ask all citizens and residents of Cuba to assist in the work of restoring order, tranquility and public confidence.

"Havana, September 29, 1906.

"WM. H. TAFT,
"Secretary of War of
"The United States,
"Provisional Governor of Cuba.

"Official:
"F. R. McCoy,
"Capt. 3rd Cav.,
"Aide."

The provisional government proclaimed by Mr. Taft was still on. We were, therefore, about to land in a country which floated a foreign flag, but whose every governmental function was exercised under the influence of our own beloved Stars and Stripes. And there certainly was a reason for the Stars and Stripes to be represented, even though the Cuban flag was so conspicuously in evidence, for about the time of our visit the same Secretary Taft, who had issued the proclamation previously quoted, at the War Department in Washington, was preparing some statistics, the significance of which from a humanitarian standpoint alone is probably unprecedented.

"We expended in the Cuban War upwards of $300,000,000," said the Secretary, "and we never have invited from Cuba the return of a single cent. We offered up in deaths and wounds and disease in that war the lives of 148 officers and over 4,100 enlisted men. We paid $20,000,000 to Spain under the Treaty of Peace. The exact consideration of this sum it may be difficult to state, but the result of the payment

was the treaty, and by that treaty was secured a cession of Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines, freed from the debts which Spain had incurred in their maintenance. It is not too much to say, however, that by this payment the United States freed the islands from a heavy burden of debt which, under ordinary conditions of a transfer, might have followed them under American sovereignty."

The Secretary told of the wretched condition in which the people of Cuba, particularly the refugees and reconcentrados, found themselves and their families at the close of the war. Our army had distributed 5,493,000 rations to the suffering at a cost of $1,500,000, and we had paid every Cuban soldier who had been serving his own country without pay $75, upon the deposit of his arms, a total out of the Treasury of the United States for this purpose alone of $2,550,000. We had taken up the subject of sanitation and had thoroughly cleaned the island, making it, instead of a depository of filth and disease, a healthful and fertile country; we had opened up the public schools, and whereas, under Spanish rule, 36,306 pupils was the limit cared for, the enrollment under the American system had increased to upwards of 200,000.

"The prisons," said the Secretary, "the squalor and misery of which it is hard to exaggerate, were thoroughly cleansed and put upon the basis of modern requirements."

The restoration of industry had been necessarily slow, but President Roosevelt had pleaded for a reduction of the duty on Cuban tobacco and sugar, and the Congress of the United States had finally yielded, so that to-day Cuba is doing a magnificent export trade, far exceeding anything in her history.

"But," the Secretary added, "the actual loss in revenue to the United States from the reduction of tariff rates by the treaty is certainly not less than $10,000,000 a year."

Why had it been necessary, after all this had been done for Cuba, an island of 44,000 square miles, with a population of 1,600,000, or little more than that of the single city of Philadelphia, for the United States to again step in and establish a vexatious and expensive provisional government, or protectorate? Again let us quote the Secretary of War:

"The Republic had not complied with its constitution in several important respects; it had not made provision for an independent judiciary; it had not provided autonomy in its municipalities, and it had not provided an election law which would secure, as required by the constitution, minority representation."

And what was to be expected as a result of an intervention which at the time of our visit had cost the United States $4,000,000 and was likely to cost at least $2,500,000 annually thereafter? Let Mr. Taft again elucidate:

"A commission under the provisional government is now drafting an election law, including a law for an electoral census; a law making the judiciary independent; a civil service law and a law establishing autonomy in municipalities. It is to be hoped that within seven months we may take an electoral census; then hold a municipal election, and six months thereafter a national election; and then, after a further interval of four months turn over the government to the persons properly elected."

And for all this self-sacrifice and expenditure, how is the United States to be reimbursed? The Secretary continues:

"The President is given authority to receive from the Cuban Treasury such sums as the condition of that Treasury may permit, to reimburse the United States for the expense of intervention, but is is quite unlikely that, in the various calls that there are upon the Cuban Treasury for works of improvement and for the bettering of the government, any

large part of these funds thus expended will be reimbursed to the United States."

We had found the baby on our door-step and the spirit of fatherhood required that we should put it asleep o'nights and provide for its maintenance. We were doing something for the baby, but its appetite was enormous and its disposition to cry at unseemly hours was characteristic. Indeed, the baby seemed to be getting the best of the bargain all the way through, for it was still doing business for itself under the protection of its new-found parent. Witness the figures: In 1895, the last year of Spanish occupation, the exports of Cuba into the United States were only $52,000,000; they increased under the American occupation until in 1906 they approximated $130,000,000, and upon this increased business of the "foundling" the "parent" was losing $10,000,000 per annum in tariff revenues.

But regarding Cuba as a troublesome child which wanted us to feed it and yet let it have its own way, for whose preservation and maintenance we had spent so much in treasure and in blood, what were we doing now that the protectorate was on, because the "foundling" had fallen out with itself? First of all, a Provisional Governor had been appointed with all the retinue and expense attaching to such an important position. Under his direction we had sent to Cuba at the period of our visit (March 30, 1907) 6,392 United States troops, soldiers taken from our own army for the mere purpose of making our "foundling" be good to itself. Of the 6,392 troops, 5,401 were of the United States Army, including 320 officers; 991, including 59 officers, were of the marine troops. At the head of all these troops, under the Provisional Governor, of course, was Brigadier-General Thomas H. Barry, with headquarters at Marianao, eight miles from the city of Havana. It was not deemed neces-

sary to place any American troops in the city of Havana, but companies were assigned to all of the principal towns in the various provinces of the Republic. We had duplicated the police system of the Island of Cuba from the regular army of the United States. We had established a Camp Columbia as a general headquarters of our "standing Cuban Army," and, in order not to hurt the feelings of the patriotic natives, we had called it "the Army of Cuban Pacification."

It was extremely important that we should not hurt the feelings of the natives, and so, too, we had appointed under the Provisional Governor, to co-operate as the adviser to the Major-General commanding the armed forces of Cuba (numbering approximately 5,000 men, including artillery and rural guards, mounted and unmounted), Major H. J. Slocum, of the Second United States Cavalry. Our troops had left the United States October 14, 1906; had landed from October 10th to 22d, and had since co-operated with the rural guards through our Provisional Governor and the army officers at Camp Columbia, where the American flag did float near Marianao. To the staff of the Provisional Governor of Cuba, in addition to Major F. S. Foltz, of the Fifteenth United States Cavalry, and Captain J. A. Ryan, of the same command, had been added Captain José Marti, Cuban Artillery, son of one of Cuba's heroes. To be sure, had any great disturbances in the United States necessitated the presence of the troops, they could have been drawn away from Cuba in three or four days, but no such disturbance had arisen, and therefore it was perhaps good field work for them on the island.

But what else were we doing at this particular time at the expense of the United States for our prospering but discontented ward?

At the time of our visit there were in Cuban waters no

less than 33 vessels of the United States Navy, having on board 9,000 officers and men. The vessels then actually in and around Cuban harbors included the first-class battleships *Maine, Louisiana, Missouri, Virginia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Alabama, Illinois, Kentucky, Kearsarge, Ohio, Indiana* and *Iowa;* the protected cruisers *Columbia, Tacoma* and *Des Moines;* the converted cruisers *Dixie* and *Prairie;* the cruiser *Yankton;* the gunboat *Paducah;* the supply ship *Glacier;* the auxiliaries *Caesar, Leonidas, Ajax, Arethusa* and *Nero;* the torpedo boat destroyers *Hopkins, Hull, MacDonough, Truxton, Whipple* and *Worden;* and at the Guantanamo Bay Naval Station, the station ship *Amphitrite.*

It was not intended, of course, that all these vessels should remain in Cuban waters, and the orders, I believe, had actually been prepared for them to sail about the middle of April, but it was the expectation that the *Columbia,* the *Tacoma,* the *Des Moines,* the *Dixie,* the *Prairie* and the *Amphitrite,* with approximately 1,200 officers and men on board, should remain in and about Cuba until further notice.

I have indicated that the population of the single City of Philadelphia is nearly as great as that of the whole Republic of Cuba; its manufacturing output is greater than that of the entire manufacturing and agricultural output of the Republic. The entire police force necessary for the maintenance of peace and order in Philadelphia is less than 2,400 men. It is, therefore, interesting to note that Cuba had, at the time of our visit, upwards of 5,000 artillery men and rural guards, about 6,400 United States troops, and 8,000 sailors and marines, a total of 19,400 armed men to maintain the peace. Considering the entire question of our relations to the Republic of Cuba, it seemed to me that Secretary Taft had been most happy in describing it as "national altruism." It was the very sublimity of altruism, and yet

we had no sooner entered the Port of Havana than booklets and papers were thrust under our noses, indicating that a very large proportion of the people of this restless Republic were clutching at each other's throats, one set seeking to hasten the elections in order that the American occupation might be ended, and the other demanding that the United States continue in control for an indefinite period.

In the Havana *Daily Post* on the day of our arrival was an editorial indicating that the various leaders of native sentiment were fighting over elections and that the breach between the factions was widening. In the Havana *Daily Telegraph* was a communication criticising Governor Magoon and placing in his mouth the words: "I represent at this moment all of the powers—the legislative, the executive and the constitutional; I am the law, and the only legality now alive in Cuba. I am the power and I am the law." This was not the *Telegraph's* own view, but was an excerpt from a satirical paper in the interior.

The gaming spirit of the Cuban people and the charge that "graft-protected gambling" existed in Havana, were the subject of an editorial in the *Telegraph*, as was the more important problem of "The Cuban Negro and Cuba's Future." Quoting from an American magazine, which had published an article proclaiming the negro a superior workman and better fighter than the white Cuban, which article also declared that the Cuban negro, along with the other Cuban soldiers, had come to the belief that the "blowing up of the *Maine*" had nothing to do with the independence of the people and the overthrow of the Spaniards, the *Telegraph* said:

"This belief in their own prowess and formidableness has, within the past half year, been greatly strengthened by the recognition given to the leaders of last summer's revolution

and the conciliating policy of the Provisional Government, which the ignorant dupes of these leaders attribute to weakness and fear."

The editor then proceeded to speak of "the dangers that threaten Cuba's future and bid fair to become imminent should the United States again abandon the island to the unskilled guidance of its people."

So much for editorial comment. I now take up "The Duty of the United States in Cuba" and "El Protectorado," two pamphlets translated into English, containing opinions of prominent Cubans, and articles published by Cuban newspapers, relating to the question of Cuba and the United States, which were handed to us at the very threshold of the Republic. In both the cry is "Cuba for Cubans Under the Guarantee and Protection of the United States;" yes, again, the penny and the cake both.

But listen! "The first experiment of a Cuban Republic has been a dismal failure," writes José de Armas. * * * "Once again, for four years and six months, Cuba's international position is at the mercy of the wavering internal politics of the United States and dependent on the uncertain promises of the government at Washington, which are less definite and authorized now than in 1898." And then, after much of Cuba's patriotic blood has been shed by the writer, we find it declared "that, judging the future by the past, many now fear that in case of a repetition of the abandonment of the island by the American Army, as was done in 1902, the disorders of 1905 and 1906 will be repeated, and following them another intervention without any pledge whatever to keep Cuba for the Cubans, but with the evident intention of ruling the island with an iron hand."

The writer tells us "there is no such thing as superior and inferior races, but only those of more or less political experi-

ence, and this is precisely what the Cubans lack. The Honorable William H. Taft, Secretary of War of the United States, has recognized this, stating that the so-called superiority of the Anglo-Saxons in self-government means nothing but 300 years more of practice in the exercise of that form of government." And so the argument continues, first pleading to the United States on the ground that the Cubans are powerless to help themselves, and then insisting that the United States shall hold aloof and simply train up the Cubans so that they may become as independent of the United States as of any other power.

"We repudiate alike the foreign tyrant and the dictator at home," writes one of the Cuban patriots, "but we wish also that the right the United States has now of intervening in Cuba be substituted by supervision, in order that the American government divide with the Cuban the responsibility of preventing insurrections. If the Americans go now in order to come back again and conquer us, it would not only be an injustice, but an infamy."

In a word, the professional Cubans of to-day would like to occupy to the national government of the United States the same relation that is held by the State of Maine or the State of Pennsylvania; they would like to have protection, sanitation and all the advantages of free interstate commerce; they would like to call upon our army or our navy whenever necessary to put down an insurrection in Cuba, but they would like to be entirely free from any oversight. Men of refinement and property, whose wealth is in momentary danger from the insurgents and fire-brands of the island, are anxious for the United States to keep its army and navy somewhere near at hand, just as the army and navy of Great Britain are at the disposal of Barbados or if Trinidad, but the insurgent and office-seeking malcontent wants the army and

navy of the United States to go, in order that he may have a chance to display his "patriotism" and share in the wealth of those who are protected by the strong arm of the United States.

When a favorable opportunity came I sought the opinion of Speaker Cannon upon the Cuban situation. Without regard to any conclusions of my own, I quote what he said:

"The world abounds in the savings of investors and thrifty people, and wherever safe investment is assured there such savings will go. To a large extent they have gone into Porto Rico, although what may be called corporate capital is also conspicuous there; but Porto Rico is going forward because American money is being utilized in the island. Wherever, also, our capital has gone we have induced improvement. American street car systems in Trinidad and Jamaica, for instance; American hotels in other islands; American fruit lines, tobacco and sugar companies, all these and other enterprises give employment to the people of the islands and encourage the circulation of money. It has been observed, too, that the stable government assured by the United States in Porto Rico and the confidence of capitalists elsewhere has proven attractive to the more enlightened and progressive people of the islands, especially as it has appeared that the government of those islands has been more a burden than a source of profit to the European powers.

"Cuba presents a problem with which the United States must deal," said the Speaker, thoughtfully. "Nominally independent, the island still insists upon American control in order that it may be saved from revolution and anarchy. The obligation we have assumed in this regard is serious and at times embarrassing, and though the obligation must be kept, the present condition is unnatural and cannot continue forever.

"Capital is going into Cuba not as rapidly as it might, but still rapidly, because of the American protectorate. If the Cuban Government itself was stable and the American troops might be withdrawn, the island would undoubtedly be most productive and prosperous, but the fear of revolution and the dread of anarchy are still prevalent and will increase as the time for the withdrawal of the provisional government of the United States draws nigh. It is the same with Cuba as it is with other islands of the West Indies. There must be stable government such as the United States could give or there will be no settled peace and prosperity."

At this point one of our party suggested that the end of it all would be annexation; that the United States, with other interests to look after, could not be constantly coming at the beck and call of the property-owning, law-abiding, money-making people of Cuba to protect them and their interests against the revolutionary class; that it must be a part of the United States ultimately, because of its own inability to control itself.

"That word annexation," said Mr. Cannon, "irritates. Perhaps it would be better not to use it. The United States is pledged not to annex Cuba, and our policy has been opposed to annexation, except in response to the appeal of the people who desire to come under the protection of the American flag. We took Porto Rico and the Philippines because we were forced so to do by the fortunes of war. We had to take them to prevent their falling into the hands of other nations which might use them to our disadvantage. Previous annexations, such as Texas and Hawaii, were made at the request of the people in power in those territories. When Cuba makes the request it will be time enough to take up the question, unless Cuba should prove herself so incompetent when next given her independence and become such a

menace as to make some other action necessary. It is not unnatural, however, that we should look forward to the time when Cuba will became a part of the United States, and when the other islands of the Caribbean Sea shall be similarly regarded."

I anticipate somewhat, but after our arrival in Havana I prodded an army officer on the question of Cuban politics.

"The greed for office," he said, "has much to do with the restless and insurrectionary tendencies of the natives. The rural population wants its share and will burn to get it. That's the reason the rich planters want protection. Give them offices and the insurgents will be satisfied."

"But what of party ties?"

"There are conservatives and liberals, but that means Zayas, or Gomez, or Menocal, or some other individual, according to his probable power to 'deliver the goods!'"

"And the native voter?"

"He's like the foxy Western negro who found what his vote was worth. The canvasser called and sounded the wife.

"'Is Mose still a Republican?' he asked.

"'Can't tell,' said mammy. 'He ain't been home since morning.'"

CHAPTER XII.

HAVANA.

The Cuban City Beautiful—Governor Magoon a Visitor—A Story on Penrose—Masonry in Toral's Surrender—The American Officers' Club—Tacon the Man of Action—The Mayor and the Tenderloin—Cannon's Tribute to the Drayman—Reception at the Governor's Palace—Columbus's Bones and the Fort of DeSoto—Havana's Social Swirl—The Gypsy Rigo—A Salute at the Morro—The Labyrinthian Fortifications—Where Cuban Martyrs Died—Palma and His Lost Cause—Property Owners Who Want Protection—Dinner at Minister Morton's—The Exciting Game of Jai Alai—The Governor Remembers a Friend.

A beautiful city—Havana; naturally, and by the hand of man. With its Prado and its Malecon, its parks, its churches and its statues; its stately and artistic buildings, its ornamental and substantially-built homes—indeed, there was something captivating about it all. We expected to enjoy ourselves in the capital city, for it had been pictured as another Paris and Naples combined, with a little of Monte Carlo thrown in. The launches were ready, and we were preparing to land when a boarding party made its way to the Speaker's state-room. They might have searched the island over and not done better.

"It's Governor Magoon," said Tawney, as the Taft-like form of the Provisional Governor grasped the Speaker's hand—"another Minnesota boy."

"But he isn't boasting of it," laughed Sherman; "he's been to Nebraska since."

Accompanying the Governor were Major-General Alejandro Rodriguez, the Commander-in-Chief of the Cuban

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troops; his United States adviser, Major H. J. Slocum, Second United States Cavalry, and Colonel Carlos M. de Rojas of the Cuban Artillery; the American Consul-General, Frank Steinhart, a Pennsylvanian, hailing from Allentown; Captain Robert E. L. Michie, of the General Staff, U. S. A., who had been detailed from Washington; Captain J. A. Ryan, Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., aide to the Provisional Governor, and Lieutenant-Commander Sypher, U. S. Navy. Trooping along with the party were Mr. Alvord, the New York *Herald's* representative at Havana, and Mr. Patchin, of the New York *Sun*.

It was not long before the Congressional party found it had come in contact with a big-bodied, big-hearted, big-minded man. Some of us had not met Governor Magoon before, but we liked him. He "looked the part" of an American representative in a trying position abroad. There was nothing nervous about him. The annoyances of the island were not disturbing him. He was jovial, in fact. I gloried in the knowledge that Pennsylvania had at least been recognized in a consular position—at Havana.

"Yes," said the Governor, "you've got Steinhart, and I've brought him along in self-defence."

Steinhart smilingly acquiesced, and the Governor told the story. The joke was on the senior Senator from Pennsylvania.

The Metcalf party had been in Havana a few days before our arrival, and the Governor had received them. They slyly suggested that Senator Penrose was very much interested in Havana, and would probably make some inquiries on his own account. The Governor had not been told the reason, but that developed in due course.

The Senators, it seems, had tired of the monotony of the voyage on the *Dolphin* and looked about for some diversion.

Penrose was within hearing. Said Hale to Carter, in language parliamentary, but very like this: "It's queer that Magoon should fire Steinhart! Are you sure it was in the *Post?*" Said Carter to Hale, "It was in the *Post,* and it must be true. He not only fired him, but sent him off in a boat. Where do you think he got his authority?"

"What's that?" exclaimed Penrose, pricking up his ears. "Who says he's fired?"

"Why," said Carter, "I was just reading it in the Washington *Post.* Where is that *Post?* I had it only a minute ago."

An exhaustive search for the *Post,* of course, did not reveal it. It must have blown overboard.

"Well, anyway," said Hale to Carter, "it said that Magoon had taken offense at something Steinhart had done and had ordered him to leave the island."

"The deuce he ordered him to leave the island!" roared Penrose. "Steinhart knows more about Cuba in a minute than Magoon knows in a month. I'll look into this. Magoon has got it in for Pennsylvania, evidently."

From that time until they reached Havana, Penrose was ready to meet Magoon. He could hardly wait to get ashore to demand an explanation of "that damned Nebraska lawyer." The denouement came in the evening. The unsuspecting Magoon had arranged a dinner, and cordially placed the Senator from Pennsylvania on his right hand. It was the last ditch.

"Where's Steinhart?" asked the Pennsylvanian, looking squarely into the eyes of his host.

Now, it happened that Steinhart that very afternoon had excused himself to the Governor to accompany a party of New York friends into the interior. So, innocently enough, the Governor replied:

"He's gone away."

"Gone away!" ejaculated Penrose, stiffening for a fight. "Where's he gone? Who sent him away?"

"Nobody sent him away that I'm aware of," said the surprised Governor.

"Where is he?" demanded Penrose.

"In the country."

"In the country? What's he doing in the country?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Entertaining his friends I suppose."

"Entertaining his friends. Well, I'm going to find out about this," and the angry Senator turned his attention to the dinner.

To the observing Senators, the situation was a source of the greatest amusement, but, presently, behold! Steinhart. Explanations were unnecessary. Penrose understood.

Under the escort of the Governor, the Speaker and party landed at the famous customs wharf. Quite a crowd had assembled, including His Excellency, Emilio Nunez, the Governor of the Province of Havana; Mayor Cardenas, of Havana City; the American Minister, Mr. E. V. Morgan; former Congressman Hawley, of Texas, representing large sugar interests in Cuba; Edward G. Vaughan, president of the American Club; Heinrich Runken, president of the German Club, together with representatives of the Spanish Casino, the Cuban Clubs, the Chamber of Commerce and financial institutions. In this company, the Speaker was made to feel at home at once. He found almost everybody speaking English and observed that Americans were figuring in the business and financial progress of the island. I also learned that Governor Nunez had interests in Philadelphia and occasionally visited the city.

"There's a good fellowship everywhere," I observed to

Bartleman, "if you know how to cultivate it. A returning officer of the Spanish-American War told me that Masonry played an important part in the negotiations that induced Toral to surrender to Shafter at Santiago."

"I had not heard of it," said the inspector of consulates, "but it may interest you to know that, although the first attack was made upon my consulate at Malaga, every pos-

APPROACH TO COLON CEMETERY, HAVANA.

sible courtesy was shown to my family and myself. That was the result of fraternal association."

In a special trolley car, marked "Particular," the Congressional party was escorted to Marianao, about six miles outside of Havana, for a brief sojourn at the American Officers' Club. The ride through the city revealed to us many of the historic buildings, including old fortifications and the Governor's palace. We had a fine chance also to observe

the stores and the houses of residents with their elaborate colonnades, handsome iron gratings and mahogany doors, for the Cubans are extremely particular about their windows and doors. For quite a distance beyond the city our road carried us close to the sea, giving us a splendid view of the ocean and the coral rock formations along the shore. The streets in Havana were paved with Belgian blocks and macadam; there were many parks and squares highly ornamented by tropical foliage. We passed the old jail where the garrote is employed in executions, and the leper hospital, which is in the built-up portion of the city. The policemen of the city along the principal driveways were mounted and proved to be an unusually handsome-looking body of men. Baseball was played by the gamins on every available lot, and on the billboards we observed many familiar faces, including those of Lydia Pinkham and Governor Douglas, of Massachusetts. The inscriptions, however, were in Spanish.

Approaching Marianao, which is virtually a suburb of Havana, we passed the headquarters of the American Army, and observed that the streets were given familiar names, as, for instance, "General Maceo Street," or "General Fitzhugh Lee Street." We stopped for a few moments at the Officers' Club and found some fresh American papers, including one which presented on the front page the intellectual physiognomy of William Alden Smith, the new Senator from Michigan, with a lengthy sketch of his life from the beginning as a newsboy.

We discussed the roads and particularly the magnificent drive along the ocean front, from the fortifications at Havana Harbor, and much credit was given General Leonard Wood, who had cleaned up Havana, changing it from a disease-infected port to a city of exceeding cleanliness and

beauty. He had made of a former dump along the ocean the greatest drive for fashionable folk of which the city now boasted. But, as praise was being bestowed upon the work, I picked from the table a book, in which appeared a description of Miguel Tacon, a Governor-General sent by Spain to Cuba in 1834, who seems to have had a tremendous interest in the development of the island. If all that was said of him was true, the celebrated "butcher," Weyler, was a tyro in autocracy.

Lawlessness prevailed all over the island, and a former Governor, appealed to by citizens, had said:

"Do as I do; never go out after dark."

But Tacon was a man of action. He cut off the heads of robbers and exhibited them as "horrible examples." He picked up vagrants and established a chain-gang of 2,000, whom he set to work building roads, bridges and prisons; he was the terror of the gamblers, and broke up the petty official graft that had existed throughout the island. He seized, tried and exiled the natives arbitrarily, and yet the spirit of justice prevailed, because, on one occasion, he settled a dispute between a poor man and a planter by paying the former what was claimed to be due from the latter, leaving the planter in the unhappy position of repudiating the debt to himself or incurring his enmity. He confiscated money employed in various enterprises, as, for instance, the slavery trade or in gambling, and devoted it to the Orphan Asylum. He was said, on one occasion, to have appeared before a necromancer, who was taking the money of the credulous natives for foretelling events, and on being told that the horoscope revealed for him "a bright future of wealth, power," etc., seized the cards, and, proclaiming himself a fortune-teller, shuffled them and said:

"I see that you will be breaking stone in Morro Castle in less than an hour, and will stay there two years."

It was this Tacon who appears to have made road-building respectable in Cuba, long before it was found by General Wood to have so sadly degenerated.

An amusing incident of our visit to Marianao arose from an inquiry by one of the party as to the tenderloin of Havana. We had seen residences of great beauty and had gone through the business section, which teemed with busy shoppers and tradespeople, but what of the slums? The red-light district, if you please? The question was put first to Captain Ryan, the Provisional Governor's aide. Taking it humorously, the Captain passed the question adroitly to Major Slocum.

"The tenderloin!" said the Major, affecting surprise, "you will have to ask Vaughan."

As Vaughan was a banker, he was naturally ignorant upon the subject, and passed it along to Governor Magoon. The Governor was also "on," and submitted that such an inquiry was beyond his province, and must necessarily be responded to by the Mayor. Now, Mayor Cardenas was a most polite and obliging gentleman, but his knowledge of English was not good. With true, native pride, he had been saying "yes, yes," to almost every proposition which tended to extol the beauty and development of his city. Then, bluntly, the Governor pushed the question to him. He observed that the entire party was at attention, and that he was being addressed. He stared blankly, then smiled, to have us believe that he thoroughly comprehended the question, and deliberately answered:

"Oh—everything—all—right."

"How do the natives treat the American soldiers?" I asked one of the army officers.

"We have no trouble with them," was the response, "and, so far as we can observe, they are quiet, but most of us feel

that they are ready to break out just as soon as the troops and warships leave."

"Is it the whole people, or just the agitators?"

"It's the small fellows who cause the trouble," was the reply, "the men who have brains enough to scheme for office and who induce other men to fight their battles."

"Like the pale-faced student, who interrogated Speaker Cannon during one of his political speeches in Illinois," I suggested.

The officer desired to hear the story, and I told him as well as I could remember.

The Speaker was making an address in Danville, in which he advocated the continuance of a government which had done so much for the people. The student, who had evidently been devoting his midnight oil to the fixed problems of political economy and who had mixed them up with socialism and the teachings of Karl Marx, began to put his theoretical questions. He was ill at ease, but the Speaker permitted him to continue, and, when he had finished, drew a word-picture, paralleling the young man, with all his mistaken learning, alongside of the town philanthropist, who had risen from a drayman and, by adherence to the fixed institutions, had been able to leave benefactions to uplift the people.

"If you were going to erect a monument to the man who had done most for you, who had given you the greatest happiness," said the Speaker, "would you bestow that honor upon the memory of the man who 'thinks too much,' and whose excessive reading would tend to disrupt and destroy? Or would you erect it to the memory of the honest and industrious man who had no scholarly attainments, but whose heart, whose hand, and whose money had been devoted, without question, to the common good?"

"That is exactly the situation in Cuba," said the officer. "We have a lot of bright young agitators and too few of the solid type. The land-owners, the responsible men, are all right. If we could make property-holders of them all, we might tell a different story. It reminds me of the pugnacious Irish teamster in New York. He was continually jumping off his wagon to thrash someone, and his employers thought it extraordinary if they didn't have to bail him out of a police-station at least once a day.

"He simply loved to fight. You may imagine his employers' surprise then, when one afternoon, Pat came driving serenely up the street with a man not half his size trotting behind his wagon and calling him all the vile names he could think of.

" 'Why, Pat,' said the boss, 'what's come over you. I have seen you lick a man twice as big for half as little?'

" 'Ah, sure,' said Pat, 'that was different. I just got a bit of property in me name jistherday, and it's after a damage-suit that chap is.' "

"You think, then," I asked, "that as conditions now are, the people are really unable to govern themselves?"

"Unquestionably. Palma had lost his grip entirely when Secretary Taft issued his proclamation, and the American troops took possession in October, 1906. The same thing would happen if a new President were to be elected now and we were to retire and leave him to his own people."

That afternoon we were to attend a reception at the mansion occupied by Governor Magoon, and, in the meantime, we amused ourselves by running around the city. It had the Parisian open-air cafes, with tables on the sidewalks.

Although everybody seemed to be drinking, there was no drunkenness. In the two days I was there, I saw not a single drunken person. Everybody—men, women and

children—appeared to smoke, which was perhaps only natural in a country where they raise the finest tobacco in the world.

The Governor had gathered together some delightful people to meet the Speaker and party, including General and Mrs. Alfred Elliot Bates and former Senator and Mrs. J. Bayard Henry, of Philadelphia. There was a reason for the presence of Mrs. Bates. She had been in Cuba for some months at the invitation of Governor Magoon, who, being a bachelor, was in a quandary as to how he should run the executive establishment. He desired to entertain, because the wealthy people of Havana are exclusive and great sticklers for the social proprieties. It fell, therefore, to the lot of General and Mrs. Bates to help out in this particular, and right royally had Mrs. Bates performed her part, for we were told that the elite of the city had come to regard Governor Magoon as one of the best administrators and friends the island had seen.

It was a magnificent palace, that home of the Governor, with a park in front and a patio inside, and a rich band to furnish the executive music. The surroundings were so poetic, and polished floors so inviting, that Speaker Cannon, renewing his acquaintance with the good lady who had helped along the social side of the Governor's life, could not refrain from inviting her to a waltz, an invitation that was promptly accepted.

Among those receiving were the Governor's aides in uniform, including Captain Marti, the representative of the Cuban Army.

From the palace, on the way to the ship to dress for dinner, we were induced by Major Slocum to stop for a moment at his home in the famous old Le Fuerza (the fort). We passed the old church of San Francisco, which had

been turned into a customs warehouse because of its occupancy and consequent desecration as a place of Roman Catholic worship by Lord Albemarle in 1762, and viewed also the Cathedral, where the bones of Christopher Columbus were said to have rested for a century. Restless as he himself in the living flesh once was, had been the bones of the great discoverer. Dying in Valladolid, in 1508, he was buried there, and his body was removed to Seville shortly afterward, in accordance with a provision in his will. In 1536, his bones were taken to San Domingo and deposited in the Cathedral there, but when the island passed into the hands of the French, in 1795, the bones were hastily taken up again and borne to Cuba. There they lay in a niche in the Cathedral, until the Spanish evacuated the island, in 1898. They were then taken to Seville. At least, such was our information. Meanwhile, the authorities of the San Domingo Cathedral profess to have discovered the "real" bones of Columbus, and have built a costly tomb of sculptured marble for them.

Students of earlier fortifications would fall in love with La Fuerza. To me, it was one of the greatest treats in Havana. The most practical and prosaic of men could sit and dream there on its parapets, or beside its drawbridge. The old fort antedates Morro Castle by half a century. When De Soto was Governor of Cuba, in 1538, he built it, and, as soon as he saw its defenses completed, the year following, he set off on that momentous exploring expedition up the Mississippi River, leaving his wife, Dona Isabel de Bobadilla, in command of La Fuerza.

Four long, weary years she watched and waited for the wanderer to return, and then, instead of De Soto, came stragglers from the continent, who told of the death of the explorer and his burial in "the Father of Waters."

The romantic old fort gave the impression of massiveness and stability. The moat and drawbridge looked as impregnable as they were designed to be, and the bastions, terrepleins and towers were as solemnly ferocious as if modern guns and warships had never been invented.

Mrs. Slocum, who came in from a horseback ride, found us luxuriating in the exquisitely quaint furniture suggestive of De Soto's time, breathing in the aroma of the rich flowers which embellished the otherwise gloomy surroundings.

"You have the advantage over the Major when he comes home late," said the Speaker.

"Yes," she replied with a laugh. "It's easy to pull up the drawbridge. And, just for the sake of the traditions, we still do raise and lower it."

In the evening, at the Miramar, we were the guests of Mr. Hawley, of Texas. The old Congressional associations had overcome him, and he desired to play the host for "Auld Lang Syne." Full evening dress was again the order, not only for the dinner-party, but for most of the guests of the hotel, who drove up in all the splendor of an August parade at Newport. The night was superb, and the busy scene around the Malecon, on which the hotel fronted, evidenced the love of the wealthy Cubans for the picturesque and grandiose. Many of the people seated about the Students' Monument, in the park, between the Carcal Presidio and Punta Castle, were accompanied by winter sojourners from the United States and Europe, but the Cubans, naturally, were in the majority, and they were a prosperous-looking lot. The swirl of handsome equipages coming in from the Calzada de San Lazara, the Prado and other notable thoroughfares, and the dust of automobiles, provoked expressions of amazement.

"Dreamy, isn't it?" said Gummere, who was giving a little dinner party of his own.

"You are," said Hancock with kindly reference to the handsome Trentonian's state of mind.

"Where do the people get the money?" I inquired.

"You have no idea of the wealth and culture in Havana," responded the Consul-General. Some of those people are rich and exclusive as the Knickerbockers, the Cadwaladers or the Biddles."

"And are they unable to govern themselves?"

"No; but they would be overcome if insurgency and outlawry should again prevail."

"And the common people—the insurgents, if you please—is it not a little of this magnificence that incites their restlessness?"

"Perhaps."

The dinner over, the Speaker, the Governor and party were the objects of a special concert led by the gipsy, Rigo. And the Princess was there, too! At least the wise ones so declared. She was gorgeously attired, and her heart was set upon the player. And Rigo, how he played!

"I will present you," said one of the Cuban guests to members of the *Bluecher's* party who had gathered with those enjoying the music. The Princess, "sighing like furnace," withdrew her glance from "the master" in the gallery and responded. But Rigo had dropped his bow, the performance was over and he stood by the Princess' side. The Americans were crowding the latter hard; her fame had stirred their interest, but the gypsy leader was yet to be reckoned with. Why all these attentions to her!

"I am Rigo!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said the Princess. "This is Rigo! The greatest musician in the world."

"I am Rigo," persisted the musician, thumping himself on the chest.

And the crowd took notice.

Harbor launches awaited us Saturday morning for a ride to Morro Castle, the most noted fortress in the West Indies. General Rodriguez, Major Slocum and Colonel Rojas accompanied us. In Spanish, the full title of the Morro is Castillo de San Carlos de la Cabana; by common consent Cabana is fully comprehensive.

In climbing the stone roads and steps to the top of the fortress, the Speaker and party were obliged to lift their hats several times to wipe away the perspiration, but once on the ramparts, looking out over the harbor of Havana and taking in the expansive sea-view, we were all amply compensated for the trip. The rocky Morro and fortifications extend 100 feet above the sea. Moats and drawbridges met us at almost every turn in the wonderful labyrinth of roads and passageways within the walls. One could spend days in the old fortress without seeing it all. The historical interest was not so great, for no gun had ever been fired from these ramparts in defence of Havana. The mammoth structure had been used mostly for prisons and for barracks. The work of construction, according to the inscription across the principal entrance, had commenced during the reign of Carlos III, in 1763, and the fortress had been completed in 1774. The cost of building during these eleven years amounted to $14,000,000, and it was said that when the final report was made to the King of Spain, he lifted his hand to shade his eyes and looked out over the sea, pretending to discern the walls of so costly a structure.

Stories of imprisonment and of executions were plentiful, but interest centered mainly in the time of Weyler, whose cruelty to the Cubans immediately preceding the Spanish-American War had much to do with arousing public sentiment in the United States in favor of intervention. We were shown dungeons in which accused Cubans were in-

carcerated, many of them bearing upon the walls finger-marks of crosses and other insignia of the devotions of those who expected soon to face death. But the point of greatest interest was "the laurel ditch," so called for the laurel trees that brighten up the shaded enclosure, where the shackled prisoners marked time to the music of Spanish bullets. On a high wall of this "ditch," reaching to a height of 20 feet, were the holes of bullets that had sped wide of the human marks. Covering many of them a bronze tablet to the memory of the Cuban martyrs had been set by the school children of Havana.

The "dead line," beyond which no Cuban could go alive, was pointed out, and over on one of the high walls where the Spanish populace was accustomed to assemble to witness the executions, we were shown the spot where a woman in black, presumably a Spaniard, was wont to sit and jeer, as the groans of the dying followed the crack of the rifle.

In the Governor's quarters in this old fortress, President Palma had located during a part of the troublous times of his regime. I looked into the barricaded yard overlooking the city of Havana, where the flowers for his table had grown, but no life remained save that of a few fowl picking away at the soil between the stones. Palma had not long remained in the Morro. It was too gloomy and he had taken his chances in Havana. Prior to his abdication, according to Consul-General Steinhart, concerning whose own safety there had been unpleasant rumors, the city was engirdled by no less than 23,000 insurgents under three leaders, who were prepared to seize Palma, and to generally loot and kill.

"We had 6,000 troops in and about the fortress at that time," said General Rodriguez, "and I tried to obtain another 3,000, but the request was not granted."

Poor Palma, hemmed in as he was, had asked for Ameri-

can intervention. He probably did not expect the Americans to do more than uphold his hand, but his government had failed and the United States had stepped in to administer the affairs of Cuba with no uncertain hand. When he learned the result of his appeal, the poor old President, broken in spirit, retired to a secluded life in the country.

In front of the quarters where the President and the former Governors had ruled, a body of Cuban troops was drawn up to salute the Speaker, and a Cuban military band of excellent skill played in his honor "The Star Spangled Banner."

"What percentage of property owners are there here?" asked the Speaker of one of the wealthy Cubans.

"From five to ten per cent.," was the reply.

"Does it ever occur to your business people, who have so much at stake, that they ought to take a firm stand against the agitators; that they ought to make the fight?"

"We couldn't do it," was the answer. "There are two parties here, and we would be divided at any moment. If you will stay a few more years, we think we will be in better shape."

The Speaker had been asking questions throughout the whole of this Cuban trip, and I found that he had been thinking of the position in which the United States had been placed by the Cuban intervention.

"These rich fellows," he said, "are too cowardly to fight their own battles. They have put it up to us; we are in the position that good old Cleveland found himself in on a memorable occasion. It is no longer a theory but a condition which confronts us. We have got to take care of that condition. When this government is given back into the hands of the Cubans, England, or Germany, or any other country might, in perfect good faith, deal with these fellows

to our disadvantage. We are in a different position in Porto Rico because there we never let go our hold; here in Cuba we did, and we have got to keep our finger in here, whether we want to withdraw it or not. One thing is sure, we cannot settle this question in a day; it will have to work out."

From Cabana we took the launches for the cruiser *Columbia,* passing on the way the *Lysistrata,* with the owner, James Gordon Bennett, on board. A salute of 17 guns was fired from the *Columbia,* and the gallant crew was at attention when Captain Beatty welcomed the Speaker. We found the ship as clean as a new pin and the officers and crew delighted to welcome friends from home. We were inspecting the compartments below when Mann pushed me into a cell room and locked the door. A jackie in trouble was already there.

"What are you in for, sir?" he groaned.

"General misconduct, I suppose. And you?" I asked.

"I brought some whiskey aboard, sir."

"Do you have much use for that cell-room?" I inquired of an officer who opened the door.

"Very little; but usually for the same cause."

The visit to the *Columbia* was necessarily short, for invitations to the Speaker, through Mr. McKinley, were coming thick and fast. We lunched on the *Bluecher,* with our Cuban friends, and in the early afternoon were escorted through Havana in automobiles. Steinhart called for Tawney, Mann and myself, and gave us the benefit of his wide experience in the capital city. He was optimistic as to Cuba's future, but based it all upon unwavering interest, or paternalism, if you please, of the United States. From him we learned that American capital had taken confidence in the affairs of the island since the American occupation. He referred to a recent trolley transaction in which $13,000,000

of capital, formerly controlled by the English, had come under the direction of New Yorkers. Business had been booming round Havana and buildings apparently of great cost and certainly of fine architectural proportions were pointed out as evidencing the fact. Germans, too, were putting capital into the island. At least $3,000,000 had come from German sources since the Taft proclamation.

The exports of the island greatly exceeded the imports. Laborers were getting $1.25 a day; machinists from $2.50 to $3.00, and cigarmakers, who were badly needed, commanded $18.00 a week and had no fixed hours, working very much as they pleased.

The internal revenue system was peculiar. There were no real estate taxes, except on improvements, and the rate on these was eight per cent. of the rental value. The property owner did not pay unless the premises were occupied.

"You seem to have many Americans in Havana," I said.

"Yes, Havana is not only a great winter resort, but Americans are beginning to see that capital under protection can be profitably employed here."

"How," I asked, "are Americans regarded?"

"When they are known and understood," answered the Consul-General, "they are liked; but a great many sharpers come into this country, expecting to pick up the Cubans for geese; they learn that the successful Cubans are bright and high-minded, and are capable of sizing them up as men. The adventurous people who had come from the States are those who have made the intelligent Cubans cautious.

"Any American who knows the Spanish language," continued Steinhart, "can get along in Cuba provided he treats the people right. If he puts on airs and assumes too much, they let him alone. The better class of Cubans have as much intelligence as he has. For any citizen of the United

States who will work with them there is a fine opportunity in this country. Governor Magoon is the kind of man they like. He listens to them when they come with grievances and tells them he will do the best he can; he promises nothing he cannot assure."

We had gone through the great driveways and parks; we had visited many historic buildings and churches; had gone through the beautiful cemeteries and watched the funeral processions; we had seen the monuments and listened to stories of patriotism, until our admiration of the city and its environment was evoked.

Steinhart had told us of the old customs prevailing in the cemeteries where the bones of one corpse were tossed out to make room for another whose relatives were better able to pay; had praised the work of improvement in buildings and on highways since the American occupation, and then returned us to the ship with the declaration that no man could properly see Havana in a day.

"To get a correct impression of this city and its people," he said, "it would take an entire week."

Again, in the evening, we found ourselves in full dress, riding from the Caballeria wharf through the city of Havana with its electric lights aglow, out into the beautiful country to Marianao, where, at the house of the American Minister, Mr. Morgan, the Speaker was to be entertained at dinner.

Governor Magoon and the leading officials of the government were present. The house of the American Minister belonged to one of the old Spanish families, a Hidalgo, and was probably the handsomest private structure we had seen in our travels. The display of tropical plants in the patio was a marvel of luxury and artistic arrangement. The rooms were broad and handsomely adorned with sculpture, paintings and carved wood. The floral adornment of the

interior varied from stately palm trees to low blossoming plants.

At the close of the dinner we were taken under the escort of the Governor to witness a remarkable scene in the sporting life of Cuba. A game of jai alai had been extensively advertised to be played that evening at the Fronton. In our journeyings we had studiously avoided bull-fights and had spurned numerous opportunities to witness cock-fights, which are so much a part of human entertainment in the tropics, but it was explained to us that jai alai was a game of ball, not baseball exactly, nor yet hand ball, but a mixture of both. It was admitted that jai alai was the swellest gambling game of all the many gambling recourses of the islands. Moreover, it required wonderful skill upon the part of the player, the skill of an athletic man, strong of nerve, swift in action and clear in sight. The Governor realized that the game affected the morals of the city, but he was powerless to prevent it, since it had been chartered by General Wood, when he was Military Governor, and had been sanctioned by the United States Congress through the Platt amendment which ratified "all acts of the United States in Cuba during its military occupation thereof."

When we arrived at the Fronton the game was in full blast. The scene on the floor and in the galleries was one of intense excitement. Four players, two upon each side, were catching a ball in a long, narrow curved basket called cestus, and were hurling it against the wall with wonderful skill and force. The game was to keep the ball going, the business of the opposition being to catch it on the rebound and return it against the wall. The cestus was strapped to the arm of the player and extended beyond the hand.

The excitement on the floor was increasing as the score drew close to a tie. Men and women, pressing in crowds

PATIO IN RESIDENCE OF U. S. MINISTER, HAVANA.

against the ropes and moving excitedly about in gallery boxes, were cheering or hurling denunciations at the players; betting was furious; the bookmakers jumped from woman to woman and man to man, recording their orders and exchanging their money. Fully 2,000 highly-wrought people were backing their opinions in this way.

"You can see for yourself," said the Governor to the Speaker, "what this game means. The players are from the Basque provinces; they are engaged by the company which conducts this game for salaries ranging from $3,000 to $5,000. The men are finely trained, but the work is so severe that most of the professionals die young."

Scarcely had the words left the Governor's mouth when the whole house, with its nearly 3,000 spectators, was in an uproar. A player had caught the ball, which looked no larger than the ordinary golf ball, and had, entirely within his rights, swung the cestus completely round his head in order to hold the ball and give additional force to the throw. Another player had stepped in the way and received the ball full in the temple. The injured man dropped in a heap, the blood bursting from his head and covering his entire body. Physicians and attendants, led by the player who had driven the ball, rushed to the victim and carried him off, as we were informed, to die.

The effect upon the crowd was surprising. The chatter that followed the first thrill of compassion for the stricken man changed to exciting arguments over the consequences of his mishap in its relation to bets put upon him and his associate in the game. Then, as the physicians were laboring with the unfortunate, came murmurings and mutterings as to the probability of a cessation of the game. The demand was for a continuance of the sport. "On with the game!" was the cry. And presently, when a new player, one of the

group of Basque professionals, appeared, the cheers of the multitude rent the air.

The game was renewed with earnestness and skill, but it was not until the end of the game that the temper of the audience could be fully determined. Then the cheers for the winners told that many had won, and the hoots and curses upon the losers, told that many had lost.

"Brother Mann," said Governor Magoon, as we passed out through the crowd into the night, "I believe you and I have never met before, but before you go I want to thank you for the manner in which, without any suggestion from me, you defended my course as Governor of Panama. I had heard a great deal about your speeches, but I assure you I never read anything that gave me more pleasure than what you so kindly said about me in Congress. My task in Panama was a severe one, and some things were likely to be misunderstood, but you seemed to have an intuition."

It may not have occurred to our Chicago friend that anyone would remember the circumstance, but some of us recalled that our colleague, Floyd, of Virginia, had made an attack upon Governor Magoon, and that Mann had risen, as usual, "to object." He had studied the conditions of Panama and knew what he was talking about, and while he had never met Magoon, he defended his course as a simple matter of justice. So in acknowledging the Governor's sentiment he simply said:

"I think I made no mistake, and I am surprised you have such a memory."

"Guess Mann can have anything he wants in Cuba!" said McKinley, as we started for the ship.

CHAPTER XIII.

NASSAU.

Easter and Farewell—The Colors and Fruits of Nassau—Lo, the First of April—An Interrupted Reception—The Storm Breaks at Sea—Attempt to Reach the Ship—Thrilling Experience in a Tender—"Man Overboard!" the Cry—Returning Over the Bar—The Speaker and Party Marooned—Search for Clothes and Accommodations—The Widow Turns Nurse—Killing the Time Ashore—Mann and His "Sweetheart"—Tariff Debate in Parliament—Where is the Bluecher?—Fertility of the Coral Soil—Congo Chief and Negro Village—Enterprise of the Local Papers—"The Bowery" Improvised—A Bridal Pair Caught—Sponge Fleet and the Markets—A Safe Harbor at Last—Welcome to the Ship.

Easter Sunday at sea! The air, the sky, the water, all combined to make it a glorious day. Many as had been the changes of costume during the past three weeks, the limitless resources of the women passengers enabled them still to bring forth new and pleasing novelties. The newly-weds, the prospectives, and the Widow vied with each other in a gorgeous show of millinery and lingerie. Fifth Avenue and West Walnut Street may have had theirs, but we, too, had our Easter day parade. And what was more home-like, we had our Easter services, conducted in the afternoon by the Rev. Dr. Tiffany. It was, all in all, a happy, joyous, restful occasion.

The next evening the ship's officers contributed entertainment at dinner by handsomely decorating the dining room and tables and introducing a fatastic parade of the nations. The music was patriotic and the lights were lowered as the

stewards, attired in the costumes of foreign countries, came forward with grotesque lanterns of pumpkins, melons and the like.

"We're soon to part," was the comment of passengers, "and we must show our appreciation of the Captain."

In a little while a committee, consisting of Mr. Sweet, of

A GROUP ON THE "COLONIA."

Attleborough, Massachusetts; Mr. Runkel, of New York; Mr. Kenan, of Cincinnati; Mr. Grant, of Chicago; Mr. Heinl, of Terre Haute, and others, waited on the Speaker and asked him to present to the Captain a chronometer. It was a part of the general cleaning-up process, and the Speaker consented to act, but this, he opined, should be "the last speech!"

"That's fair," said the expectant committee, "for Nassau is to be the last stop, and we can't ask more!"

Nassau was now in sight—a picturesque city on the island of New Providence, and the capital of the Bahama Islands. Noted for its mild and beneficent climate, Nassau has many attractions for the winter sojourner. Sponge fishing is one of its leading industries and sponges are its chief export, although its fruits, vegetables and barks enter largely into commerce.

Owing to the dangerous nature of its coast, wrecking was once a profitable business, and "they do say" that some of the good people of Nassau resented the introduction of lighthouses, buoys, and other measures for giving warning to mariners, but all that has long since passed away.

Great Britain controls the Bahamas, and Nassau is the seat of government. There the King's representative resides and there Parliament meets. A Bishopric of the Church of England also exists and a wholesome religious sentiment prevails among the natives, but as for progress—that is another story. The place is beautiful, but the natives find living easy. The old Spanish domination has disappeared, and England has given the blacks their liberty—a liberty which embraces the glorious privilege of working when one pleases, and most of them enjoy it to the full. There are fine old families in Nassau, high-toned Englishmen and others, who do business and live well, but there are no street cars and no electric lights. The American and other visitors spend a great deal of money during the winter months, and the Flagler system of hotels has given an up-to-date tone to the naturally beautiful environment, but after the tourists go, Nassau relapses into a blissful state of quietude.

Skeptical persons may flout the suggestion, but the date

of our arrival at Nassau was significant. It was April first—All Fools' day. Our excellent appetites and the numerous delays of the voyage had cut into the ship's larder, and it was to be replenished at Nassau. This was an important consideration. Then some of the passengers intended to leave us at Nassau, for steamer to Miami, to hasten home by rail, and this, to them, was also important. Moreover, some very distinguished people at Nassau had been booked for passage with us to New York, because of the closing that day of the American hotel—the Colonial. The last hotel meal of the season was to be the luncheon served to us, and late in the afternoon we were to be aboard ship for the final run to New York. All this developed in the announcement following the presentation of the chronometer to the Captain. We were nearing the goal, and all was well.

But still, it was April the first!

The ship cast anchor a mile outside of Hog Island—a stretch of coral sheltering Nassau, because the depth of water over the bar and in the harbor was not sufficient to admit her. We were waiting for the *Colonia*, a large tender of the Ward Line, to take us ashore, when two stories of Nassau passed along the throng. One passenger mournfully recalled the drowning of his mother in a wreck on the reefs hereabouts, and another told of the loss of a son in the same distressful manner. Then a gentleman from Connecticut expressed his view. Nassau was familiar to him in another way. He admired its beauty; he had sketched its quaint streets and enchanting bowers.

"Dear old Nassau!" he exclaimed. "One never goes without wanting to go again. One never leaves without regret."

In the tender we soon rounded Hog Island, and at the

wharf in Nassau we were met by the American Consul, Mr. Potter, nephew of Bishop Potter, of New York. A representative of the Governor, the Honorable William Gray Wilson, also waited on the Speaker, and invited the Congressional party to attend a reception at the Governor's house at four o'clock that afternoon. After conferring with Mr. McKinley and the ship's officers as to the time of departure, the Speaker accepted the invitation. But he, too, was unmindful of April the first. Desirous of seeing as much as possible of the island in the supposedly short space of time we had there, Mann, Hough and I took a carriage immediately and drove through and around the city, inspecting the Government buildings and the old and abandoned fortifications erected by the Spaniards. We went into the stores and curiosity shops, among others the shop kept by Camplejohn, in Bay Street, where conch shells, bits of coral, and other curios of the sea were displayed. The merchants, however, even to the street peddlers, had a distinct antipathy to American money. They would take none of it, except at a discount. The pickaninnies who ran behind the carriage, calling incessantly, "Let the copper come, boss; let the copper come!" spurned the American brand. They were disappointed when we tossed them cents, and changed their cry to "Throw a white one, boss!"

Mann was looking for tortoise shell combs and conch pearls, and when he had completed his purchases, we drove far out along the beach, where the glistening surface of the sea welcomed us to a good, old-fashioned swim. In water clear as crystal, under the shade of the palms (and this was April the first), we dove and splashed as in "the village swimmin' hole."

We found time, also, to take in the famous sea gardens

of Nassau, or, at least, so much of them as an excitable darky, whom we had hired to sail us hither, was able to bestow upon us. Our sloop had in tow a bateau with a glass bottom, to enable us to see through the remarkably clear water of the bay the marine life thereunder. Fish of various kinds and colors and beautiful formations of coral were thus revealed to us. The nervousness of our boatman, who was not a good sailor, however, induced us to return early, and perhaps none too soon, for what we had taken to be a delightful ocean breeze had worked itself up into such a ferment that we were obliged to cut our way to the wharf through the white-caps. It was also about time for the Governor's reception, and we were making ready to go when word came to us that a storm was threatening at sea, and the Captain had given orders for our return promptly at four o'clock. We found the Speaker dispatching Busbey to the House of the Governor to make apologies for our abrupt departure, for the Governor had hastily invited the members of Parliament and the distinguished residents of the island to meet the party.

Busbey's hack fairly stirred the dust in his haste to complete the errand and return to the wharf at the time appointed.

By four o'clock all of the passengers had arrived, and the *Colonia*, which had made two trips earlier in the day, was prepared for her last trip to the ship. It happened that she was loaded with all the provisions with which our larder on the *Bluecher* was to be replenished. There were live turkeys and chickens, live green turtles of massive size, baskets of potatoes and tomatoes, and a fine assortment of native fruit, including the mango and the alligator pear. Many of the passengers also carried small bundles of native fruit, which they expected to preserve until the end of the

voyage. Among these were the sapodilla, the sour sop, the tamarind, and grape fruit and oranges galore. Royal poinciana beans, bread fruit, twigs from the sea grape bush, specimens of "the woman's tongue," and orchids, which abound in profusion in Nassau, were among the articles the gay party had collected.

The clouds bore an ominous look as the gang-plank was drawn over the deck of the *Colonia,* but, sheltered in the

ON THE "COLONIA" BEFORE THE STORM.

harbor as we had been, it did not occur to us how severe a wind storm was then blowing beyond the bar. Senator Curtis was the only member of the Congressional party who was not with us. He had felt unwell in the morning, and had gone to the ship on one of the previous runs.

Once over the bar we found it was no easy matter to get to the *Bluecher's* side. Indeed, because of the wind and the dangerous reefs, the big ship was now anxiously awaiting our return, in order that she might heave anchor

at once for the open sea. The *Colonia* steamed gamely through the heavy waves, but instead of going under the lee of the steamer, her captain, because of the weakness, as I afterwards learned, of one side of his vessel, concluded to take whatever thumping must ensue upon the windward side.

Evidently, our predicament was of interest to the *Bluecher's* passengers, for those who were safely on board leaned over the rail and shouted down to us. The great leviathan of the sea was holding fast, but we were now dancing about like a cork, in imminent danger of collision. Some of the wags above were so amused as to indulge their wit at our expense.

"It serves you right for not coming out with us. The sea was smooth then," shouted a shrill voice.

And one with a megaphone would say: "Whatever you do, don't lose the grub."

But the fun was one-sided; our own thoughts were on the captain and his white mate and that nervous-appearing black crew. One of the latter, in the bow of the *Colonia*, stood poised with a coil of small rope in his right hand. He wasn't laughing a bit. Presently, the rope was thrown, and a sailor on the *Bluecher* caught it. Then the cable was hauled up. The men above were trying to hold it, when suddenly the *Colonia* was slammed against the side of the big ship with a resounding thump. It was funny to see us jump and tumble, and the jokers above laughed.

Then came another lurch. The cable parted. One end flew back within a few inches of Mann's hand. Instantly, the *Colonia* drifted seaward, pitching and tossing like mad. The folly of trying to fasten another cable on the windward side of the ship was apparent. Captain Reessing shouted through his megaphone that he would weigh anchor and

steam slowly out to sea, in order that we might come in on the leeward side. This would give us the shelter of the *Bluecher's* hull.

More delay and another detour! And, as the rolling and pitching of the tug were growing more violent every minute, many of our party were becoming seasick. By degrees the jokes were tapering off, and the faces of the jokers were lengthening. Perhaps a third of the *Colonia* party had relatives on the ship. To them, it was now clear that our position was precarious. Wind and wave increased in violence, but after a little the *Bluecher* threw her broadside to the wind and going at the lowest speed, enabled us to come up under her lee. The suction and the Captain's careful steering kept us hugging the big ship long enough to get another cable aboard.

I looked at Speaker Cannon, and for a moment forgot the seriousness of the situation, for at that particular juncture the Speaker was entertaining a group of ladies with chunks of wisdom and good humor, thus unconsciously allaying their fears. About this time, too, Sherman, who had been endeavoring to save a bag of grape-fruit, was obliged to let it go in order to prevent a sea-sick woman falling against the damaged rail.

With much effort, the *Colonia* was again brought up under the *Bluecher's* lee. A cable was thrown and made fast. With great difficulty a ladder was lowered. It bent the guard rail of the *Colonia* and menaced the safety of the pilot house, but the ship's agents decided to attempt the boarding, and the women nearest the ladder were invited to try first. Assisted by the men, several succeeded, with much discomfiture, in reaching the ship. The grinding of the small vessel against the big hull, however, threatened momentarily to crush the ladder into splinters. The speak-

ing tube from the engine-room also indicated that the engineer was having trouble below.

A lady who had been separated from the rest of her family had just mounted the ladder, with the assistance of a half-dozen men who were holding on to ropes and cables, when the excitement overcame her and she fell back fainting. One of the tourist agents instantly grabbed her, at the risk of falling over with her between the two boats. The act was courageous, but the rescuer was wrenched internally, so that he, too, fell in a faint. This put us in such a fair way for a panic that orders were given to cease the attempt to board. Just as the command went forth, the third cable parted. In an instant we had left the *Blucher's* side and were tossing on the waves like a chip of wood.

"All hands below!" came the command from our captain.

To most of us this sounded like an order to put ourselves in a trap and be drowned like rats, and yet, with 150 men and women on the upper deck of a small tender, pitching and tossing, we were in danger of careening with all on board.

It was, indeed, a grave question whether the *Colonia* would be able to make the shore. The vessel had been badly wrenched in her contact with the *Blucher*. To make matters worse, there was a temporary stoppage in the engine room. The engineer whistled up to the Captain that a steam gauge had broken, and he was about "all in."

"We're through now," the captain responded. "The last cable's gone, and we'll make for Nassau."

There were thoroughly frightened people now on both ships. Realizing the impossibility of our boarding in such weather, the *Blucher* blew her whistle and started out to sea for a safe anchorage. Alone and disabled and fully three miles from shore, we entered upon our battle with the waves. It was one not easy to be forgotten.

While we were turning, we got into the trough of the sea and wallowed frightfully. Fully half the passengers became violently sick.

At the stern of the tug a young fellow was sitting near the rail, unlacing his shoes. He pointed to the shore.

"It'll be a hard swim," he said, "but the wind is that way and I believe I can make it."

"Do you think we're going to sink?" I asked.

"I don't know, but I'm getting ready."

Fifteen, twenty minutes, half an hour we had been diving, rolling, leaping. A streaky, ugly twilight was falling. The waves roared and hissed on every hand, smacking our frail little craft with such dreadful force that it shivered and trembled from end to end.

An ever-increasing wind was whistling in the stays of the smoke-stack and actually bending the bare mast.

And in the midst of it all came the cry: "Man overboard!"

The captain leaned far out of the pilot house and looked back.

"I don't believe it!" he exclaimed.

But the cry was repeated from astern: "Man overboard!"

The white mate had been trying to haul in some tackle and made a misstep. It seemed but an instant since he had fallen, and yet, when we were able to discern him afloat on the crest of a wave, he seemed half a mile away.

What were we to do? The little ship had just righted herself and started for the bar. To return for the mate would put us again at the mercy of the heaviest seas. The black crew did not look cheerfully upon the task of going back.

"Man the lifeboat!" shouted the captain. Some of the crew came forward, but they were scarcely able to hold

their footing and seemed in no hurry to get the boat over. It was too much like suicide. There was a parley at the pilot house, and, finally, the captain said, "We'll have to go back for him."

It was a brave thing to do, but in the attempt to rescue this one life more than 150 were at stake.

"Let him go!" exclaimed one of our excited passengers. "You have no right to risk all these lives in this fool-hardy attempt."

But the captain was firm. He said the mate was a good swimmer and could keep up until we reached him. We had thrown over a couple of boxes and a life buoy, and we could see these at times lifted to the crest of the waves, but the man was making no effort to reach them.

"Why don't you catch the box," yelled the men on board. But the swimmer was treading water and reserving his strength.

It was a desperate thing, this turning about in such a sea, and when, at last, the tender was headed for the mate, he was probably a mile beyond us. In the pitching that ensued, the spray swept over the decks and added to our discomfiture. It was a thrilling quarter-hour, but ultimately we reached the unfortunate man, and by careful steering managed to get over to him a line, by which he was lifted from the sea.

The attempt to reach the shelter of Hog Island was now resumed. We could see the waves dashing over the bar, and trembled lest the steering gear might break, but the captain and his crew held out, and about as the shades of night were falling we had the satisfaction of pulling up at the same wharf we had left in the afternoon.

As the Speaker came down the gang-plank, moistened by the spray of the sea, his cigar maintained its usual elevation, and his hands were thrust deep into his pockets.

"The schedule's broken," he said.

"Yes," said McKinley, "and the question is, what are we to do and how are we to live for the next few days?"

There we were, 150 men and women, suddenly landed, with no provision for our comfort or maintenance. The Colonial Hotel was closed; the little hotels of the village were simply inadequate to accommodate any such crowd.

We brought away the ship's agent, who had been crushed in the attempt to board the passengers, and here I may be excused for pausing to take a last, but not displeasing, view of the Widow. She had been with us, for her inevitable custom had been to remain on shore as long as anyone else remained. Her delightful Easter finery was sadly mussed in our late experience with the waves, but there was no physician or nurse to attend the unfortunate man who was now upon his back, the result of his gallantry.

"Poor fellow!" she said, "he must receive attention."

And for three days and nights she remained in an improvised hospital, supplying the medicines and ministering unto him, so that he might ultimately be returned to the ship. It was a pleasant side-light upon one of Mrs. Grundy's chief characters.

For a while we were homeless waifs in Nassau. Nowhere to go, nothing to do, we straggled around aimlessly, waiting for word from our tourist agents. Presently, one of them came back to say that the manager of the Colonial Hotel had been found and had agreed to reopen the place, but he warned us that the hotel was out of provisions, had discharged its servants, and was not in a position to give us good service. We knew about the Colonial, had admired its great beauty earlier in the day, had walked under its palm trees, and had bathed in the sunshine of its lovely gardens.

What if the beds had been torn up and the whole place dismantled?

"But I actually don't know what I'm going to give you to eat," said the manager. "We did our best to dispose of all the provisions we had in stock at luncheon to-day, for, of course, we did not want to have a surplus when the hotel closed."

"Oh, for the Governor's dinner!" sighed Mann.

The suggestion of what we had missed, and needlessly missed, if we had only known it, brought forth a storm of sighs. Most of us were very hungry, and we had been warned not to expect anything to eat before eight o'clock, and not to expect much then.

Night had fallen now, and Mann and I set out to make a tour of the town. By the light of torches, for they don't have street lamps in Nassau, negresses were selling flapjacks, candy cakes and other sweetmeats.

"Oh, sweetheart," exclaimed Mann to one mammy who was blacker than the night itself, "you have saved my life! Give me one of everything you have in stock."

The woman chuckled and began to banter Mann.

"You quit your calling me sweetheart," she said. "I ain't your sweetheart!"

"Woman," I said, addressing her seriously, "what did you call this man?"

"'Deed, sir," said she, "I didn't call him nothing."

"You did!" I insisted. "I heard you call him sweetheart, and I warn you that you have presumed to address in a light and frivolous manner the official objector of the House of Representatives of the United States of America."

I was almost sorry when I saw the effect it produced. The little group, at first so gay and lively, was frightened instantly. Mann's "sweetheart" looked at him in alarm

as he stood munching a flapjack. She protested vehemently that she hadn't said a word of any description to him. She had been addressing someone else, she said. To prove it, she referred to her friends.

"Did I say anything to this gen'leman, Mary? No, indeed! Course I didn't! No indeed, sir, you'se mistaken; I wouldn't say nothing levitous to a gen'leman like that!"

Simple-minded, fickle, changeable children that they were!

Our candy and flapjacks kept us going until eight o'clock, when the manager announced dinner. It consisted largely of canned goods that had been left over, but since we were, in a sense, beggars, we did not attempt to criticise.

Of all the nights since the trip began, this was, perhaps, the oddest. We had been bereft suddenly of half our party. Husbands had been separated from their wives, mothers from their children. We were without provisions, except as the good manager of the Colonial was endeavoring to help us, and had been assigned to rooms where mattresses and bolsters were without sheets and shams. A very live party we were, stranded in a town that had given up business, except for its moderate local purposes.

"What are you buying, Mrs. Helme?" I said to a Philadelphia lady whom I met in a solitary drug store now crowded with the *Bluecher's* passengers.

"See for yourself!" was the answer. And there, upon the counter, were tooth brushes, soap, brushes and combs, and all the other trifles that go with a traveling case.

"But, oh," said another lady, "if the dry-goods stores were only open!"

But the dry-goods stores were not open. Those other essentials of a night out and a morning after, in a strange city, were not forthcoming.

Two things were going on in Nassau that evening—a meeting of the Bahaman Parliament, at the Colonial House, and "a grand ball" of the *Bluecher's* passengers, in the Colonial. The grand ball was a happy reunion, which we later attended, but during a portion of the evening, the Speaker, with McKinley, Tawney and others, were visitors at the meeting of Parliament. The State House in Nassau is an attractive building, and there, in two rows of seats, the members of Parliament assembled, all of them, with the exception of one or two negro representatives, being in full evening dress. About the walls were portraits of King Edward, Queen Victoria, Admiral Nelson, and other British celebrities.

Tariff was the subject under discussion. "The Gentleman from Exuma" and "the Gentleman from Andros" were frequently recognized by the princely personage in the chair. I learned that many of the representatives of the other islands in the group lived in Nassau, and had merely a nominal residence on the islands which they represented.

It seemed there was a surplus of £7,000 in the treasury that was worrying the Parliament much. The gentleman from Exuma opined that there was only one thing worse than a surplus, and that was a deficiency. He wanted the money spent on the "out islands." One of the members, in the tariff discussion, appeared to be gently "roasting" the Attorney-General, to whom he referred as "the gentleman under that picture," pointing to the portrait of the King.

Before we entered there had been some talk about trade relations with the United States, for one member, looking toward Speaker Cannon, with a polite and impressive "sir," remarked:

"The United States will adjust its tariff as it likes, when it likes. It will do this, sir, whether little Nassau does or not. We have, however, the assurances of His Excellency, President Roosevelt, in the press dispatches, that there will be no tariff revision in Washington this year."

There were also references to Senator Aldrich and other factors of the American Government, which showed that the statesmen of Nassau knew what was going on in our country.

"We should protect our industries," said another representative with a fine expanse of white shirt bosom.

Arriving, as we did, in the middle of the debate, it was difficult to keep up with the discussion, but we heard enough to convince us that the Parliament of Nassau was, in the main, for the protection of Nassau.

"I am glad," said McKinley dryly, as we were walking back to the hotel, "that they didn't legislate the United States out of business."

We had positive orders from the ship's agent to be ready to leave Nassau at 6.30 in the morning. The announcement was made while it was still April first. When we arose from our slumbers, early in the morning, it was not in response to the call of the breakfast bell. The shutters were slamming and the windows rattling, and the whole house was trembling. The early risers ventured out upon the piazzas of the hotel to catch, if possible, a glimpse of the big ship at sea. The tops of the palm trees were bending and twisting and the small boats were rocking furiously in the harbor. The roar of the surf beating upon Hog Island and over the bar was almost deafening. Those who left the building found it unsafe to long remain. They could catch no glimpse of the *Bluecher*. She had left her anchorage and gone off to sea.

"Where has she gone?" was the query upon every lip.

It was an odd assemblage that met in the lobby of the hotel, awaiting breakfast. Many of the passengers had slept in the clothes they wore. Two women were adjusting their toilet in the elevator in which I descended. The white caps, duck trousers, and white shoes of the men, and the thin summer attire of the women seemed now all too ridiculous.

"I have a splendid suit at home," one man would say.

"Yes," a lady would respond, "in my trunk on the boat I have a complete wardrobe."

"But where has the *Bluecher* gone?" was the query, and then, parodying the McKinley song, the answer came:

"She sailed away to New York Bay,
Across the ocean blue,
She never said a word to us
About what she would do;
She's left the Speaker and the House—
The Senator pulled through—
But every other Mann
Who was ever worth a ——
Said, McKinley, we're with you."

Olcott complained that his hair was sticky. He couldn't understand what was the matter with it.

"I can," said McKinley. "You've washed it in salt water."

Then we found that there was nothing but sea-water used in the hotel for washing purposes, owing to the scarcity of fresh water.

The men were unshaven, and many of them who had failed to connect with a haberdashery wore dirty collars and cuffs. Nearly all of them appeared in the white suits they had worn ashore from the *Bluecher*, twenty-four hours previously, and they looked out of place, for there was a biting chill in the air.

A few had sweaters, and Mr. Killen, of Philadelphia, was the envy of the party because he had an overcoat. He had expected rain.

With banter and laughter we finished our catch-as-catch-can breakfast, and began to make plans for another day on the island. We had with us Mr. Romberger, a Philadelphia manufacturer, who was addicted to the kodak habit. I was anxious to know if he had obtained any pictures during our experiences on the *Colonia*. When I asked him, he stared at me in surprise and exclaimed, "Well, I guess not!"

"Did anybody get pictures?"

"No, sir. It would have taken a brave man to think of photography at a time like that."

Our instructions were not to get too far away from town, because the agents thought it probable the *Bluecher* had gone around to a back bay, in which case arrangements would be made to drive us across the island, a distance of seventeen miles.

In the morning Governor Wilson called on Speaker Cannon, and expressed his regret over our misfortune.

"It isn't often that Nassau weather behaves like this," he said.

Members of Parliament also dropped in to pay their respects. Amongst others was Robert Henry Curry, who had been a resident of the United States and who had taken a Michigan lady for his wife. Mann, Busbey and I called upon Mr. and Mrs. Curry later in the day. Another caller waited upon Tawney. It was a coincidence, too, for he was a clergyman, the head of the Roman Catholic Church on the island. Something about the visitor impressed us, and, in the course of our inquiries, we found that, being a native of Minnesota, he had sought out the representative of that State. Years ago, one of the residents said, the bishop had

been shipwrecked off the coast of Nassau and had drifted about for a couple of days on the bottom of an up-turned boat. He had since devoted himself to missionary work in the island, as an evidence of his gratitude to Providence.

The day had not gone very far before it was announced that no attempt would be made to reach the ship until the following day. Mann, Busbey and I, therefore, indulged in a long drive to the interior of the island. We had a typical native negro to drive us. He showed us the Catholic and the Wesleyan churches, and the establishment of the Church of England. Then we viewed the scenery from hilltop and from valley. The great variety of trees and the brilliancy of the flowers everywhere delighted us.

One of the wonders of the forestry of the island was the silk-cotton tree, whose roots, if boarded over, would make comfortable shacks for native families. "The woman's tongue" was another big tree. Its seed developed in a pod, which dried and rattled in the wind incessantly. Fruit trees we found in great numbers, particularly the orange, the grape fruit, the sapodilla, and the bread fruit.

We visited local plantations and picked grape fruit and ate it as it came from the bough. It was noticeable, in some of the small farms, that sponges were scattered in great profusion under the trees. The purpose of this, it was explained, was to retain the moisture. Mann was especially interested in the fertility of the "soil" of the island. In pineapple fields, where labor obtained fifty cents and upwards a day, in sisal plantations, where women worked at the machines for thirty cents or less a day, drawing out the fibers for commercial use, and in cocoanut groves, where plants obtained for three pence and set out for fifty cents a day "will bear forever," we found no such earth as might be easily penetrated by a shovel or a plow; but coral rock,

upon which had settled enough coral dust and decayed vegetable matter to establish a basis for the growth of vegetation.

"Wonderful!" I said, as I endeavored to drive the blade of my knife under the root of a pineapple bush. "Where do these tendrils obtain a foothold."

"They grow in the crevices and in the borings," answered Mann. "The three chemical elements essential to good soil—nitrogen, potassium and phosphate—all combine on this island. You might take an augur and drill a hole into this coral rock and plant your seed in the borings. They would grow and flourish."

In many places we found trees with a huge appendage resembling a fungus growth, which, upon close inspection, proved to be the hills of the ants of the island. Some of these immense red monuments were built high on the branches and others were constructed upon the ground.

"Haven't you got something that is worth seeing?" said Mann, prodding the negro driver.

"Yes indeed, sir, yes indeed, sir!" was the excited reply

"Then let us have it," said the Illinoisian, petulently.

In a few moments we were enjoying some luscious grape fruit, brought to us by a negro woman on a small farm which our driver, no doubt, used as a point of vantage. Then we were taken to another negro farm, where a woman cut down a green cocoanut and cut it open, in order that we might drink of the milk. And then our driver showed us his chief attraction. It was "the negro village." Perhaps Froude had some real basis for his lamentations upon the loss of British prestige in the West Indies, for in this negro village, cut up into roads, bordered by the most magnificent vines and flowers and shaded by luxurious trees borne down by the weight of their own fruit, were hundreds and

hundreds of ¾-acre lots that had once been the portion of the negroes brought thither by the government. These plots of ground, hedged in by stone walls of native construction, were now overgrown with brush and unattended vines. Many of the walls were broken and scattered and most of the buildings sunk in decay.

"And where have the people gone?" I inquired.

"Da's done gone away. Done better in other places."

"But can't you show us some live thing?" persisted Mann, who was really admiring the grandeur of our surroundings.

"There's the Congo chief! Would you like to see him?"

We answered affirmatively, and after a few turns through the beautiful lanes of the village, we were brought through a graceful arch of overhanging boughs to the hut of the man whom residents of Nassau admitted to have been a prince in Congo land.

The story was that he had been brought over with some of his tribe forty or fifty years ago and had attempted to lord it over some of the natives without success. He had always maintained his independence, however, and even now flaunted rough insignia about his hut which indicated that he was the superior of other men.

He came out to the roadside at the call of our driver, bringing with him a strange musical instrument, a few twangs upon which were all we could stand.

While we were inspecting the country round about, the Speaker, Sherman, Tawney and Olcott visited a grape-fruit farm. A member of Parliament took them out in his automobile. The Speaker, who is extravagantly fond of grape fruit, made large purchases at prices which he considered a bargain, although they did not impress me as being so extraordinarily reasonable. I have bought grape fruit in Philadelphia for the same money. It was grape

fruit, I think, that prompted the Speaker, at dinner that evening, to deliver himself of a humorous criticism of our American expert, Burbank.

"That man," he exclaimed wrathfully, as his knife struck the stone of an alligator pear, "ought to be watched. He grafts this thing with that thing until you can't tell a new-fashioned watermelon from a modish pumpkin. You order canteloupe, and you get squash. I wish he'd let the Lord look after the fruit and vegetables."

We were amused to read, that evening, accounts of our visit in the Nassau papers, the *Tribune* and the *Guardian*. The *Tribune,* without comment, contented itself with remarking that a party of American tourists "were in town for a few days." The *Tribune* was a paper which declared itself independent, even in a Crown Colony, by placing at its masthead the motto, "Being bound to swear to the dogmas of no master."

The *Guardian* was a little more enterprising. It got out an extra edition of a single sheet, very much like the famous wallpaper editions published by the Vicksburg newspapers during the siege. It contained a thrilling story of the plight of the passengers, including a communication from one of the latter, which declared it "to be remarkable how well the officers behaved, the ladies in particular being calm and courageous."

In the evening, Colonel Fred Smith and his wife, of Peoria, Illinois, came in for a share of the badinage of the company. The Colonel had arranged on shipboard to entertain a number of his friends, including the Congressmen, in honor of his wife's birthday. We did our best to induce him to carry out the arrangement. Since the *Bluecher* was not available, however, the stranded passengers made the most of it in the hotel.

They were now told to be prepared to leave at 6.30 on the morning of the third day. The *Bluecher* had been sighted, and while the waves were still dashing over the bar and mounting to a height of eighty-five feet against the Hog Island light, the wind was abating.

Amusing bulletins began to appear as the result of the announcement. "Superfluous clothing may be deposited in the safe at the office," read one. Another, "The price of tooth brushes has advanced 2s. 6d.;" and then, in quick succession, "The new and popular song, 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,' may be purchased in any of the department stores;" "And the ship came back;" "Shawls, sweaters and pajamas are being wholesaled at more than retail prices."

Before the evening was over the songsters broke loose, and "Waiting at the Church" was parodyed into "Waiting at the Surf." This parody upon "The Bowery" also made its appearance:

I wandered afar on the tropical seas,
A-riding the billows and sniffing the breeze;
A-seeing the sights in the beautiful isles
Where natives receive you with coppery smiles—
I saw the sad ruins of old Saint Pierre
And Pelée a-smoking way up in the air;
I liked Martinique, but I couldn't stay there,
Those divers, they drove me away.

CHORUS.

The divers, the divers;
They did such things,
And they said such things;
The divers, the divers,
I'll never go there any more.

I slept in the Palace of Castro, the great,
And quelled a rebellion or two in his State;
I dined 'neath the shade of the "old bamboo tree,"
And climbed up the mountains far over the sea;
I left Port Cabello to see Panama
But when I reached Colon the weather was raw
For Gorgas, the angel, was also the law,
And I wouldn't go there any more.

CHORUS.

At Colon, at Colon;
They did such things,
And they said such things,
At Colon, at Colon,
I'll never go there any more.

I turned me about for a pleasanter scene,
Where tourists may go and not find quarantine,
And after a stop at old Swettenham's town,
I looked up Magoon and he showed me around.
I thought the Bahamas would wind up the trip,
So sailed up to Nassau a pretty good clip;
But "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,"
And I'll never go there any more.

CHORUS.

At Nassau, at Nassau;
They did such things,
And they said such things,
At Nassau, at Nassau,
I'll never go there any more.

One of the afternoon bulletins announced that no one would be admitted to a dance to be held later in the evening unless attired "in evening dress." This was where the barber got in his work, for we discovered, at the close of the second day, that an Atlantic City barber, who works in the Flagler hotels in winter, had been discovered on the island, unable

to reach Miami, and had been pressed into the service. Young Hubert Somers, of Atlantic City, had left the chair as I entered it. The barber told me what a nice young man Mr. Somers was, and added that he was clever, having just been married and being upon his bridal tour. I was surprised at this, for Mr. and Mrs. Somers had appeared to have been long married, and were so impressing all their new-found friends.

"But they're on their honeymoon," said the barber, "and since there isn't another dress suit on the island, I have loaned him mine for this evening's dance."

"You have?" said I. "Well, that's enough!"

A little later Somers appeared in his new regalia. The crowd had been properly tipped off, and as the one proud and properly-dressed man came marching into the hall with his bride, the tune of "Mendelssohn's Wedding March" gave them a complete shock.

Some of us killed the remainder of that night at Nassau's swell social organization, "The Club," as the guests of Mr. Curry, M.P.

April 3d, the third day of our marooning, found us in the same old clothes, scrambling for breakfast. The ladies, by this time, had found stores which enabled them to make a change of garments, but many of the men were still unshaven and unkempt. It was a jolly crowd, however, except for those who were still wondering about the safety of their relatives on the ship.

Mann and I visited the sponge fleet and inspected the markets, observing the cleaning and cutting of sponges and the shipment and sale of fish. We visited the Queen's Staircase, one of the show places of Nassau, where the steps are hewn out of solid rock, and inspected the old fortifications above. The extreme excitability of the negro

character was demonstrated at the Queen's Staircase, when a woman at the top, to whom we had refused coin after tossing pennies to her children, threw rocks down at our black guide, who had reproved her. The words which flew from above and below were amusing enough, but totally harmless and unnecessary. The guide was particularly careful that our lives and integrity should be preserved, and the woman was prepared to battle with him in true Billingsgate fashion. They were both at such a safe distance that from laughing we tired of the quarrel, and finally, by sheer force, pulled the guide from the steps and dragged him back to his seat in the carriage.

In the afternoon we learned that the *Bluecher* had been located. She had sailed 17 miles around the island and had anchored under its lee. Schmolck, a tourist agent, and Dr. Hough had found an automobile earlier in the day and made a cross-country run to the ship. The latter having decided to remain upon the ship, Schmolck and the chauffeur brought back an armload of bundles and messages, including a box of cigars for the Speaker, forwarded by Senator Curtis.

When, like so many Christmas presents, the packages were being distributed, some curious incidents developed. One anxious wife had sent her raincoat to her husband, Many of the women also received packages which would have been mighty useful had they been received on the first evening.

The time for departure had now come. It was arranged that the *Colonia,* which was still the only vessel available for the purpose, should take her precious cargo round the harbor to the point already reached by the *Bluecher.* The start was to be made at 5.30 on the morning of the fourth day. Every negro who had been making money driving

tourists about the island during the winter season was at the landing place to meet us. It seemed that every hack and bus in town was out, expecting a great day's work. The reason was soon explained. The negroes were confident the storm would not abate, and that the *Colonia* could not make the trip. They passed around the word that no passenger would be carried across the island in their coaches for less than $7. They proposed to make this their holiday, but they counted without their host. The first of April was over.

The *Colonia* had been trimmed up somewhat, but many of the passengers hesitated to again embark. They were finally gotten together, however, and the voyage began. The lower deck was still largely taken up with the cargo of provisions, including the live fowl, the fish and the turtles. Some of the fowls were sufficiently game to amuse a few of the passengers when the trip became tedious.

We passed over the beautiful sea-gardens, noting, as we went, the delightful clarity of the water, and after hours of careful sailing at last sighted the ship we had lost. A hasty collection for our gallant captain and his crew was cheerfully contributed. We found anchored nearby the *Winchester* two large sailing vessels, both disabled and holding fast to this place of shelter, showing that others had suffered the effects of the great storm.

As we approached the ship, the anxious passengers crowded to the rail, then the band began to play, and a more cheerful home coming, perhaps, could not well be conceived. Shouts and cheers went up from both vessels. "In One Hour Year I'll Have Served My Time," a Russian folk-lore song, happened to be the band's selection for the occasion.

We were reunited families dissevered for four long days under circumstances novel enough for the romancer,

MAROONED PASSENGERS RETURNING TO SHIP, NASSAU.

were coming together. The raising of the gang-plank over the now smooth and placid waters was the signal for a great cheer. Then, one by one, the passengers felt their way across, to receive, on the firm deck of the great ship, the hugs and hand-grasps of their relatives and friends. It was a time for hugging, kissing and crying, and some of the women fairly danced with joy. They frankly admitted that they had been unaware of our fate until the arrival of the messages earlier in the day. Many had been seasick, and this only added to their sense of distress.

We found Dr. White, the former German Ambassador, very much improved in health. He shook hands with the Speaker and started in at once to swap experiences.

A dash was made for the staterooms, and particularly for the bath, and at dinner that evening there was such an assemblage of hungry and nerve-wrought people as the *Bluecher* had never seen before.

Dr. Tiffany, of New York, was telling me of some of the incidents on shipboard and of the frequent anxious conferences with the Captain. They were in great doubt as to the abatement of the storm.

"Finally, I remarked to the Captain," laughed the clergyman, "that I was afraid we might have to hold another Sunday service on board."

"O," said the Captain, hopefully, "it's not so bad as dot!"

CHAPTER XIV.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Song of the Statesmen—Reflections of Nassau—A Progressive Dinner—The Speaker as a Matchmaker—A Sudden Stop—Bark in Distress—Rescue of the Crew—Burned at Sea—Our Own Escape—Tribute to McKinley—Preparing for Inspection—The Problem of the Stewards—Discussion of Forest Reservations—Tawney on Federal Retrenchment—Development of the Special Agent—Facing the Reporters—The Five Million Conspiracy.

I.

On March the fifth, we started out, to cross the Spanish Main;
And now sun-burnt, three hundred strong, we're sailing back again,
We have the finest men aboard, the fairest women, too—
And that great man who knows it all, the mighty Dooley-oo.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mister Dooley, — Oh, Mister Dooley,
The greatest man the country ever knew,
Is Mister Dooley, is Mister Dooley,
Is Mister Dooley,-ooley,-ooley, oo!

II.

We have upon the ship, a man whose name is Mister Mann,
He comes from swift Chicago-town, the second in the land:
He is a man of influence, as you at once suspect,
For every time you rise to speak, he rises to object.

CHORUS.

Does Mister May-yan; does Mister May-yan,
The wisest Mann Chicago ever know,
Is Mister May-yan, is Mister May-yan,
Is Mister May-yan,-ay-yan,-ay-yan, oo!

CONGRESSIONAL PARTY HOMEWARD BOUND.

III.

Of gallant stature is the man from Hudson, nigh to Penn,
Who's seen upon the deck a-promenading now and then,
He speaks in dulcet tones about the commerce in the docks,
And shows how Congressmen appear in good old knickerbocks.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mister Olcott; Oh, Mister Olcott,
The rarest man the country ever knew,
Is Mister Olcott; is Mister Olcott,
Is Mister Olcott, Olcott, Olcott, oo!

IV.

And there is one named Tawney, from the great Northwest he comes,
The music of his voice would far excel ten thousand drums,
Ten hundred millions at his back to make the country go,
Throughout the land, he beats the band, for good old "Uncle Joe."

CHORUS.

Oh, Mister Tawney, — oh, Mister Tawney,
The richest man the country ever knew,
At home its Tawney; Carac-as Jawney,
Oh, Mister Tawney, Jawney,-awney, oo!

V.

And there is Mister Sherman, he, who hails from New York State,
So full of wit and wisdom, when he speaks the masts vibrate,
Whenever he puts on his togs and comes upon the floor,
The people rush from fore and aft, and loudly call for Moore.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mister Sherman, — Oh, Mister Sherman,
The finest man that New York ever knew,
Is Mister Sherman, — is Mister Sherman,
Is Mister Sherman,-erman,-erman, oo!

VI.

A Kansas statesman next we see, from out the "Bounding West,"
He knows how many knots we make, but loves his pine-knots best,
He left the House and Speaker, too, to go—the Lord knows where,
They say the Senate's higher up, but isn't that hot air?

CHORUS.

Oh, Mister Curtis, — oh, Mister Curtis,
The best that "Bleeding Kansas" ever knew,
Is Mister Curtis, is Mister Curtis,
Is Mister Curtis,-urtis,-urtis, oo!

VII.

A modest man is somewhat round, at least, so we have heard,
Who, tho' he hails from Illinois, will never say a word:
When he is tested, we are told, he shows up good and game,
And like the gay and festive bug, he "gets there just the same."

CHORUS.

Mister McKinley, Mister McKinley,
Most modest man the country ever knew,
Mister McKinley, Mister McKinley,
Mister McKinley,-inley,-inley, oo!

VIII.

A passenger of great renown is known as "Uncle Joe,"
He knows his country like a book, and says it isn't slow,
The men they greet him with respect. The ladies, bless them! how
They drive away the cares of State that wrinkle up his brow.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mister Speaker; oh, Mister Speaker,
The grandest man the country ever knew,
Is Mister Speaker, is Mister Speaker,
Is Mister Speaker,-eker,-eker, oo!

IX.

And now perchance we've reached the point, where it is really due,
To say a word about the good ship, "Bluecher," and her crew,
The gallant Captain and his men have labored at the oar,
And there will be sincere regret when we must step ashore.

CHORUS.

Oh, Captain Reessing; oh, Captain Reessing,
Who sails the Bluecher, and his faithful crew,
He is blessing, is Captain Reessing,
Is Reessing and his crewle,-oole,-oo!

"Dear old Nassau—one never goes without wanting to go again—one never leaves without regret."

As we completed the circuit of the beautiful capital island of the Bahamas, recalling the songs and improvisations that had enlivened our enforced isolation, the nasal twang of our friend of the Nutmeg State resounded in my ears. Close to sundown we were passing the stately white building which had sheltered us for three nights while the *Bluecher* stood far out at sea. A more beautiful sunset could not well be imagined. It flashed back its light upon the Colonial, which now, miles away, seemed sinking gradually into the sea. The tempest round Hog Island light had spent its force. As the island disappeared and darkness peacefully settled about our ship, we wondered what the row had been about. The "kicker" from Brooklyn, who said he would "rather be a lamp-post in that city than the whole show in any other place," contended that we should not have been kept at the Colonial at all, but should have been carted across country on the first day. The bearded pard from the West, whose shirt was stuffed in front to keep his back straight, insisted that the wireless telegraph was not used and that we were unnecessarily detained on the island, but the gallant Mann, of Chicago, smoothed it all over by insisting that we had got the best of the steamship company by exacting a three days' stop at a ten-dollar-a-day-hotel at one of the loveliest resorts in the world.

"I wouldn't have cared," said the imperturbable interrupter, "if we had remained at Nassau on these terms all summer. See, by the original schedule we were due in New York last Tuesday; we will not arrive (Lord willing) until next Sunday; five days added to a trip of twenty-eight at no additional cost. What more do you want?"

That night (it was Thursday, April 4th) the Smiths gave

their party. It was the same party that was to have been given when the sea divided us. The Smiths were from Illinois, and the Speaker and McKinley, with true Illinoisian pride, attended.

"'This is the way I long have sought and mourned because I found it not,'" said Mr. Cannon, as Colonel Fred induced him to open up the festivities. It was a Western party, conducted in progressive Western style, and Sherman, Tawney, Mann, Olcott and others, twenty-four ladies and gentlemen, moved from table to table as the dinner courses were served.

We had been together thirty days and we were going to separate. The trip had not been without its adventures and its romances. This was a last chance to jollify.

"I am deaf and dumb; please write your message," was written on a card by a member of the Congressional party as talk drifted to the attachment of the gentleman from Trenton for the lady from South Carolina.

"Give me thirty dollars for a man who has no arms," wrote another member, as the attachment grew closer.

"If it were a woman, she could have mine free gratis," put in a third wag.

Whether it was the Smith party which brought it all about I do not know, but very shortly thereafter the announcement was made that New Jersey, represented by Mr. Gummere, and South Carolina, represented by Mrs. Symonds, had agreed to come permanently together, a consummation which at once established the right of Speaker Cannon to travel in the same class as a matchmaker with the Honorable Secretary of War.

The next morning we were rolling along smoothly below the Gulf Stream, sixty miles off the coast of Florida. The sea was placid as the proverbial calm after the storm, but

the day of adventure was not yet over. We had scarce been called to breakfast when the ship slowed up perceptibly and the movement of feet upon the upper deck betokened "something doing." In a moment the great breakfast-room was empty. A mile ahead, on the port side, was a speck in the sea which, as we approached it, developed into a bark with main and top-sails flapping sadly against the spars. At the masthead was a signal of distress. The low, rolling swell of the sea tossed the unfortunate vessel from side to side, and the length of time it took to recover her balance showed that she was water-logged and helpless. The crew assembled on deck as we drew near and looked the part of shipwrecked mariners. The big ship stopped, but the men on the bark had neither the strength nor the disposition to make a demonstration. Their captain asked for aid. He said his bark was sinking and he desired that the crew be taken off. This was the opportunity of the searchers for novelty. Dozens of kodaks were at once levelled against the woozy craft.

"The thrills are coming a-plenty," was the running comment along the *Bluecher's* side, but they were still to come. Under orders from our Captain, the first officer of the *Bluecher* immediately lowered one of the boats and started off with a crew to the rescue. As the yawl skimmed the surface of the sea and made fast to the side of the bark, the unhappy crew was awakened to the situation. Bundles containing the personal effects of the men were brought forward, and then came a parley. Was there any infection on board the bark? The captain produced her bill of health, and our first officer inspected it. There was more speaking between the vessels; then the boat of the *Bluecher* started to return. It had proceeded but a few strokes when a streak of flame flashed amidships, followed by a rolling cloud of smoke.

"Look! the bark's afire! Do they intend to destroy her?"

"Yes," said Mann, "we couldn't tow a water-logged bark. To abandon her as she is would leave a dangerous derelict in the pathway of navigation. She must be burned. It is a rule of the sea."

Meanwhile we were trying to discern the name on the stern of the bark. It finally spelled out "Gulfport-Kristiania."

"She's a Norwegian," said a man with marine glasses; "but we'll soon have the story, for here come the crew."

The *Gulfport's* yawl was now swinging round the stern of the bark. The captain, one Larsen, and eleven men, with all their belongings, were at the oars. The crew of the *Bluecher's* yawl was the first to reach the ship, and the boat was quickly drawn up to the davits; then the rescuing crew dropped the ladder for the bark's crew. As the bedraggled men and their crestfallen captain climbed over the guard-rail they were cheered by the passengers. In a jiffy they were hustled to the forecastle mess-room and fed. Then they were told to clean up and sleep. Immediately after the landing, their yawl was cut loose to take its chances on the sea. It was not such a derelict as might endanger navigation and it might yet prove serviceable to some shipwrecked sailor, the oars being sent with it. The bark, soon a half-mile astern, was a picture in itself. A ship afire at sea is a sight that holds.

"Ladies," said Speaker Cannon, to a party that assembled to watch the fire, "you have seen most everything that goes with the sailor's life, but the next time you meet a wreck like this you should have it at night, when the fire can be appreciated."

"Yes," said Mann, assuming again the rôle of the kicker, "we might have waited until we could see this fire out."

BURNING THE BARK.

But we were steaming away too rapidly to know whether the *Gulfport* sank or not. The fire was spreading; we saw it creep into the rigging and flash out against the sky. In a quarter of an hour we were so far to the northward that the *Gulfport* and her column of smoke were left but a speck on the vast expanse beyond. The story of the shipwrecked crew was quickly told. It taught us the value of patience, particularly as some of the passengers were inclined to complain of the delay at Nassau.

The *Gulfport* was loaded with barrel-staves. She had started from Mobile, Alabama, for Norway, and had been caught in a terrific storm off Cape Hatteras on the previous Monday. This was the day the storm struck us at Nassau. In weathering the storm the vessel had sprung a leak. For three days and three nights the men had been at the pumps, also using their windlass, but they were unable to keep the water out. On the morning of the rescue, thoroughly exhausted, they had determined to take to the small boats, and had gotten their effects ready. They were drifting with the hope that before the bark went down they might draw nearer to the pathway of vessels from Nassau.

The burning of the *Gulfport* and the rescue of her crew provided a topic for most of the day's discussion. Miss Bassett undertook the commendable work of raising a fund for the crew. This was presented by Mr. Falls, of New York, when the men were gotten in presentable shape.

"I guess," said Sherman, as he sized up the wretched sailors, that if we had left Nassau on Monday, as we expected to do, we might have shared their lot. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

It was getting colder as we proceeded north, and, one by one, the passengers laid away their duck trousers, their white shoes and other summer attire. The ship's grand ball

was announced for the evening. The decorations were brilliant and the starboard side of the ship was beautifully lighted. Flags of all nations encircled the improvised walls of the ball-room. The captain made a short speech on behalf of his company; the ladies danced and a merry time ensued, but at nine o'clock was unfolded the *piece de resistance,* and the hero was "the little Napoleon" of the Illinois delegation, our host, Mr. McKinley. No announcement had been made, and yet at nine o'clock, when Speaker Cannon led McKinley into the dining hall, where an American flag concealed a great silver punchbowl, decorated in relief and handsomely engraved, there was a crowded attendance of brilliantly attired ladies and gentlemen. The galleries quickly filled. Innocent as the proverbial lambkin, McKinley stood smirking and smiling with the rest, wondering what was to happen. At the proper moment Sherman stepped forward, and in a low, melodious voice, with a finger leveled at the Illinois Congressman, began:

"I am looking right at you. I have something to say. For thirty days we, members of Congress, have been your guests. You have endeared yourself to us all and have widened the sphere of hospitable possibilities. You are strong in the State of Illinois; you have large interests there which you guard with jealous concern; but all that passes from us as we regard you, our host. Your modesty does not prevent us saying these things to you. You have brought with you the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the religious and melodious Tawney, the yielding and submissive Mann, the reserved and silent Moore, the voluble, loquacious Senator, the astute and stately Olcott; count them what you will, you are the ideal of them all. We have procured for you as a token of our regard this memento—on one side the inscription which evidences our affection, on

the other the outlines of this great ship on which we have had such good times together. This bowl was procured before sailing, but it was shipped to Havana, where we received it in order that it might be handed you before we should say good-bye. We propose to fill it and to invite you and all our associates upon this ship to drink with you as friends."

I do not know whether McKinley thrilled as some of the audience did, but he looked a little surprised. McKinley does not boast of eloquence, but sometimes, as in this instance, the truest eloquence is that which comes welling up from the heart and is spoken without design.

"Mr. Sherman," he drawled out slowly, "in your quiet way you have said some very nice things. I believed I was getting the right guests for this trip, and I know I have made no mistake."

"But drink, drink!" came from the audience.

The great bowl was seized by the little statesman, who now began to take in the humorous side of the situation, and, glancing at the ladies in the gallery, he said:

"Won't it be nice to bathe the baby in!"

What now ensued was the inevitable. It was "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." But that was not sufficient. Mr. Tawney must sing.

"No," said Tawney. "Sherman's the man."

"I'll sing if you do," said Sherman.

Then they came together and Sherman, in fine voice, caught the crowd with "It Was My Last Cigar."

Now, give them "Uncle Joe," he said, and Tawney, taking the cue and following the air of the last song, delivered the Sibley production which all Washington knows so well. As this versification was the tribute of "Uncle Joe" Sibley, of Pennsylvania, to the esteemed "Uncle Joe" Cannon, of

Illinois, I tried hard to memorize it, but I can recall the chorus only. It ran like this:

"Our good old Uncle Joe,
Our dear old Uncle Joe,
Search high or low,
The stars — below:
There's none like Uncle Joe."

Preparations for landing were now under way. What a lot of clothing and merchandise had accumulated! And we could take ashore only one hundred dollars worth of purchases—and of cigars only fifty. There were those "Romeos and Juliets" we had picked up in Havana and a "special" with the compliments of Governor Magoon—they had to be sorted down and divided until we got the number within the requirements of our own laws, of course! That extra fifty in my trunk belonged to Loudenslager; so they were accounted for; but why should we worry over the packing! Think of the Widow, with her bonnets and band-boxes! Think of the newly-weds and the confessedly rich! O, what trouble is in this world of vanity!

Trunks above and trunks below. We, plain, blunt men, had wondered where the millinery came from, but now it was all clear.

And the stewards staggered under the load. They brought more trunks from the hold than would fill a modern storage-house.

But the stewards! Ah, I had most forgot! See the experienced young "gent" who had "traveled some, you know!" He had been figuring it all out. Always tipped the room steward and the bath-room steward and the stewardess. And there was the bootblack steward and the whitewash steward and the two table stewards and the head

steward. And the purser and the laundress, and the grill-room steward, and the several stewards in the café. And the deck steward, the bouillon steward and the stationery steward and the leader of the band. The steward who sounded the breakfast bugle and the steward who put you to sleep.

"Ah!" said the gushing young sport, "they were all deucedly clever. I must take care of them all, don't you know!"

"Don't get nothin' out o' me," growled the knowing German-American. "I've been across before!"

"Say, Eversman," I said, as our host's genial Secretary came scurrying down the line, "what shall we do about this steward business?"

"Do nothing," he said, exhibiting a bundle that looked like thirty thousand dollars, "it's all attended to—Mr. McKinley's compliments."

"My trunk is all ready for inspection," said Speaker Cannon early Saturday morning. "Got a new tortoise-shell comb and some cigars, but I've lost a collar-button."

Several of us immediately offered our services, and were surprised, when the missing article was found, to observe the Speaker give "a gallant hitch" to his necktie. Then he started out to meet some Boston ladies, and Mrs. Grundy informed us the interview had to do with forestry reservations. At any rate, on his return I endeavored to engage the Speaker in conversation on this subject. He had been accused of opposing national forest reserves, and he told me the reason: It seems that many of the States, apart from sacrificing their privileges, are endeavoring to unload their burdens upon the national government. Of course, we want to protect our forests, the Speaker suggested, but why don't the States take care of their own. If the Federal

Government opens up reserves in a few States, why not in all States? And then where does your State authority come in? We are already laying upon the National Government burdens that the States should carry. We must draw the line somewhere.

It was a delicate subject, for it involved the general question of the centralization of power in the Federal Government, but the Speaker, as the chief guardian of the financial interests of the country, was looking at it partly from the viewpoint of federal receipts and expenditures. He used the word "unload," saying that whenever the States surrendered to the Federal Government the privileges and responsibilities rightfully belonging to them, they were making what seemed to him an unwise, if not unfair, surrender.

At this juncture Tawney came forward with a hearty endorsement of the Speaker's statement. He had been figuring a little more than a month previously on the way to make "both ends meet" in the receipts and expenditures of the United States.

He had been wrestling with the financial problems put up to the Federal Government by the representatives of various States, who were seeking from Congress appropriations bearing directly upon State interests and had some ideas of his own.

Tawney unsuccessfully opposed an appropriation to the Geological Survey for the gauging of streams, the free testing of building materials and the heat units of coal, all upon the ground that they were for the benefit of local or private interests and not for the general governmental welfare.

"The State of Maryland," he said, "has practically surrendered to the Federal Government the sovereignty over her oyster beds, in order that the State may be relieved of

the expense of certain surveys; the Federal Government has taken over the inspection of private manufacturing establishments; the inspection of cattle; of meats, and of all agricultural products; the investigation of soils in which the Federal Government has no interest, and the care and disposition of timber on State lands set aside by the States as forest reserves. Then, again, the Government is making topographic and geological surveys of States in which it does not own a foot of unoccupied mineral or agricultural land. It makes topographic surveys of cities and counties, primarily for the benefit of municipalities, private owners of water works and interurban and other electric railways. All these and many other similar undertakings, which are being saddled upon the government and for which the Government must raise revenue to pay, belong exclusively to the States or to private interests. It would seem in some of these matters at least that Congress, in making appropriations for such purposes, is gradually exceeding the legitimate functions of the Federal Government as conceived by the founders of our country."

Mr. Tawney had another line of thought which he did not hesitate to exploit. It related to the growth of Federal supervision and control over what he termed the "local affairs" of the people at the solicitation of, or with the suggestion of the States, in the matter of special agents and inspection service.

"In 1896," he said, "the inspectors and special agents, including those employed in the Treasury, the Post-office and the Interior Departments, where that service is legitimately employed in protecting the revenue, the mails and the public domain, numbered all told one hundred and sixty, and the service cost the government that year in round numbers $1,300,000. In 1907 we are employing an army of three

full regiments of inspectors and special agents—three thousand men—and this service is now costing the American people about $9,000,000. The number of men employed in this special service in 1907 is eighteen times greater than in 1896, and the cost has increased about seven hundred per cent."

Lest he be misunderstood, Mr. Tawney continued:

"I do not plead for State's rights. I plead for the right and the duty of the Federal Government to protect itself and its treasury against the encroachments of the States and private interests upon its powers, its duties and its revenues."

By noon Saturday we were off Cape Hatteras, the point most feared along the Atlantic Coast by stomachy sailors. A heavy wind was blowing and the rain drove its chilly course along the decks. We had come upon the "heeltaps" of the great storm that had done so much damage along the coast. The "farewell dinner" on behalf of the Captain and his company was given that evening. The temperature was cooling off and dress-suits were in no wise uncomfortable. The tables were surrounded by a jovial party, many of them regretful that the long trip was drawing to a close. Again the Speaker was called to say a few parting words. Good-naturedly he responded, praising the Captain, the ship and the company.

"A memorable voyage," he said, "full of incident and full of pleasure. You have been under many flags and have seen much that was new and novel to you, but you are coming back to your own country, the most prosperous country on God's footstool."

Was it all over! Not yet! We were to meet the customs' inspectors in New York in the morning, and so far as the Congressional party was concerned, there was something

else in store. We had witnessed the destruction at Mt. Pelée, the devastation by earthquake at Kingston; we had been marooned at Nassau and had rescued the crew of a disabled bark; we had gone through the rigors of a tropical climate, had suffered the mental pangs of a quarantine at Panama; had ridden the perilous roads of Venezuela, and now, bronzed by the sun, and again decked out in the ordinary winter costume of American citizens, were about to land in "God's country." We sighted Sandy Hook, were boarded by the quarantine officers and found, climbing over the rail from a revenue cutter which bore the customs' officers, the familiar faces of four of our Congressional colleagues. There was Calder, whom we had last seen megaphoning his farewell from the tug of the letter-carriers; our Brooklyn colleague, Waldo, who had been looking after the deeper channel of New York harbor; Bennet, whose inquiries into the immigration problem were making him an authority; and the redoubtable "Lit"—Lucius N. Littauer, who was to have been one of the McKinley party, but whose vast business interests kept him in New York State. Our colleagues, with the view of obtaining for us every possible courtesy, had left the battery at 6.30 in the morning to meet us at quarantine. We were again in America and in the hands of our friends.

But what mighty upheaval had stirred the people and caused a hush to fall upon the party at the very threshold of "Home, Sweet Home." Had we not sufficient of mutinies and insurrections? Why, then, should we now be confronted by the "Five Million Dollar Conspiracy" which was involving the President, the great railroad manipulator of the country, and a distinguished Senator of the United States?

"Will the Speaker give his view of the Roosevelt-Harri-

man controversy?" queried a group of newspaper correspondents who came rushing up the gangway.

Most decidedly the Speaker would not. It was not the Speaker's affair.

"Will Mr. Sherman explain the attitude of the Republican National Congressional Committee?" they persisted.

Most decidedly Mr. Sherman would not. Mr. Sherman was too anxious to catch the train for Utica to indulge in any controversy.

Yes, gentlemen of the press, we had a great trip. It had been enjoyable; at times novel and thrilling.

"Glad to meet you boys, but no politics. This is the Sabbath day," said the Speaker.

So we grouped about the Speaker and McKinley, and having submitted, as all good citizens do, to the regulations of the inspectors of customs, departed for our respective homes.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSIONS.

Summing Up the Trip—The Monroe Doctrine—St. Domingo's Independence—General Grant and Annexation—Early Cuban Filibustering—English Critics of the West Indies—Slavery and Its Consequences—"Our Duty as a Nation"—Porto Rico an Object Lesson—The Plea for Citizenship—Secretary Taft on Gratitude—Cuba's Curious Attitude—One More Trial and Then—Internal Improvements or Foreign Philanthropy?—The Cost of the Philippines—Our Field in the West Indies and South America—An Opportunity for Statesmanship.

And now that the Speaker and my distinguished colleagues have departed and we are no longer to hear the *Bluecher's* rhythmical bugle-call to breakfast, let us see whither our observations, as citizens of the United States, have led us. As most travelers do, we have returned to the United States prouder of our country and its form of government because of what we have seen and heard abroad. We have taken note of phases of the new so-called "Colonial Policy" of the United States and have familiarized ourselves with the colonial methods of certain of the other great nations. Our inquiries in the continent of South America and our contact with some of its people have accentuated the oft-repeated complaint of consular and business agents that too little attention has been paid by our own country to our commercial opportunities, or, if we look upon it in the altruistic sense, to "our mission" in the southern half of the Western Hemisphere.

In our brief trip through Venezuela alone we had been brought face to face with a civilization older than our own, with refinement amongst the educated classes, and such pride

and exclusiveness as betoken the spirit of ancient royalty. The achievements of this people in architecture and chaste memorials may have been curbed by hostile conditions, physical or climatic, but they admit no inference of mental inferiority. The great majority of the people of Venezuela are indifferent and uneducated, as they are in the islands of the West Indies and in Panama, but intelligence of direction on the part of their leaders seems to lack only the power to maintain progress and stability. We recall—what few citizens of the United States pause to consider—that the population of South America is probably 50,000,000, which makes it, in the number of inhabitants at least, a very respectable competitor of the United States. In area it far outpoints the United States, the single Republic of Brazil, as we have seen, being greater in extent than the whole of our own country. We have observed, amongst the better class of South American officials and trades people, a disposition to regard themselves as worthy of more respect from great nations generally than the United States has been pleased to accord. They understand the Monroe Doctrine, and when it was first enunciated, in 1823, they were prepared to look upon the United States as a great deliverer. They were then, as they had been before, and have been since, in the throes of foreign and internecene wars.

"We owe it, therefore," said President Monroe, in his seventh annual message, "to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers (European) to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

This important deliverance was not wholly philanthropic, for the United States was having its own troubles, par-

ticularly along the Florida coast, with foreign nations and with pirates, who were committing depredations and exciting the Indians to revolt; using our country as a haven for conspirators and filibusters, and otherwise disturbing the National peace. Spain, at that time, was one of the chief offenders, but other nations which had taken possession of islands of the West Indies were susceptible of embroilment at the slightest notice. Piracy and the slave trade prevailed throughout the Caribbean Sea. St. Domingo had declared its independence and driven the French from the island. Indeed, President Monroe, on a call from the House of Representatives, advised that body that "the whole island of St. Domingo is now united under one government, under a constitution which retains the sovereignty in the hands of the people of color, and with provisions which prohibit the employment in the government of all white persons who have emigrated there since 1816, or who may hereafter emigrate there, and which prohibit, also, by such persons, the right of citizenship or to real estate in the island."

Mr. Monroe told the House of Representatives that no foreign power contemplated an invasion of St. Domingo, so asserting its sovereignty, but that "the establishment of a government of people of color in the island on the principles above stated, evinces distinctly the idea of a separate interest and a distrust of other nations. Had that jealousy been confined to the inhabitants of the parent country, it would have been less an object of attention, but by extending it to the inhabitants of other countries with whom no difference ever existed, the policy assumes a character which does not admit of a like explanation." And then, showing that the United States must necessarily be interested in a sovereignty so proclaimed in St. Domingo, Mr. Monroe added:

"Our commerce there has been subjected to higher duties than have been imposed on like articles from some other nations. It has, nevertheless, been extensive, proceeding from the wants of the respective parties and the enterprise of our citizens. Of this discrimination, to our injury, we had a right to complain, and have complained. It is expected that our commercial intercourse with the island will be placed on the footing of the most favored nation."

Eight months following that declaration with regard to St. Domingo, the abuses of foreign powers in the West Indies and in Central and South America had reached such a pitch that the Monroe Doctrine was enunciated.

Of all the islands whose peoples undertook to throw off the yoke of foreign powers, St. Domingo was alone successful. Elsewhere, notably in Cuba, Porto Rico and Jamaica, native revolutions were promptly crushed. The ships of war and the organized forces of England, Spain and France maintained supremacy over their island possessions. St. Domingo, freed of French rule, her negro people speaking the French language, but driving out the whites, and depending largely upon the United States for their export trade, still found the experiment of native government hazardous. The older generation will remember the sensation of May, 1870, when General Grant, then President of the United States, proposed to the Senate the ratification of a treaty annexing St. Domingo to the United States. We had just banished slavery from our own shores when, in his message, President Grant said:

"I feel an unusual anxiety for the ratification of this treaty, because I believe it will redound greatly to the glory of the two countries interested, to civilization, and to the extirpation of the institution of slavery."

He pleaded for the government of St. Domingo as a

weak power, numbering less than 120,000 souls, "and yet possessing one of the richest territories under the sun, capable of supporting a population of 10,000,000 people in luxury. The people of St. Domingo are not capable of maintaining themselves in their present condition and must look for outside support."

And although in his message he predicted some things that have not yet happened, his thought was upon the right of St. Domingo as a sovereignty to negotiate with other powers than the United States to the possible prejudice of the latter, and, that there might be no mistake as to the attitude of this country in that regard, he amplified the stand taken by President Monroe by announcing this new plank in the "hands off" platform.

"The doctrine promulgated by President Monroe has been adhered to by all political parties, and I now deem it proper to assert the equally important principle that hereafter no territory on this continent shall be regarded as subject of transfer to a European power."

The negotiations for the ratification of the St. Domingo annexation treaty failed, but that we were not through with the West Indian problem was again manifested during General Grant's term, in questions arising in connection with the Cuban revolution. The Cubans were struggling for freedom from Spain, and again their agents were at work in the United States. The sympathy of this people in their behalf was being aroused, but, said President Grant to Congress, in December, 1869, "the contest has at no time assumed the conditions which amounted to a war, in the sense of international law, or which would show the existence of a *de-facto* political organization of the insurgents sufficient to justify a recognition of belligerency." In June, 1870, he informed Congress, "if the insurrection

has not gained ground, it is clearly true that Spain has not suppressed it. * * * On either side the contest has been conducted * * * with a lamentable disregard of human life and of the rules and practices which modern civilization has prescribed in mitigation of the necessary horrors of war. The torch of Spaniard and of Cuban is alike busy in carrying devastation over fertile regions; murderous and revengeful decrees are issued and executed by both parties."

He pictured the heartlessness and inhumanity of the generals on both sides of the contest, and then referred to "the large number of Cubans escaping from the island and avoiding the risks of war; congregating in this country, at a safe distance from the scene of danger, and endeavoring to make war from our shores, to urge our people into the fight which they avoid, and to embroil this government in complications and possible hostilities with Spain."

President Grant had very little sympathy with these long-distance trouble-makers, and likened their operations to the filibustering of Genêt and the French revolutionists which embarrassed Washington; to the projects of Miranda during the time of John Adams, and to the schemes of Aaron Burr which harassed Jefferson. "The insurgents hold no town or city," he said; "have no established seat of government; they have no prize courts; no organization for the receiving and collecting of revenue; no seaport to which a prize may be carried, or through which access can be had by foreign power to the limited interior territory and commercial fastnesses which they occupied. The existence of a legislature representing any popular constituency is more than doubtful. In the uncertainty that hangs around the entire insurrection there is no palpable evidence of an election, of any delegated authority, or of any government outside the limits of the camps occupied from day to day

by the roving companies of insurgent troops; there is no commerce, no trade, either internal or foreign, no manufactures."

This was the situation in Cuba, struggling for liberty, in 1870.

I am again reminded that Trollope and Froude, our eminent English authorities, had been investigating the colonial policy of England in the West Indies, and were finding fault with the system which had changed the British possessions from wonderfully productive and prosperous islands to communities of sloth, indifference and depression, following the emancipation of the slaves. It was in 1887, during the first term of President Cleveland, that Froude particularly deplored the loss of British prestige and the apparent decadence of the natives of the British West Indies.

Of Jamaica, he reported "the blacks were increasing so fast and the white influence was diminishing so fast that Jamaica, in a few years, would be another Hayti." The planters who had governed in the old days, cheaply and on their own resources, whose authority was respected, no longer had power nor the incentive to develop their holdings. Some of them were longing for admission to the American Union, "but," said Froude, quoting one of his chief informants, "in Jamaica, at least, the blacks and mulattos would resist. There were nearly 700,000 of them, while of the whites there were but 15,000, and the relative numbers were every year becoming more unfavorable. The blacks knew that under England they had nothing to fear; they would have everything more and more their own way, and in a short time they expected to have the island to themselves. They might collect arms; they might do what they pleased, and no English officer

dared to use rough measures with them, while if they belonged to the Union the whites would recover authority one way or another. The Americans were ready with their rifles on occasions of disorder, and their common countrymen did not call them to account for it as we did. The blacks, therefore, preferred the liberty which they had, and the prospects to which they looked forward, and they and the mulattos also would fight, and fight desperately, before they would allow themselves to be made American citizens."

And then, complaining of England's system of liberty in the West Indies, Froude, speaking as an Englishman, exclaimed:

"We found slavery to be a crime; we released our bondmen; we broke their chains, as we proudly described it to ourselves; we compensated the owners, so far as money could compensate, for the entire dislocation of a state of society which we had ourselves created, and we trusted to the enchantment of liberty to create a better in its place. * * * We had hitherto been dependent on the West Indies; they ceased to be of commercial, they ceased to be of political moment to us, and we left them to their own resources. The modern English idea is that everyone must take care of himself. * * * Those who have gone thither have gone of their own free will, and must take the consequences of their own actions. * * * If they cannot stand, they must fall. This is our notion of education in 'manliness,' and for immediate purposes answers well enough. Individual enterprises, unendowed but unfettered, built the main buttresses of the British Colonial Empire."

But Froude's story is almost too melancholy for perusal. He simply saw no hope for the British West Indies as then administered. He had no faith in the natives left to their own resources.

We have seen that the people of St. Domingo were not particularly grateful to the French, who undertook to advance them in the ways of civilization, and that during the time of President Grant they came to the United States for annexation, because they felt incapable of governing themselves. Need we remind ourselves that during the present administration of President Roosevelt, we have been obliged, for the preservation of peace in St. Domingo, to take possession of the custom houses and practically direct the affairs of the government? Or need it be added that for the purpose of negotiating the debt of the island, New York capitalists are furnishing the proceeds of $20,000,000 of bonds?

Surely Jamaica, to say nothing of the other islands of the British West Indies, has shown no especial mark of gratitude to the far-off mother country for her efforts in civilizing the natives or in ultimately granting them their freedom; for if Trollope and Froude are to be believed, liberty without a fostering governmental direction has been of small avail in advancing the natives, intellectually or morally, or of improving their financial condition. Nor has the effect been particularly encouraging in the matter of population.

Cuba and Porto Rico may serve as illustrations more directly associated with the United States. Neither of these has reared any monument to the ennobling or civilizing influences of Spain. In times of revolution and disturbance, they appealed to the United States for assistance, and expressed their momentary gratitude when the heavy hand of Spain was stayed, but there they rested. How grateful is Cuba to-day for being accorded a sovereignty which she has been unable to maintain! Let us quote an eminent American authority.

In his admirable paper upon our "National Altruism," Secretary Taft, summing up our treatment of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, observes:

"There have been many expressions at various times, showing that at such times a feeling of gratitude existed, but he who would measure his altruism by the good-will and sincere thankfulness of those whom he aids will not persist in good works. * * * The character of the benefits we have conferred on these Spanish-speaking peoples is such as necessarily to imply our sense of greater capacity for self-government and our belief that we represent a higher civilization. This in itself soon rankles in the bosom of the native and dries up the flower of gratitude. * * * And then," adds the distinguished Secretary, following the generous trend of American sentiment, "it is natural that it should be so; we cannot help it. It is inseparable from the task we undertake. Our reward must be in the pleasure of pushing the cause of civilization and in increasing the opportunity for progress to those less fortunate than ourselves in their environment, and not in their gratitude."

But, after all, how far is our generous colonial system to go? Spain's exercise of colonial dominion extended through several centuries and wound up disastrously. The burden fell to us. France yielded up a part of her colonial possessions, but continues others in the West Indies in a desultory fashion. England, more as a matter of pride, it would seem, than for reasons of commercial importance, retains her hold upon her West Indian possessions. Some of them are progressing and some are not. What the cost has been to Spain, to France and to England, we may not even surmise, but we have from Secretary Taft the figures as to the cost to the United States of our colonial possessions in the West Indies and the Philippines.

"We expended in the Cuban War," he tells us, "upwards of $300,000,000, and we never have invited from Cuba the return of a single cent." I have already quoted the War Secretary's estimate of the things done for Cuba and for Porto Rico.

"In establishing order in the Philippines," he informs us, "we expended $170,000,000," and then answering a certain line of argument, adds: "It may be objected that the $170,000,000 or more expended by the United States in suppressing the insurrection in the Philippines was not for the benefit of the Filipino people, resulting, as it did, in the death of many. This is a narrow view. No money or blood was ever spent more directly for the benefit of a people than this. * * * The war was deplorable, but no other possible alternative was open to us in the discharge of our duty as a nation."

"Our duty as a nation!" In that single sentence, warm-hearted Secretary Taft speaks with all the kindliness and indulgence of the great American people. Having no other alternative, he presents the condition that confronts us. On one side of the account, "for the development and upbuilding of Porto Rico, the preservation of peace in Cuba, and the education and civilizing of the Philippines," we are charged with the expenditure of $300,000,000 of the revenues of the United States; on the other side of the account we are credited with "Our duty as a nation." The problem first confronted us nine years ago. It was thrust upon us, and we accepted it. It has not resulted in profit to the United States, except as we may regard it profitable to take of our own substance and bestow it upon other and less favored people. Fortunately, we are at peace with the world and may now discuss the entire question calmly. If the situation were otherwise, we would doubtless continue to carry our burden

and not discuss it at all. How far, then, does the duty of the United States as almoner and protector of restless islands extend? Is it our duty, in the case of Porto Rico, to at once admit that island to citizenship equal to that of Maine or California, when we deny it to Arizona and New Mexico?

The United States has taken up the task of governing Porto Rico. The advantage of this government is altogether with the Porto Ricans. Small questions of difference have arisen, and will arise, but the material growth of the people since the period of the Spanish regime outweighs them all. Some of the Porto Ricans are discontented because they have been long suffering. Some of the leaders are anxious for honors and emoluments. Mutterings and fervid appeals of agitators mislead the ignorant and delay the uplift of the people, but the general results to date are satisfactory. Porto Rico is making progress. She has impressed the President and other great Americans with her sincerity and worth, and her destiny seems assured.

"Show that you are capable of self-government," says Speaker Cannon. He might have added, for the benefit of the agitator, "Show that your self-government can rise above intrigue and demagogery; that education and industry have an abiding place in your development, and when you have thus equipped yourself for citizenship, who will say that Porto Rico, no longer 'a ward of the nation,' shall not enjoy the fullest rights and privileges of our Federal Union?" I do not wish to speak unkindly of the Porto Rican situation. The island does and should belong to the United States. It is productive and fair to look upon. Its residents, compared with those of the other West Indies, impress one favorably; but the casual observer cannot fail to see that the great mass of the people—the men who would vote if citizenship were immediately given—have but too

recently passed out of the Spanish yoke to be free of the machinations of designing leaders, or to act intelligently upon questions of government. The American officials are inspiring confidence, the public schools are doing good work and our "duty as a nation" is being honorably performed. We have now only to decide whether the Porto Rican of mixed blood and speaking the Spanish language—receiving protection and appropriations from the United States, and given the right to vote for local officials and law-makers—shall also be accorded the right to vote upon the affairs of the Federal Union. This privilege we long ago denied the aboriginal Indian. The negro had it not until after the War of the Rebellion. We do not accord it to the intelligent foreigner desiring American citizenship until he has resided in the United States for five years. We withhold it from our native-born Americans until they are twenty-one years of age. In some of the States we now prevent its exercise by illiterates and others not conforming to certain tests, and in the case of women, except in some of the States, we refuse it altogether.

In Cuba, "our duty as a nation" presents a different condition. For more than a century the turbulence of the island has been a menace to the peace of the United States. We drew upon our blood and treasure to liberate the Cubans and they proved unworthy. And yet, we have put the Cubans on their feet commercially and have cut down our own revenues to help along their trade. We have done all this and maintained peace upon the island with a forebearance that amounts to self-sacrifice.

How long will this sacrifice continue to be "our duty"?

The President has given assurance that when, under our protection, Cuba again establishes her government, she shall have a fair trial. That promise the American people

will keep; but if with this second chance to do the right, Cuba fails to put herself in line with stable governments, what then? Must we forever come and go at the beck and call of this one island whose entire population is no greater than that of the city of Chicago? Shall our purse-strings always be open and our army and navy ever ready to rush away from the forty-six loyal American States when Cuba calls? Does our "duty as a nation" mean that we shall dance and also "pay the fiddler" for every set of faking Cuban patriots that pull the strings? "Annexation," Speaker Cannon says, "is a word that irritates." True, but quoting Secretary Taft again, we find that, though we expended $300,000,000 in the Cuban War, "we never have invited from Cuba the return of a single cent." A good thing for Cuba—and yet there she stands, her best men fearful of the prospect of the Provisional Government's recall, and her masses, unmindful of all the United States has done for her, demanding that the power of the Government be restored to their hands.

General Grant feared that St. Domingo as an independent government might, in her extremity, negotiate her annexation to hostile foreign powers. For that reason he advanced the Monroe Doctrine to the point of declaring that "hereafter no territory on this continent shall be regarded as subject of transfer to a foreign power." It is not to be presumed that Cuba, again independent, would dare to undertake a foreign alliance or that any foreign power would care to enter into such negotiations, and yet such an alliance, where the government is weak and unstable, is amongst the vexing possibilities, when Cuba is again free to act for herself.

"The thing needful," said Speaker Cannon, commenting upon various islands of the West Indies, "is a stable government." I apply his thought to Cuba. If the native govern-

ment again fails in stability, may not the American people fairly insist that the time has come to protect Cuba against her foes, within or without, by annexation? The experiment is working well in Porto Rico. It could not fail to do so in Cuba, which is so much closer to the United States. Under all circumstances we are bound to protect Cuba. In the event of her own failure, shall we continue to govern her by proxy at our own great expense and annoyance, or shall we end the trouble once for all in the way the United States may be trusted to end it—firmly, but with justice and humanity, and with due regard to the right of Cubans to "the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness"?

Such assurance the United States, if called upon, is amply able to give. It was never known to the Cuban people under the Spanish regime, and it certainly failed to materialize under their own form of government.

Porto Rico and Cuba are both worthy the friendly consideration of the United States. Together with the other islands of the West Indies, they are a part of the continent of which the United States is a part. They are so close to the United States as to amply justify the doctrine of President Monroe against the further acquisition of territory on this continent by European powers. Studied geographically, the whole West Indies would seem to be a part of us. Millions of natives, in whom we show little humane or philanthropic interest, inhabit them. They are waiting for the civilizing, Christianizing influences of the United States. Prolific in agricultural products, coffee, cocoa, tobacco, fruit; in hardwoods and mineral wealth—we pass them by with little thought of their possibilities or commercial usefulness. To the south of them is the wonderfully fertile South American continent—part of the same hemisphere as our own, and yet but indifferently known to us. The Southern Republics are

doing business with England, Germany, France and Japan. In all their life and trade we are but casually represented. If the duty of the nation is to uplift and support the weak, what an opportunity the West Indies, under our direction, would afford. If commercial expansion be our aim, where a fairer field than South America? And what more reasonable? The same Cuban War which involved us in a $300,000,000 expenditure brought us the Philippines. Dewey and destiny placed in our care 7,000,000 black people thousands of miles across the seas. They are more remote from us than the West Indies are from the controlling European powers. The expense of taking and maintaining the Philippines has been $170,000,000, enough if applied to the deepening of inland waterways in the United States to complete the Lakes-to-the-Gulf project along the Mississippi Valley and the chain of inland waterways along the Atlantic Coast from Massachusetts to North Carolina. We maintain civil officials and 12,000 of the flower of the United States Army in the Philippines. If we had to defend the islands from attack by water it would doubtless engage the entire navy of the United States. We would fight for the Philippines to "the last ditch." That is the temper of the American people. We would not yield them by compulsion, but when no hostile power threatens, why not take counsel of each other?

The Philippines are far away; they are troublesome and expensive and our hold upon them is unnatural. We had no desire to acquire them and our dignity need not be offended if in some honorable manner we could manage to dispose of them. With the West Indies it is different. In these fair islands—at our very door, there is sufficient opportunity for "National Altruism" to gratify the most unselfish spirit. We could enter upon this neighboring field with the

confidence of obtaining some return for our expenditure or our benevolence. The Philippines are of little commercial value to us—the West Indies would be. The Panama Canal when completed will make more attractive the markets of South America and the West Indies. We have reason to be stirring ourselves, that these markets may not be entirely swept away from us. In this regard alone the island approaches would be invaluable to us. What do we need in the Philippines more than a coaling station for naval purposes or a harbor for vessels engaged in the transportation of American commerce? What more than these in the West Indies do foreign nations require? The day of the buccaneer is gone, and the day of industrial expansion is at hand. Great nations are warring with each other not for martial glory, but in legitimate and commendable contests for commercial supremacy. It is, after all, a war of the brains and brawn of the nations. The United States is engaged in this world-battle to the extent only of five per cent. of her great manufacturing and agricultural output. Has she the time or patience to extend it through the Philippines? And if she had, would her efforts in that direction compensate her for the expenditure and the risk? Is it her business to remain there if she can honorably withdraw and devote her money and the lives of her soldiers and sailors to worthy causes nearer home?

"We can't settle this in a day," said Speaker Cannon, referring to the Cuban complications. No more can we settle the tremendous problem of the Philippines in a day. They stand on our national books as both an asset and a liability. Shall they remain with us forever, a charge upon our bounty to the prejudice of closer ties, or shall we let them go? The sky to-day is clear; it may not be so always. What, then, if some bright morning there should flash across the world the

startling news that calm and thoughtful statesmanship had found a way to end our strange alliance, to return to us our soldiers, sailors, teachers and statesmen from the Philippines for employment in more inviting fields in the West Indies and the great continent beyond!

I purposely put the argument in the form of questions, because it is impossible, in the absence of a plan of procedure, to declare a fixed policy. I believe the United States would be benefited if it could, in some honorable way, rid itself of control of the Philippines and assume control of the West Indies. The Philippines cannot, in the nature of things, be made an integral part of this great nation; the West Indies might be absorbed and, in course of time, be made as truly a part of the United States politically as they now are geographically.

But how this "consummation devoutly to be wished" is to be brought about is a problem that cannot now be solved, and is best presented by an interrogation point—the "crooked, little thing that asks questions."

THE END.